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# Where Our History Was Made

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Book Two

# WHERE OUR HISTORY WAS MADE

BY

JOHN T. FARIS

AUTHOR OF "HISTORIC SHRINES OF AMERICA"
"ON THE TRAIL OF THE PIONEERS," ETC.

BOOK TWO

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# PREFACE

"Did it really happen?" The time comes when the real boy or girl is almost sure to ask this question about any story that is heard. Fairy stories no longer satisfy them; they want the note of reality. So teachers and parents have learned to expect the question, and to prepare to answer it.

"Where did it happen?" is the next question. What boy or girl would not like to go to Lexington, Concord, Washington, or any other place made famous by its association with our history, that he or she might be thrilled by being on such hallowed ground and by living in imagination the moving events that really occurred there?

But it is not always possible to go to the places where these stirring events happened. The next best thing is to tell the stories in connection with definite localities so that the readers may feel as if they really were there.

It is the purpose of the two volumes of *Where Our History Was Made* to anticipate the queries of boys and girls who are becoming alive to the fact that the history of their country is not a mere record of the past, but a vivid picture of the men and women who made our history, what they did, how they did it, where they did it, and how the things done concern those who read of them today. It is hoped, too, that

these stories may inspire boys and girls with that spirit of devotion to their country and with that veneration for the heroes and patriots who have contributed to the upbuilding of the nation without which history fails of its highest purpose.

So, for this reason, famous people and events, as well as people who are not so well known — though they deserve to be more than locally noted — leaders who established homes in the wilderness and others who fought for freedom, have found a place in these pages.

Readers of the stories in the two volumes will be able to say with satisfaction, "That happened in my state"; for the tales of people and places have to do with nearly every state in the Union. But it is the real purpose to present all the chapters in such a way that readers will have the higher thought, "That happened in *my country!* That man helped to make the liberty I enjoy! That monument tells of a heroic struggle of which I am reaping the fruits! That wonderland is in *my America*, and some day I am to go there, and then I can tell of it to some one who has never seen it."

In choosing the topics to be included, the effort has been made to supply material that not only will illuminate many aspects of American history, but also will create in the boys and girls an appetite for side lights on history that will pave the way for the later independent investigation that gives life to all study.

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JOHN T. FARIS

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*Official Photograph U. S. Army Air Service*

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, D.C., AS SEEN FROM THE AIR

(See page 325)

# CHAPTER I

## WHERE HEROES POINTED THE WAY

### 1. Marietta, Ohio, and the Revolutionary Pioneers

THE romance of beautiful Marietta, Ohio, began in 1787, when Congress sold a million and a half acres of land on the Ohio River to the Ohio Company.

The officers and soldiers of the Revolution had been promised grants of land in return for their services. In 1783 a petition was therefore presented to Congress by 288 officers for grants in the region of the Ohio River. In spite of the fact that Washington approved of the scheme, Congress failed to take action, not having at that time a clear title to the region in question. These officers, however, were so anxious to begin life over again in the new country that they set out to find another way of accomplishing their purpose. Inspired by the enthusiasm of General Rufus Putnam, and of Benjamin Tupper, who had been a surveyor in the Ohio region, delegates from several of the counties of Massachusetts met at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern, in Boston, on March 1, 1786. There they formed the Ohio Company, which at last succeeded in purchasing the desired land from Congress.

On December 1, 1787, under the leadership of Major Hatfield White, the first party of emigrants started

out from Danvers, Massachusetts. These were the boat-builders and mechanics. A second party started from Hartford, Connecticut, on January 1, 1788, under Colonel Ebenezer Sproat, General Putnam overtaking them on January 24. The first party followed the Indian trail over the Allegheny Mountains, and reached

*From the painting by Clouer*

General Putnam Landing at Marietta, Ohio

the Youghiogheny River on January 23, 1788, while the second party, making better time, joined them on February 14.

There the *Adventure Galley* — later called the *Mayflower* — was built, forty-five feet long and twelve feet wide. Canoes were also built, and a large flatboat to carry supplies.

On April 1 the voyage to the Ohio was begun, and on April 7 the party reached the mouth of the Muskingum. The barge was moored to the bank, opposite Fort

Harmar. Thus came forty-eight New England pioneers to their new home. And there they laid out a town, naming it Marietta, in honor of Marie Antoinette of France.

Washington wrote later: "No colony in America was ever settled under such favorable auspices as that which has just commenced at Muskingum. Information, property, and strength will be its characteristics. I know many of the settlers personally, and there never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of such a community."

There were no women in the first party; but in August eight families arrived from New England. By the end of the year there were fifteen families living in Marietta.

In 1788 the Campus Martius was begun. This was a fortification built to protect the settlers from the Indians. It was in the form of a parallelogram, with sides 180 feet long. At each corner was a strong block-house, surmounted by a tower and sentry box. The walls consisted of two-story houses of timber. The fort accommodated about 300 people.

The sole survivor of these houses in Marietta today is that of General Putnam. This was enlarged by him after the war with the Indians was over. In 1917 the Daughters of the American Revolution succeeded in persuading the Ohio Legislature to pass a bill providing for its repair and care. It is therefore preserved as a fitting monument to "the Father of Ohio."

A building of even greater interest is the Ohio Land Company's office, where thousands of acres of Ohio land

were sold in the early days. The Colonial Dames of Ohio purchased this building in 1890, and restored it to its original appearance. This little log cabin is the oldest building in Ohio.

Ohio contains many mounds which were erected by the early people called the Mound-Builders. When the Marietta pioneers started to lay out the streets and apportion building lots, they discovered the remains of a fortified town of these ancient people. With praiseworthy foresight and good taste they took pains to preserve these earthworks. The great mound, 30 feet high and 374 feet in circumference, was included in a public square. The mound was surrounded by a deep moat and beyond the moat was a parapet 20 feet thick and 385 feet in circumference.

This property, known as Mound Square, was later set aside as a cemetery. It is claimed that more officers of the Revolution have been buried in Mound Cemetery than in any other cemetery in the country. Among the Marietta pioneers there were two major generals, three brigadier generals, twelve colonels, thirteen majors, twenty-four captains, seven lieutenants, and Commodore Abraham Whipple, who fired the first gun on the seas at the British — sixty-two officers in all.

When General Lafayette was in Marietta, in 1825, the list was read to him, and he said, "I knew them well. I saw them fighting the battles of their country at Rhode Island, Brandywine, Yorktown, and on many other fields; they were the bravest of the brave; better men never lived."

Over General Putnam's grave is the following inscription:

General Rufus Putnam
A Revolutionary Officer
And the leader of the
Colony which made the
Territory of the Northwest
Born April 9, 1738
Died May 4, 1824

## 2. The State Cemetery at Frankfort, Kentucky

The Kentucky River winds through as fair a country as there is in the United States. Along its banks are fields of alfalfa and hemp and blue grass and tobacco. On its surface float great rafts from the mountain regions, often in charge of men who gain their first experience of the lowlands in the towns that are built on the hills by the side of the river.

Of these towns, perhaps the most attractive is Frankfort, the old capital of Kentucky, whose superb situation on the bending river, flowing between limestone bluffs, with green, billowing hills all around, leads visitors to exclaim in wonder.

Those who ascend the gently sloping hill to the beautiful Capitol building, and climb to the dome, have spread out before them some of the loveliest scenery in the state. From this height the eye is attracted to the state cemetery, on and about the highest hill at the edge of the city. This cemetery has been called Kentucky's Westminster Abbey, because it contains memorials to so many men and women who helped to make history.

The central feature of the cemetery is the battle monument erected after the war with Mexico. It is built of Carrara marble, which was brought from Italy, transported by sea to New Orleans, and carried on a barge, up the Mississippi, Ohio, and Kentucky rivers, to its destination. At the top of the column is a statue of Victory, while inscribed on the sides are the names of the Kentucky soldiers who died in the war. Many of these soldiers are buried near the monument.

When the monument was dedicated, the famous poem, "The Bivouac of the Dead," written for the occasion by Colonel Theodore O'Hara, was read as a part of the services. This has been read since in many soldiers' cemeteries.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldiers' last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
  That brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
  The bivouac of the dead.

It is fitting that the author of the poem rests in Frankfort beneath the soil of the mound which his words helped to dedicate. The mound has taken its name from the poem; it is called "The Bivouac of the Dead."

Thirteen governors of the state, eleven state senators, and twelve United States senators are buried in the cemetery.

Here also lies Richard M. Johnson, once vice-president of the United States, the man who, at the Battle of the Thames, in 1813, is said to have shot and killed Tecumseh, an Indian chief who caused much terror to the pioneers.

A modest stone marks the grave of Captain John Cannon, most famous of the captains of the Mississippi River steamboats when they were in their glory. He commanded the *Robert E. Lee*, which, in 1870, won the great race with the *Natchez* from New Orleans to St. Louis.

Daniel Boone's Monument, Frankfort, Kentucky

But perhaps the most interesting stone in the historic cemetery is that over the grave of Daniel Boone and Rebecca, his wife. They died in Missouri, where they had gone because the pioneer thought it was becoming too crowded in Kentucky when he did not have to travel for days in order to reach his nearest neighbor. But in 1845 the bodies were brought back to Kentucky and buried at Frankfort. The first monument was so badly damaged by souvenir hunters that it was rebuilt in 1906, the funds being provided by the state and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

One side of the stone shows Rebecca Boone milking a cow. The other three sides depict Daniel Boone. One shows him in front of his cabin; another, fighting two Indians; and the third, talking to a boy who is showing his interest in tales of pioneer life.

And not far away, in the Capitol upon the hill, gather the lawmakers of the state which Boone, more than any other one man, helped to carve from the wilderness.

### 3. The National Military Park at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

That day in 1863 when General Robert E. Lee led his troops northward across the Potomac marked the beginning of one of the most critical periods in the Civil War. Up to that time the war had been carried on in the South; now Lee was planning an expedition into Pennsylvania that filled the minds of the Northerners with dread.

But the Army of the Potomac was hurrying northward to interrupt the progress of the Confederate forces. The Governor of Pennsylvania called for sixty thousand men to defend the state, and the response was prompt. Then came the Battle of Gettysburg.

For three days the battle raged, the two great armies struggling back and forth over hill and wood and plain. The town, which lies in a valley between two ridges, became the center of the battle-field. On July 1 the fighting was on the north and west, on Seminary Ridge; and on July 2 and 3 it was on the south and east, on Cemetery Hill.

The final assault on Cemetery Hill by the Confederates was made by Pickett's Division. They were the very flower of the South, the boys who steadily advanced under a terrific fire and made that gallant, fatal charge. The division was practically wiped out; and nearly half of those who survived became prisoners.

The Battle of Gettysburg was really the turning-point of the war. Lee's forces retreated across the Potomac, and the Northerners took fresh heart for the struggle before them.

Within a few weeks after the battle the proposal was made that the bodies of the soldiers who fell at Gettysburg be brought together in a single cemetery. Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania was deeply interested in the plan, and his agent, David Wills, purchased for the state of Pennsylvania seventeen acres of land on Cemetery Hill. Before August 17 the governors of fifteen of the seventeen other Northern states who had soldier-dead on the field had agreed to help in the project.

The grounds were laid out, and on November 2, 1863, a letter was sent by Mr. Wills to President Lincoln, informing him of the fact that the consecration would take place on November 19. "I am authorized by the governors of the different states to invite you to be present and participate in these ceremonies, which will doubtless be very imposing and solemnly impressive," the invitation read. "It is the desire that, after the oration, you, as Chief Executive of the nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks."

On the Battle-Field of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

The President was busy, but he could not say no to such an invitation. And he was eager to give all the time needed. When the Secretary of War made arrangements for a train that would give him but a few hours on the battle-field, and informed him of the program, Lincoln wrote on the note: "I do not like the arrangement. I do not wish to so go that by the slightest accident we fail entirely; and, at the best, the whole to be a mere breathless running of the gantlet."

The oration at the dedication was delivered by Edward Everett, a noted orator from Massachusetts. He made a deep impression, and most people thought that for that occasion the great things had all been said. But they were mistaken. Abraham Lincoln was yet to speak.

Every American boy and girl is familiar with the words which Lincoln uttered that day:

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate — we cannot consecrate — we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget

what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Many of those who heard these immortal words were not much impressed by them. But others realized that something had been said that the world could not forget. This feeling was voiced by Mr. Everett, who wrote, next day, to Lincoln:

"I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in my two hours as you did in two minutes."

In 1864 the Gettysburg Battle-Field Memorial Association was incorporated by the state of Pennsylvania. This association purchased portions of the battle-grounds, opened avenues, supervised the building of memorials, and completed the careful marking of the positions of those who took part in the battle.

When the task became too great for the association, Congress appointed a commission to coöperate with it. In 1895 arrangements were made so that, from that time, the battle-field was in complete control of the United States Government, and henceforth became known as the Gettysburg National Park.

At the time when the Government took control of the

property, it contained 600 acres. There were 17 miles of roads, and 320 monuments. It has since been enlarged to over three times that size, the number of roads increased and the old roads improved, and additional monuments and tablets erected; and the greatest care has been taken to keep the natural features of the battle-field as they were in 1863.

The beauty and dignity of Gettysburg National Park make it worthy of the great words spoken there by President Lincoln. No one can visit it without becoming a better citizen.

## 4. Memorials at Vicksburg, Mississippi

There is a river in Asia Minor called the Meander — a wandering, winding, twisting river, whose name has been applied to streams and people that do not seem to know just where they are going. It is said of such rivers and such people that they "meander."

The Mississippi, in its lower part, is the best example in the United States of a large stream that meanders, and that changes its meanderings in a way still more trying, so that it is always proving a puzzle to those who live on its banks or have business on its waters. Channels change, acres disappear or shift from one side of the stream to the other, and so many like things occur that people who travel on the Mississippi learn to expect things that are unexpected.

When boys and girls of 1804 studied John Pinkerton's geography, they were told of the Mississippi in the following words:

"The direction of its channel is so crooked that from New Orleans to the mouth of the Ohio the distance, which does not exceed 460 miles in a straight line, is about 856 by water. It may be shortened at least 250 miles by cutting across eight or ten necks of land, some of which are not thirty yards wide."

When Mark Twain wrote *Life on the Mississippi*, he said:

"The water cuts the banks of the lower river into deep horse-shoe curves; so deep, indeed, that in some places if you were to get ashore at one extremity of the horse-shoe and walk across the neck, half or three-quarters of a mile, you could sit down and rest a couple of hours while your steamer was coming around the long elbow at a speed of ten miles an hour to take you on board again."

In preparing for the siege of Vicksburg, in 1863, General U. S. Grant found that the approach to the city by way of the regular river channel was strongly defended by the Confederate works. He therefore set four thousand of his men at work building a canal which would cut the peninsula in front of the city. Great was the joy of the citizens of Vicksburg when a sudden rise in the river broke the dam at the upper end of the canal, and the undertaking failed.

But in a little more than thirteen years Vicksburg was longing ardently for this water highway. For by this time the lawless Mississippi had shifted its channel, leaving the city, which had been a prosperous river port, high and dry. The commercial ruin which threatened

was, however, averted. The United States Government changed the channel of the Yazoo River, so that it flowed past the city, and built the Yazoo Canal. Vicksburg has since been on two rivers — the Yazoo and the Mississippi.

Thus the river front of Vicksburg is a monument to pluck that conquered disaster. And back from the

PEMBERTON'S HEADQUARTERS, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI

Where details of the surrender were arranged, July 4, 1863

river port is a memorial that makes the city more famous still — the Vicksburg National Military Park, that stretches from the shore of the Mississippi below the city, in a semicircle back into the country, then toward the river on the north, until it joins the National Cemetery. In this cemetery 16,618 Union soldiers who lost their lives in and around Vicksburg during the Civil War are buried. Of these the names of 12,719 are not known.

In the park the story of the memorable siege of May, June, and early July, 1863, is told in the hundreds of monuments and memorials that have been erected by the United States Government and by the various states, on the 1323 acres of hill and valley.

The natural beauty of the region has been improved by the lavish expenditure of a grateful people; and from all over the land, from South and North alike, pilgrims come to gaze upon the monuments erected to their loved and honored dead.

Upon the Pennsylvania monument is this inscription:

> Here brothers fought for their principles. Here heroes died for their country. And a united people will forever cherish the precious legacy of their noble manhood.

### 5. Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, Georgia

Far to the north of Atlanta, Georgia, may be seen from the roof of one of the city's highest buildings, on a clear day, the dim outlines of the Blue Ridge Mountains, fifty miles away. But the city itself stands in the midst of a vast, undulating plain. Those who visit Atlanta for the first time are therefore astonished to behold, only fourteen miles to the northeast, a solitary mountain of granite, so singularly round and smooth of outline that, veiled in the haze of distance, it looks more like a dome built by the hand of man than like a mound shaped by natural processes. This is Stone Mountain.

As the eye travels northward along the horizon, three other isolated peaks appear. Northwest of Stone Mountain is Black Jack Mountain; farther west is

Kenesaw Mountain; and still farther west is Lost Mountain, the smallest of them all.

These four lonely sentinels, of which Stone Mountain is the largest, are all that are left, we are told, of ancient mountain chains which once occupied most of the plateau upon which these survivors now stand. The action of the elements through countless ages has

*By courtesy of Iron Trade Review*

STONE MOUNTAIN, NEAR ATLANTA, GEORGIA

The sculptured memorial is to appear a little less than halfway down on the face of the mountain.

worn away the once lofty ranges; but evidences of them still remain in the granite mass many square miles in area, of which Stone Mountain forms a part.

Stone Mountain rises 686 feet above the surrounding plain, or 1686 feet above the level of the sea. It is about two miles long and one mile wide.

The people of Atlanta like to go for an outing to Stone Mountain. Some of it has, however, already gone to them, for building stone has been taken from its rocky sides for many structures in the city. Further immense

quantities of granite have been shipped for building purposes and for street paving to all parts of the United States, but the mountain is so huge that these are not missed.

To the Indians this lone mountain was a cause of wonder; they saw in it the presence of the Great Spirit. As the lightnings played about the summit, they stood in awe before it.

The base of the mountain was a natural gathering-place of the tribes, since it was known to all the Indians; and many councils were held in its shadow. It is recorded, too, that in 1790 the Creek leader, Alexander McGillivray, fixed upon the mountain as a meeting-place for the chiefs who were to go with him to New York, to make a treaty with the United States Government.

An early account of Rock Mountain, as the pioneers called it, gave further hint of use by the Indians of long ago:

"About one quarter of a mile from the top are seen the remains of an old fortification which formerly extended around the summit, and which was built to guard every approach leading thereto, the only entrance being through a narrow passage under the loose rock, where only one person could enter at a time, by crawling upon all fours. The whole length of the wall at first was probably a mile, breast high on the inside. It consisted of loose fragments of rock. The Indians said this fortification was there 'before the time of our fathers.'"

In May, 1914, an article appeared in the *Atlanta Constitution*, recommending the use of Stone Mountain as a memorial to the Southern Confederacy. In July of that year the *Atlanta Georgian* published another article on the same subject, with the further suggestion that the memorial take the form of the single figure of Robert E. Lee, to be carved upon the sheer face of the mountain.

This proposition made a strong appeal to Mrs. C. Helen Plane, a Confederate woman who had lived, suffered, and served during the four tragic years of war between the North and the South. Mrs. Plane brought the subject of the Confederate memorial before the Atlanta Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, who favored it at once, and the idea was later indorsed by the Georgia Division.

At the request of Mrs. Plane, Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, came to Atlanta as the guest of the Atlanta Chapter in July, 1915. His report to the Daughters of the Confederacy was as follows:

"It seems to me that the only fitting memorial to the South of '64 by the equally great South of our day, is to reconstruct, as we can, the great characters of those days, and in colossal proportion carve them in high and full relief in action, mounted and on foot, moving across the granite mountain in the arrangement of two wings of an army, following the mountain contour, moving naturally across its face to the East. These figures should be in scale with the mountain; they must be visible and readable at a distance of several miles, and their likenesses must be recognizable and maintained.

The groupings represent the official heads of the South, and officers, cavalry, artillery, and infantry.

"This plan is practicable. In its effect it would stand alone in memorial and monumental work in the world."

In April, 1916, the Stone Mountain Confederate Monumental Association was organized, for the purpose of creating "a memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the Southern Confederacy, and to the women of the South of that period, to serve as an inspiration, not alone to the South, but to the reunited country." The charter also provides for a memorial hall, cut out of the solid rock, and for a park near by.

On May 20, 1916, Stone Mountain was formally dedicated to its noble purpose, and Mr. Borglum straightway began to prepare for this greatest undertaking of his career. During the World War the work was suspended, but was actively resumed soon after. The first finished part of the sculpture — the head of General Lee — was unveiled on January 19, 1924, the anniversary of Lee's birth; and the time draws steadily nearer when at last a vision of the glory of Southern heroism shall stand forth on the face of the mountain, carven in imperishable rock.

### 6. In Chickamauga National Park

The name Chickamauga has been said to mean "Valley of Death." Although this little valley in northern Georgia was so named by the Indians long ago, nevertheless the name became especially appropri-

ate in 1863; for in that year one of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War was fought near Chickamauga Creek, about twelve miles south of Chattanooga, Tennessee.

The beautiful country about Chattanooga was famous among the Cherokees years before the events of 1863. In 1835 the site of Chattanooga was known as Ross's Landing. Joe Ross, the noted Cherokee chief, once lived in a log cabin, which was still standing when the Battle of Chickamauga was fought. The valleys, the mountain depths, the ridges, the winding course of the Tennessee River, all were familiar to the Cherokees. If the Northerners had had the Indians' knowledge of the country, the campaign against Chattanooga would not have lasted so long.

The Federal Army of the Cumberland, under Major General Rosecrans, had advanced gradually from Murfreesboro to Decherd, Tennessee, and was within reach of the Confederate Army, under General Braxton Bragg. The Confederates were encamped on the Tennessee River, close to Chattanooga. When the Federals entered Lookout Valley, the Confederates abandoned Chattanooga. On September 18, 1863, the Federals were on Chickamauga Creek, commanding the city.

General Bragg hoped to drive Rosecrans back into the mountains, but the battle on September 20 failed to accomplish this purpose. Wonderful heroism was displayed on both sides. First one army, then the other, seemed to be victorious. Both suffered fearful losses. Of 130,000 engaged, nearly 37,000 were either killed, wounded, or missing.

The battle brought new laurels to Bragg, and General George H. Thomas, one of General Rosecrans' staff, made the stand that won for him the name, "The Rock of Chickamauga."

The campaign continued until November 24 and 25, 1863, when the "Battle above the Clouds" on Lookout

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Top of Lookout Mountain, from an Airplane

Mocassin Bend at the base.

Mountain, and the brilliant attack on the Confederate defenses on Missionary Ridge, resulted in a Federal victory and the retreat of the Confederate forces.

Americans, both in the North and in the South, impressed by the importance of the Battle of Chickamauga, and realizing that bravery such as was shown by the soldiers on both sides should receive lasting honor, were delighted with the proposal made in 1888,

that the battle-ground should be made a park, similar to that at Gettysburg. Soon a joint meeting of the veterans who wore the Gray and the veterans who wore the Blue led to the organization of the Chickamauga Memorial Association. The original plan grew until, when Congress created the park, there was included in its boundaries not only the battle-ground, but also other territory around Chattanooga, the whole to form a system connected by splendid roads, and to be known as the Chickamauga and Chattanooga Military Park. As finally organized, while there is but one park system, there are really two parks, one in Georgia and one in Tennessee.

The Chickamauga Park was opened on September 19, 1895, and on September 20 came the dedication at Chattanooga. At that time eight states had memorial tablets in the park system, but today there are more than three times that number. Markers indicate the position of commands, and state monuments add to the beauty of the park.

The Georgia State Monument is thought by many to be the finest memorial on the field. The inscription it bears is worth remembering:

> To the lasting memory of all her sons who fought on this field — those who fought and lived, those who fought and died, those who gave much and those who gave all — Georgia erects this monument

# CHAPTER II

## FORTS AND FIGHTERS

### 7. The Battle of Lake Erie

In 1812, when Great Britain controlled the Great Lakes, the United States determined to create a fleet with which to question that control.

But how was the fleet to be built, when it was necessary to transport all supplies from the Atlantic seaboard, over hundreds of miles of uninhabited country? And who was to take charge of the fleet when it was built? Officers fitted for such duty were hard to find.

But the infant country was not disturbed by difficulties. A beginning was made in the building of vessels on the shores of Lake Erie. Timber was taken from the near-by forests, and arrangements were made to take overland sails, cordage, cannon, powder, and military stores.

Late in 1812 the second question was answered. Oliver Hazard Perry, a lieutenant in the United States Navy, asked the Secretary of the Navy to assign him to service on the Great Lakes. His application was approved at once, and he was ordered to duty on Lake Erie, where he was told he might expect warm fighting after the fleet was ready. His first task was to be the completion of the vessels.

In March, 1813, after a tedious overland journey, part of it through the wilderness, from Newport, Rhode Island, Perry arrived in Erie, Pennsylvania. There he was glad to see on the stocks the keels of two brigs, the *Lawrence* and the *Niagara*, and three gunboats nearly completed.

When he discovered that the work was going on slowly, for lack of self-confidence, that there were no supplies, and that no provision had been made for finishing the ships, although the British fleet was hovering near, he arranged at once for the satisfaction of all these needs.

Bancroft, the historian, tells how "the white and black oak and the chestnut of the neighboring woods, often cut down on the day on which they were used, furnished the frames of the vessels. . . . To eke out the iron, every scrap was gathered from the village smithies, and welded together."

On May 3 the gunboats were launched. On the evening of May 23 the two brigs were also ready. At that very moment Perry received word that Commodore Chauncey was to make an attack on Fort George. He therefore hastened to his assistance, making the journey to Buffalo in an open rowboat. Thence he proceeded to Lake Ontario. The fort was captured, and Perry brought back with him from Black Rock, near Buffalo, five merchant vessels loaded with naval stores. It took two weeks to transfer them from Black Rock to Buffalo, since they had to be dragged by oxen through the water, against a strong current. From Buffalo they were taken, under sail, to Erie.

The ships were now ready. But where were the men? Anxiously Perry waited for them, while the British were waiting for him just outside the harbor.

On July 23 some reënforcements arrived; but the ships were still undermanned. Nevertheless, on August 1, when the British fleet suddenly disappeared, Perry resolved to get his vessels over the bar at the entrance to the harbor. With great difficulty this was accomplished. On August 6 he started in pursuit of the British. But the wind was unfavorable, and the following day he returned to Erie. On August 12 he sailed again for the upper end of the lake, where he received his last reënforcements from General Harrison. But the enemy, safe in the harbor of Malden on the Canadian side, delayed the encounter.

On the evening of September 9, the American ships lay anchored at Put-in Bay. At sunrise on the 10th, the British fleet was seen approaching. The American squadron put off to meet it. From the masthead of the *Lawrence*, of which Perry was in command, floated a flag of blue bunting, on which in white lettering were the last words of Captain Lawrence: "Don't give up the ship."

When George Bancroft, on September 10, 1860, delivered the oration at the dedication of the monument erected in Cleveland, Ohio, to commemorate the battle, he said:

"Who has not heard how gallantly, forty-seven years ago, the young hero, still weak from a wasting fever, led his squadron to battle? As if shielded by a higher

power, he encountered death on his right hand, death on his left . . . for two hours fighting his ship, till it became a wreck, so that but one of its guns could be used any longer, and more than four-fifths of his crew lay around him wounded or killed; then, unharmed, standing as beseemed his spirit, he passed in a boat to the uninjured *Niagara*, unfurled his flag, bore down within pistol shot of his enemy, poured into them broadsides starboard and broadsides port, and while the sun was still high above the horizon, left no office to be done but that of mercy to the vanquished."

THE PEACE ARCH, BLAINE, WASHINGTON

At three o'clock the battle was over. At four, Captain Perry went to his cabin, and wrote to the Secretary of the Navy and to General Harrison. His letter to Harrison was as follows:

Dear General:

We have met the enemy, and they are ours. Two ships, two brigs, and one sloop. Yours, with great respect and esteem,

O. H. PERRY

Thus ended the last battle upon the Great Lakes.

More than a hundred years have passed since the

close of the War of 1812. The guns of the British were silenced then, and their fire has never been reopened in America. Never since then have the waters of the Great Lakes been reddened by the blood of enemies. For over a century the border between Canada and the United States has stood unguarded. Two nations have dwelt side by side as brothers.

At Blaine, Washington, on the boundary-line, stands the Portal of Peace, dedicated on September 5, 1921. Across the United States front of the massive concrete gateway is inscribed, "Children of a Common Mother," and on the Canadian front, "Brethren Dwelling Together in Unity." On the doors are the inscriptions, "Open for One Hundred Years," and "May These Doors Never Be Closed."

## 8. Fort McHenry, Baltimore, and "The Star-Spangled Banner"

On the harbor front at Baltimore, Maryland, and situated where it commands a wonderful view down the Chesapeake, is old Fort McHenry, built by the citizens of Baltimore during the last years of the eighteenth century, and presented to the United States.

This fort did valiant service during the War of 1812; but it is not of that service that this chapter tells. Today the site is a fine park; but this is not to be a description of a park. It is not for the importance of the fort nor for the beauty of the park that Fort McHenry is remembered, but by reason of its connection

with a story of interest to all Americans — the story of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Many incorrect accounts have been given of the circumstances that led to the writing of this song that has stirred the hearts of millions. The true story was told by the author himself, Francis Scott Key, to his brother-in-law, R. R. Taney, who was later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. In 1856, when the volume entitled *Poems of the Late Francis Scott Key, Esq.*, was published, it contained the story as related by Judge Taney.

In 1814, the British troops captured Washington, burning the Capitol, the White House, and other public buildings. They then withdrew, but at about the same time, a squadron of their ships sailed up the Potomac and forced Alexandria to surrender. After some days of plundering Alexandria, however, the troops reëmbarked, and to the great relief of the inhabitants the ships were seen moving down the river.

There was living, at that time, in the near-by town of Upper Marlboro, Dr. William Beanes, who was much beloved. When the British troops had encamped at Marlboro on their march to Washington, Admiral Cockburn and other British officers had been quartered at Dr. Beanes's house, and had been generously entertained by him. But now, upon the return of the army to the ships, when some of the stragglers from the ranks began to plunder, Dr. Beanes put himself at the head of a small body of citizens and pursued the marauders. When the British officers heard of this, Dr. Beanes was

seized, treated with great indignity, and carried off down the river.

Key, who was then living in Georgetown, was asked to intercede for the prisoner. When application was made to President Madison for help, he arranged to send Key to the British fleet under a flag of truce, on a United States vessel in company with John S. Skinner, a United States agent.

Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Maryland

For a week or ten days no word came from the expedition. Their friends were alarmed for the safety of Key and his companion.

The bearers of the flag of truce found the British fleet at the mouth of the Potomac. They were received courteously until they told their business. General Ross and Admiral Cockburn spoke harshly of Dr. Beanes, but fortunately Mr. Skinner had letters from wounded British officers who had been humanely treated by Americans.

General Ross finally agreed that, solely as a recognition of this kindness, the prisoner would be released. But he told the two messengers that they could not leave the British fleet for some days. They were therefore detained on board the *Surprise* until the fleet arrived at the Patapsco River. They were then permitted to take Dr. Beanes with them, and go on board their own vessel, although under guard. They understood that an immediate attack on Baltimore was intended, and that they were being held in order that they might not warn the city of the plans of the enemy.

The American ship was anchored in a position from which Key and his companions could watch the attack against Fort McHenry. The night of the bombardment they remained on deck, anxiously watching and listening. "While the bombardment continued, it was sufficient proof that the fort had not surrendered. But it suddenly ceased some time before day. . . . They paced the deck for the residue of the night in painful suspense. . . . As soon as it dawned, and before it was light enough to see objects at a distance, their glasses were turned to the fort, uncertain what they should see there, the Stars and Stripes, or the flag of the enemy. At length the light came, and they saw that 'our flag was still there.'"

A little later boats approached with wounded British soldiers. The attack on Baltimore had failed.

Standing there on the deck, and looking at the flag waving in safety over the fort, Key took a letter out of his pocket, and wrote on the back of it the opening

lines of "The Star-Spangled Banner." While he was on the boat that carried him to shore, he completed the first rough draft; and that night, at the hotel, he rewrote the poem. Next day he showed it to Judge Nicholson of Baltimore, and asked him what he thought of it. The judge was so delighted with it that he sent it at once to a printer, to have copies made in handbill form. It was received by the people with instant enthusiasm, and became at once a national song.

As Judge Taney tells us: "Every word came warm from his heart, and for that reason, even more than from its poetical merit, it never fails to find a response in the hearts of those who listen to it."

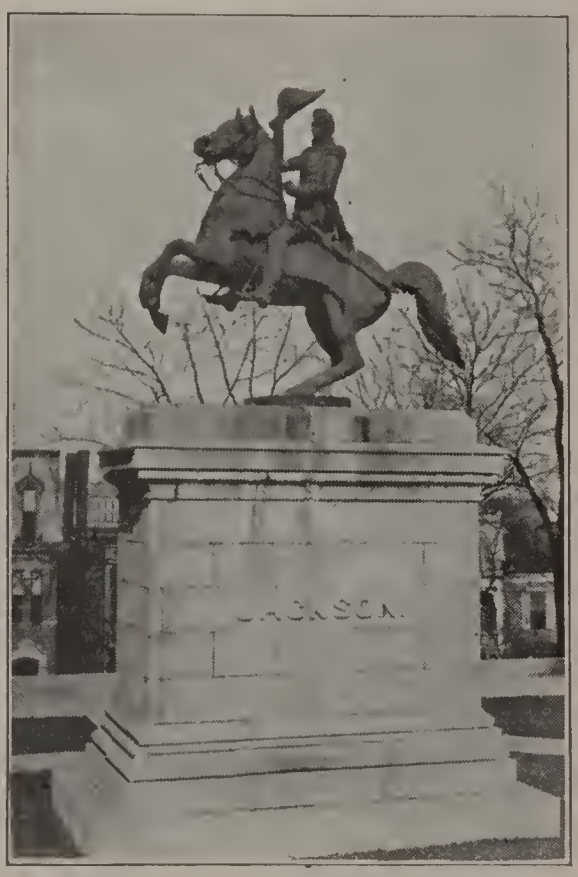
## 9. The Battle of New Orleans

In March, 1767, Andrew Jackson was born in a rude log cabin, so near the border of North Carolina and South Carolina that it is uncertain which state may rightfully claim his birthplace. There were already two boys in the Jackson family — Hugh and Robert. Andrew was named for his father, who died shortly before this third son was born.

In 1779, during the War of the Revolution, Hugh volunteered, and soon perished. In 1780 Robert and Andrew took part in a battle near their home. In 1781 they again joined their neighbors in an attack on some British troops. This time they were taken prisoner. Through the efforts of their mother they were exchanged; but Robert died of smallpox, to which he had been exposed while imprisoned. Not long afterward

the mother died of prison fever, contracted while doing volunteer nursing in Charleston. Thus, at the age of fourteen, Andrew Jackson was left entirely alone in the world.

After attempting to earn his living in a variety of ways, Jackson decided to become a lawyer. He studied law in Salisbury, North Carolina, and practiced for a while in that state. He then went to Nashville, Tennessee, where he established himself in his profession. There he married Mrs. Rachel Donelson Robards, who had come when a child with the pioneers who settled Nashville.



STATUE OF ANDREW JACKSON
In the Capitol grounds, Nashville, Tennessee.

In 1797 he became United States Senator. In 1802 he took command of the militia of Tennessee. When the War of 1812 began, he offered to serve the Government with 2500 men from Tennessee. His first campaign was against the Indians of Alabama, who had been incited to make trouble for the Americans.

In May, 1814, he became a major general in the regular United States Army, and was given command of the district including Louisiana and Mississippi Territory.

His vigilance and energy resulted in the victory at Mobile Bay and the capture of Pensacola.

Then came the startling news that a British fleet of sixty vessels, bearing an army of more than ten thousand men, veterans from European battle-fields, had sailed from Jamaica, and was even then in the Gulf of Mexico, near at hand. The news was given to Gover-

Avenue of Oaks, Battle-Field of New Orleans

nor Claiborne of Louisiana by Captain Jean Lafitte, one of the celebrated Lafitte brothers — so-called pirates, who had been declared outlaws because of their illegal acts among the ships that sailed in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Captain Lafitte discovered the plan of the British through their efforts to enlist him and his men on their side. He was offered $30,000 for his assistance; but he preferred to tell Governor Claiborne of the danger that threatened New Orleans.

Governor Claiborne sent word in haste to General Jackson at Mobile, informing him, at the same time, that the Lafittes had promised to do their best to serve the United States. They kept their word.

On November 22, 1814, General Jackson left Mobile with his little army. On December 1 he entered New Orleans, and at once he began organizing the defenses of the city. On December 18 he reviewed the Louisiana troops who had volunteered for service, in front of the cathedral, in a square that is now called Jackson Square in his honor. Troops from Mississippi Territory increased the force, and on January 4, 1815, twenty-two hundred men from Kentucky reached New Orleans after floating on flatboats fifteen hundred miles down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers.

The story of the long water journey is thrilling. When the men gathered on the banks of the Ohio, no provision had been made for their journey. In the emergency, Colonel Taylor of Frankfort, Kentucky, borrowed, on his own credit, money to buy boats and camp equipment, including thirty pots and kettles, one to a company of eighty men. At the mouth of the Cumberland River they had to wait eight days, while they cut rough boards which they needed to repair their boats. When, at length, they resumed their journey, they had only half rations for the voyage.

When the Kentucky troops, as well as those from Tennessee, reached New Orleans, they had no huts or blankets, but had to sleep on the bare ground, although the weather was unusually severe. But their meals

were supplied by the generous people of New Orleans, both men and women, who speedily made them comfortable.

Few of these new troops were armed, and Jackson's difficulties were increased by their arrival. Arms were on the way, but they did not reach New Orleans until after the battle. Fortunately, however, there were some muskets in the city, and Jean Lafitte supplied them with flints.

The British fleet had cast anchor off the Chandeleur Islands near the coast of Louisiana, and soon the defender of New Orleans had his hands full. He was successful in a number of preliminary skirmishes, and in two battles, one on December 23, and the other on January 1.

The decisive battle took place on January 8, 1815.

General Jackson's men defended both banks of the Mississippi River. His main force, of 5000 men, was barricaded on the east bank, while across the river was a small force of 800. The British general, Pakenham, had about 11,000 men, the larger part in the attacking column on the east bank, and a smaller force across the river.

On the east bank the British veterans advanced bravely and steadily toward the American breastworks, which concealed the sharpshooters of Kentucky and Tennessee. From behind the American lines came such a continuous, terrific storm of bullets that, row on row, the British were mowed down. The first attack lasted twenty-five minutes. The British then withdrew, re-

formed, and charged once more. Again that devastating blast of musketry swept over them; and when the battle smoke had rolled away, the ground was scarlet with British uniforms. The British loss was 2600 men killed, wounded, and prisoners, while the Americans lost but eight killed and thirteen wounded. So keen was the marksmanship of Kentucky and of Tennessee!

This terrible disaster to the British far outweighed their victory on the west bank. To hold the position they had gained upon the west bank was too great a task for the depleted British strength. The troops were therefore withdrawn across the river. On the morning of January 9 an armistice was agreed upon. The wounded were removed, and the dead were buried.

This battle struck a fatal blow at the British forces. By January 19 they had retreated to fortifications at the mouth of Bayou Bienvenue, and after some delay in reëmbarking, on February 5 the fleet at last sailed away.

It has been said that the Battle of New Orleans was not of historical importance, because it was fought after the Treaty of Ghent had been signed, on December 24, 1814, although before news of it was received in the United States. But a book by an officer named Gleig, who served in the British Army, published in Philadelphia in 1821, made a startling statement:

"That our failure is to be lamented no one will deny, since the conquest of New Orleans would have been, beyond all comparison, the most valuable acquisition

that could be made to the British dominions throughout the whole Western Hemisphere. In possession of that port, we should have kept the entire southern trade of the United States in check, and furnished means of commerce to our own merchants, of incalculable value."

In another book Andrew Jackson is quoted as having stated, in 1836, when Arkansas was admitted to the Union: "If there had been disaster instead of victory at New Orleans, there would never have been a state of Arkansas. If Pakenham had taken New Orleans, the British would have claimed the whole of the Louisiana Purchase."

Cyrus Townsend Brady said in his life of Jackson: "So far from being a useless slaughter, the Battle of New Orleans was the most important and decisive fought on this continent between Yorktown and Gettysburg. Andrew Jackson contributed to the future of his country in a degree only surpassed by Washington, who founded it, and Lincoln, who preserved it. For to Andrew Jackson is due the vital fact that the western boundary of the United States is the Pacific, and not the Mississippi."

### 10. The Alamo, San Antonio, Texas

In 1835 Texas revolted against the rule of Mexico. In the brief war for independence which followed, the Texans were assisted by volunteers from the United States. The war was marked by a number of heroic events, chief of which was the defense of the Alamo.

The Alamo, or Mission San Antonio de Valero, was founded in 1718 by Spain, for the purpose of instructing the Indians in various industries, and of teaching them Christianity. It was like a fortress, the buildings and the plaza about which they were grouped being surrounded by a stone wall ten feet high. The church of the Alamo was erected long after the foundation of the mission. The corner stone is said to have been laid in 1744, and the building was finished some years later. At the time of the siege of the Alamo this church was a ruin, the roof having fallen in many years before, as a result of faulty construction. It was later rebuilt, and is the only one of the Alamo buildings in existence today.

When the Mexican army under General Santa Anna approached San Antonio, or Bexar, as it was then called, on February 22, 1836, one hundred and forty-five men retired within the walls of the Alamo. Lieutenant Colonel William B. Travis, a young man twenty-eight years of age, was their leader, and the second in command was Colonel James Bowie. David Crockett, the famous backwoodsman, had also joined the company a few days before the beginning of the siege.

Within the wall a well had been dug on the very day the Mexican Army entered the town. Thus a plentiful supply of water was added to the store of meat and corn for the defenders.

Travis sent out repeated calls for help. On February 23 he sent a message to Colonel Fannin at Goliad, asking aid. On the twenty-eighth Fannin

started for the Alamo with three hundred troops; but for lack of wagons and provisions he was obliged to return.

On February 24 a messenger was dispatched with the following heroic appeal:

Commandancy of the Alamo
Bexar, Feb'y 24th, 1836

To the People of Texas and all Americans in the world: —
Fellow citizens and compatriots —

I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual Bombardment and cannonade for 24 hours and have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat. Then*, I call on you in the name of Liberty, of patriotism and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honor and that of his country. VICTORY OR DEATH.

William Barret Travis
Lt. Col. comdt.

P.S. The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses 80 or 90 bushels and got into the walls 20 or 30 head of Beeves.

Travis

In response to this appeal, thirty-two men from Gonzales, under Captain J. W. Smith, broke through

the Mexican lines and made their way into the Alamo on March 1.

On the night of March 3 Travis sent out his last desperate appeal which read, in part:

With a hundred and forty-five men I have held this place ten days against a force variously estimated from 1,500 to 6,000,

THE ALAMO, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

and I shall continue to hold it till I get relief from my countrymen, or I will perish in its defense. We have had a shower of bombs and cannon-balls continually falling among us the whole time, yet none of us have fallen. We have been miraculously preserved.

On March 6 this message reached the convention assembled at Washington, on the Brazos River, for the purpose of forming a constitution for the new Republic of Texas. Only by the influence of General Houston,

the commander in chief, were the members restrained from the foolhardy course of abandoning their important business and proceeding in a body to the rescue of the defenders of the Alamo. Houston himself started at once, however.

But the brave little garrison was already beyond all need for help. For early that very morning Santa Anna had stormed the fortress.

At the first onset breaches were made in the walls, and Colonel Travis was killed. The outer walls and batteries were abandoned, and most of the defenders retired to the long, two-story main building adjoining the church. This was strongly fortified.

The following is a vivid account of the battle:

"From the doors, windows, and loopholes of the several rooms around the area the crack of the rifle and the hiss of the bullet came fierce and fast; as fast the enemy fell and recoiled in his first efforts to charge. The gun beside which Travis fell was now turned against the buildings, as were also some others, and shot after shot was sent crashing through the doors and barricades of the several rooms. Each ball was followed by a storm of musketry and a charge; and thus room after room was carried at the point of the bayonet, when all within them died fighting to the last. The struggle was made up of a number of separate and desperate combats, often hand to hand, between squads of the garrison and bodies of the enemy. The bloodiest spot about the fort was the long barrack and the ground in front of it, where the enemy fell in heaps."

The church was the last point taken. "Once the enemy were in possession of the large area, the guns could be turned to fire into the door of the church, only from fifty to a hundred yards off. The inmates of this last stronghold, like the rest, fought to the last, and continued to fire down from the upper works after the enemy occupied the floor. Towards the close of the struggle, Lieutenant Dickenson, with his child in his arms, or, as some accounts say, tied to his back, leaped from the east embrasure of the chapel, and both were shot in the act. Of those he left behind him, the bayonet soon gleaned what the bullet had left; and in the upper part of that edifice the last defender must have fallen."

This final assault lasted only thirty minutes, but the effects were most disastrous to its defenders. Three women, two children, and a negro boy survived. But not a single man was left alive.

The defenders of the Alamo won immortal fame. Four days before, the Republic of Texas had been proclaimed. Those who fell in the Alamo were hailed the heroes of the struggle. "Remember the Alamo!" was the battle cry of the war for independence which was waged until the Mexican Army was routed at San Jacinto, April 21, 1836.

At the state Capitol at Austin, Texas, stands a monument to the heroes of the Alamo, with the inscription:

Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none.

## 11. David G. Farragut in the Gulf of Mexico

The story of the war service of Admiral Farragut in the Gulf of Mexico, from 1862 to 1864, should be familiar.

For fifty years he had been preparing for this service, from the time when, a boy of ten, he became a midshipman on the *Essex*, and saw action during the War of 1812. In the years of peace which followed, he was a hard worker in the navy. But he did not win distinction until the Civil War.

On January 9, 1862, he was given command of the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, his flagship being the steam sloop of war *Hartford*. His son, Loyall Farragut, writes: "She was selected for his flagship because she was one of the finest vessels of her class in the service. Of a graceful outline, with well-proportioned spars, the *Hartford* was the admiration of all who could see beauty in a ship."

His first instructions were to blockade the ports in the territory from St. Andrew's Bay, Florida, to the Rio Grande, and to look after the coast of Mexico and Yucatan. Less than two weeks later he was ordered to capture New Orleans, in connection with a fleet under the charge of Commander D. D. Porter, his brother by adoption, who was directed to report to him. Farragut's orders from the Navy Department said, "The Department and the country require of you success."

The requirement was met. On April 24, 1862, with

seventeen wooden vessels, Farragut passed the forts at the mouth of the Mississippi and captured or destroyed a Confederate fleet of fifteen vessels, two of them ironclad. Only one of his own ships was lost. The following day New Orleans was taken, and his orders had been executed.

The next thing was to open the Mississippi River above New Orleans. In June and July an expedition past the Confederate batteries at Vicksburg and back again was successfully made; but the land batteries were not silenced. Upon his return to New Orleans Farragut was made Rear Admiral.

Valuable service was rendered by Farragut on the river and in the Gulf of Mexico during the remainder of 1862, all of 1863, and the first part of 1864. Sometimes he was successful; again he met with reverses. But he kept up his courage, and finally succeeded in opening the Mississippi and turning its control over to Admiral Porter.

At last came the great day of Admiral Farragut's life. Forts Morgan, Gaines, and Powell still defended Mobile; the time had come to capture them.

At half past five on the morning of August 5, 1864, with four ironclads and fourteen wooden vessels, Farragut started up the bay. At half past seven the ironclad *Tecumseh*, which was leading abreast of the wooden ships, *Brooklyn* and *Octorora*, was destroyed by a torpedo, and went down with nearly all her crew. The *Brooklyn* paused and began to back, pressing on the vessels in the rear, which were thrown into con-

fusion. But Farragut, who was directing the fight lashed to the rigging of the *Hartford*, was quick to act. His flagship sped by the entire line, and at the head of the column swept forward to victory. The fleet passed the forts, and the Confederate vessel *Tennessee* was captured after one of the hardest contests in American naval history. On August 6 Fort Powell was abandoned and destroyed by its commander. Two days later Fort Gaines surrendered. Fort Morgan held out stubbornly, but on August 23 it, too, surrendered.

The following lines are from a poem written after the battle by William T. Meredith, paymaster on the *Hartford:*

Under the shattered walls,
  White flies the water,
Spray from the hissing balls —
  Lads, will ye falter?
One cheer for Farragut
  High as the sun!
Taut lock-strings for Farragut,
  Mobile is won!

The Battle of Mobile Bay had indeed been won. The city itself was not taken, because the channel had been so obstructed that it was impossible to reach it.

Several weeks later, because of failing health due to the great strain under which he had been for so long, Farragut was ordered home. His welcome in New York was overwhelming. A purse of $50,000 was given him, with the invitation to make his home in

that city. In December the rank of Vice-Admiral was created, to which Farragut was promoted; and in July, 1866, the grade of Admiral was created for him. The next year he went abroad in command of a squadron, and was enthusiastically received by European sovereigns.

He died in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, August 14, 1870, and was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery, New York. His body was escorted to its last resting place by President Grant and many other dignitaries, and by ten thousand soldiers.

Statue of Admiral Farragut, Washington, D.C.

In the city of Washington may be seen a commanding statue of Admiral Farragut. Another, by the great sculptor St. Gaudens, stands in Madison Square, New York City. The latter bears the inscription:

That the memory of a daring and sagacious commander, and gentle, great-souled man whose life from childhood was given to his country, but who served her supremely in its war for the Union, 1861–1865, may be preserved and honored, and that they who come after him and who will owe him so much may see him as he was seen by friend and foe, his countrymen have set up this monument, A.D. 1881.

## 12. At Fort Snelling, Minnesota

One of the most striking bits of the Mississippi River is from the mouth of the Minnesota River to Minneapolis, where a gorge has been made by the slow wearing away of the rock. Near the lower end of this gorge the Minnesota River empties into the Mississippi. The Chippewas called the Minnesota "The Young Leaf River," because the leaves of the trees along its banks were green long before those in their country, which was farther to the north. In 1778 Jonathan Carver, who made his way thither in 1766, published a book in which he spoke of "the River St. Pierre, called by the natives, Wadapaw Menesotar." G. W. Featherstonhaugh, who had traversed the river in 1835, wrote an account of his trip which he called *A Canoe Voyage up the Minnay Sotar*. Evidently he was groping for the name given by the Dakotas; to them *Mini* meant water, while *sota* meant gray-blue, or sky-colored.

There were those who persisted in calling the river St. Peter, but a cautious man of early days suggested that the name be changed. "For," he said, "we need to save what few names in the calendar of saints are not appropriated, for the next-year villages, and St. Peter will be wanted to christen a rival to St. Paul." The comment will be better understood when it is recalled that the first name of the new settlement which later was to be Minneapolis was All Saints and that the town across the Mississippi River from All Saints was St. Anthony. In early days another member of

the society of saints in this vicinity was Fort St. Anthony, near where the Minnesota River joins the Mississippi.

Before this, in 1805, Zebulon M. Pike, who was in command of an exploring expedition, camped on an island in front of the site where this fort was later erected. He purchased for the United States, from the Sioux Indians, the tract of land "from below the confluence of the Mississippi and the St. Peter, up the Mississippi, to include the Falls of St. Anthony, extending nine miles on each side of the river."

Some time passed before the United States took formal possession of the land. In 1819, however, Colonel Henry Leavenworth was sent to establish a military post there. The first log huts were built at Mendota; but, on account of floods, the following spring the encampment was moved across the river. There Leavenworth made plans for a permanent fort. But it was Colonel Snelling, Leavenworth's successor in command, who completed the plans, and established the fort in its present location. It was ready for occupancy the latter part of 1822. When General Winfield Scott visited it, in 1824, at his suggestion the name was changed from Fort St. Anthony to Fort Snelling, in honor of its builder.

For many years Fort Snelling was the extreme western outpost of the United States. It stood alone in the wilderness. Within the walls of the fortress there was plenty of life, for there were many of the officers' families in the garrison. Their only neighbors,

however, aside from a few traders, squatters, and refugees, were the Indians.

But when the treaties of 1837 opened the lands west of the Mississippi to settlement, an increasing tide of settlers moved toward the Northwest. These so increased in numbers that by 1858 the need of a fort to protect the frontier was at an end. The reservation

THE ROUND TOWER AT OLD FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA

and buildings of Fort Snelling were sold to Franklin Steele, and the troops were withdrawn. In the Civil War, however, it became necessary for the state troops to occupy the fort. At the close of the war an agreement was made between Mr. Steele and the United States Government by which the Government regained possession of 1531.29 acres, including all the buildings thereon.

Troops are still quartered at Fort Snelling. Visitors are interested in the up-to-date barracks, but even more in the old Round Tower where the pioneers took refuge from the Indians, and in the blockhouse high above the Minnesota River. Then they pass eagerly to the series of ravines that lead through the bluffs to the river more than two miles north, which was once known as Brown's Creek, with Brown's Falls as its chief beauty.

Brown's Falls have won world-wide fame, but not under that name. When Longfellow sang of their gleaming, glancing, plunging water, he called them "Minnehaha, Laughing Water." Thus he helped to bring lasting fame to Minneapolis, within whose limits the falls drop fifty-four feet over a sandstone cliff screened by the foliage of overhanging trees.

When the water is low in Lake Minnetonka, the source of the creek, the water of the falls comes down like a fairy film, a fascinating bridal veil. When the melting snows fill the creek, over the brink the stream tumbles in generous sheets that hide the precipice completely and fill with boiling foam the pool below.

Let the water be high, or let it be low, there is joy that cannot be told in standing

> Where the Falls of Minnehaha
> Flash and gleam among the oak trees,
> Laugh and leap into the valley.

# CHAPTER III

## INDIAN TALES

### 13. Two Thousand Miles for a Book — from Idaho to St. Louis

In 1805 Lewis and Clark, during their exploration of the Northwest, passed through what is now Idaho. There they found Indians who said they had heard of a Book which told about the Great Spirit. These Indians wished to know more about the Great Spirit, so they were eager to possess the Book. Those who longed most earnestly for it were men of the Nez Percé tribe. For years they talked of their desire, but finally they thought the time had come to send to the mysterious East to learn what they wished to know.

It was decided to send two old men and two young men on the journey into the great unknown land east of the Rocky Mountains. These messengers were:

1. Tip-ya-lah-na-jeh-nin — Black or Speaking Eagle. He was one of the chiefs who had talked with Lewis and Clark when they were in the valley home of the Nez Percé.

2. Ka-ou-pu — Man of the Morning — also an old man.

3. Hi-youts-to-han — Rabbit Skin Leggings.

4. Ta-wis-sis-sim-nin — No Horns on His Head.

It was a weary journey they had to make — two thousand miles. That would be a long trip in a Pullman car. But think what it must have been over a trackless plain, across mountains, through forests, down river valleys!

At last they came to St. Louis, then a frontier post where a few thousand people lived. Early on an October morning in 1832 they entered the village.

They were taken to General Clark, who was then in command of the barracks. He received them courteously, though he did not know that they were from the tribe that had been so good to him more than twenty-five years before, when he was the partner of Lewis in their great exploring tour.

After many days — the Indian is noted for his ability to wait — the visitors told General Clark that they sought the white man's Book of Heaven, and a teacher who would go back with them and explain it to the Nez Percé. But the commander did not know how to help them.

Although the people of St. Louis took the best of care of their Indian guests, two of the red men died. When spring came, the other two decided to go home. The night before they started, at the home of General Clark, Ta-wis-sis-sim-nin spoke in words that have been handed down by some of those who heard them:

"I came to you over the trail of many moons, from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers, who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye

partly opened, for more light for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry back much to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with me — they were the braves of many winters and wars — we leave asleep here by your great water. They were tired in many moons, and their moccasins wore out."

*From the original drawing by George Catlin*

TA-WIS-SIS-SIM-NIN

No Horns on His Head.

The two surviving Indians were sent on a steamboat as far as the junction of the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers. From there they went on overland toward home.

George Catlin, the Indian artist, who went West in the spring of 1833, reported meeting them on the boat, and drawing their portraits, which he brought back with him to the East.

Ta-wis-sis-sim-nin died when near the mouth of the Yellowstone River. Hi-youts-to-han alone was left. At length he reached his people, only to tell them that he had failed.

Yet he had not failed. A report of the visit of the Indians to St. Louis was sent to New York, was printed

in a weekly paper, and was seen by men who sent missionaries into the West, not only with the Book, but with medicines, and schools, and civilization.

These missionaries, with their families, were among the first of the settlers of the Oregon Country, and their presence there was a factor in securing that territory for the United States.

## 14. Fort Dearborn, Chicago, Illinois

Close to the entrance of the Rush Street Bridge in Chicago, on the wall of a large building, a memorial tablet gives the following message:

This building occupies the site of the old Fort Dearborn, which extended a little across Michigan Avenue, and somewhat into the river as it now is. The fort was built in 1803 and in 1804, forming our outmost defense. By order of General Hull, it was evacuated August 15, 1812, after its stores and provisions had been distributed among the Indians. Very soon after the Indians attacked and massacred about fifty of the troops and a number of citizens, including women and children, and the next day burned the fort. In 1816 it was rebuilt, but after the Black Hawk War went into gradual disuse, and in May, 1837, was abandoned by the army, but was occupied by various Government officers until 1857, when it was torn down, except a single building, which stood upon this site till the Great Fire of October 9, 1871.

The massacre of the Fort Dearborn soldiers and their charges was the sequel to months of anxiety, when the surrounding Indians, made restless by the war between Great Britain and the United States, constantly threatened attack. Finally the intention of the Indians

to murder the garrison and the people of the settlement seemed clear. It was decided, therefore, to leave the fort, after turning over all supplies to the Indians, and to take the settlers, who had found shelter there, under guard, to Fort Wayne. This was in accordance with orders received from General Hull. Somehow the Indians got the information as soon as the commander of Fort Dearborn, and gathered to receive the provisions.

*From an old drawing*

FORT DEARBORN, AS SEEN FROM THE NORTH, 1816
A rope ferry may be seen in the lower right-hand corner.

The Indians were enraged, however, by the failure to distribute to them the supply of arms and liquor. These had been destroyed by the order of the commander, who felt that it would be unwise to inflame the Indians by giving them guns and drink. Black Partridge, a friendly Indian chief, brought to the commander a medal he had received as a token of friendship, at the same time affirming that his young men were determined to kill the whites. "I cannot

restrain them, and I will not wear a token of peace, while I am compelled to act as an enemy," he said.

The white men felt that they were doomed. But they could do nothing. So they prepared [illegible] with the women and children, and the sick [illegible] They had but twenty-five rounds of ammunition and a small box of cartridges.

On August 15, 1812, they left the protecting walls of the fort. Almost at once the Indians began shooting at the people and killing the cattle.

An issue of the *Chicago Magazine* in 1857 told what followed:

"The troops proceeded without molestation until they came to a range of sand hills. Here the Pottawattomies who had promised to guard the party departed to the right, leaving the sand hills between them and the Americans. Suddenly a volley from the Indian muskets behind the sandy barricade was poured upon them. The troops instantly fired and charged upon the bank, an aged soldier of seventy falling just as they reached its height. The conflict soon became general.

"The Americans fought with desperation, but were obliged to surrender after the loss of nearly two thirds of their number. The Indians agreed to spare their lives, and those of the women and children, and to deliver them up to some British post, unless they were ransomed by the traders."

But the Indians claimed that the agreement did not include the sick and wounded, and these were killed, as well as twelve children.

A few escaped, but most of the survivors were taken captive. A number of them died from cruel treatment. Others were compelled to wait for ransom.

At the end of Eighteenth Street, Chicago, close to the shore of Lake Michigan, a monument has been built on the site of the massacre.

### 15. A Pioneer of the Oregon Country

One of the heroes of the settlement of the Oregon Country was Dr. Marcus Whitman, a physician, who in 1836 led a little party of missionaries to what is now eastern Washington, but which was at that time included in the country called Oregon.

The first part of the journey after leaving the Missouri was made alone, but later they joined a company of fur-traders. They laughed at Whitman for insisting on taking a wagon across the mountains. They declared that a wagon could not get over the mountain barrier. But Whitman was resolved to make the attempt. Already a report had been circulated that American wagons could not reach the Columbia River. If this were proved true, women would not venture to make such a difficult journey, and Whitman's plan of colonizing the Oregon Country would never be carried out.

Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding, the two women of the party, were as determined as their husbands to reach the goal. With unfaltering courage they pressed forward through the trackless country and passed over the divide — the first white women to cross the Rocky

Mountains. Thus the question of travel by wagon was answered. Henceforth women were to help in the colonization of Oregon.

In 1842 Whitman made a perilous journey on horseback, in the dead of winter, across the continent to Washington, D.C., where he outlined a plan for a territorial government for Oregon. Before making the return trip, he inspired a great company of eight hundred emigrants to go with him to the West.

At Fort Hall, a trading station on the Snake River in eastern Idaho, Captain Grant of the Hudson's Bay Company, tried to discourage the pioneers from taking their wagons and farm tools with them. He pointed to a yard full of wagons and tools which other settlers had left behind. The party were ready to do as he suggested, until Whitman promised to help them through the mountains, wagons and all. How he succeeded in the task he set himself may be judged from a single incident of the way, after Fort Hall had been left behind:

"When the emigrants reached Snake River, Dr. Whitman proceeded to fasten the teams together in one long string, the strongest teams in the lead. As soon as the teams were in position, he tied a rope around his waist [this rope led to the team in the lead]; and, starting his horse into the current, swam over. He called to others to follow him, and when they had force enough to pull at the rope, the lead team was started in, and all were drawn over in safety; as soon as the leading teams were able to get foothold on the

bottom, all were safe, since they, guided by the strong arms of the men pulling at the rope, pulled the weaker ones along."

Of Whitman's conduct on this expedition, one who knew him said:

"He was the ministering angel to the sick, helping the weary, encouraging the wavering, cheering the tired mothers, setting broken bones, and mending wagons. He was in the front, in the center, and in the rear. He was in the river, hunting out fords, through the quicksands, in the desert places looking for water and grass, among the mountains hunting for passes never before trodden by white men. At noontide and at midnight he was on the alert as if the whole line was his own family, and as if all the flocks and herds were his own. For all this he never asked nor expected a dollar from any source, and especially did he feel repaid at the end, when, standing at his mission home, hundreds of his fellow-pilgrims took him by the hand and thanked him with tears in their eyes for all he had done."

Whitman's dream of having Oregon a possession of the United States was realized in 1846; in August of that year the American flag floated over the richest part of the country to which that name had been given.

For many years Whitman had his home, with his family, at Wai-i-lat-pu, on the banks of the Walla Walla River. There they labored among the Indians, who were their friends, until November, 1847, when a strange sickness visited the tepees, and many Indians died.

Mill The First House Blacksmith Shop The New House

WHITMAN'S HOME AT WAI-I-LAT-PU

The Indians could not account for this plague. They could recall no evil done by the red men. Therefore, they reasoned, the white men must have brought this misfortune upon them. So the white men must die; and Whitman first of all, for it was he who had led the white men into the Indians' country.

It made no difference that Whitman and his friends had been ministering to the sick Indians, and that many of the settlers themselves lay ill of the dread disease. One morning five Indians sought Whitman in his house and asked for medicine. While he was seeking for this, a tomahawk was buried in his head. Then more Indians broke in, and Mrs. Whitman and other members of the household were slain. Next day the massacre went on. In all fourteen persons were killed. Fifty more were carried into captivity; but after two weeks those who survived were ransomed through the authority and generosity of the Hudson's Bay Company.

On the site of the massacre, near the banks of the Walla Walla, a monument tells of the day of slaughter when Washington was baptized with the blood of some of her first and bravest settlers.

Whitman once said: "My life is of but little moment if I can but save this country for our American people."

## 16. Sequoyah, the Indian Marvel

Who was the most extraordinary literary genius of all the ages?

The replies to that question would be varied. Shakespeare would be named by many. Some would say the

honor belongs to Dante. But how many would think of giving it to an Indian? Yet that was done by a literary man in the South — a professor in a Georgia college. He gave the title to Sequoyah.

Sequoyah was born about 1760. His father was a white man, but his mother was a Cherokee Indian.

The Cherokees had striven for years to maintain their right to live on their ancestral lands in Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina. The story of their struggles, of their civilization — they alone of the Indian tribes had a national executive board, a constitution and laws — of their final defeat before the white man, and of their removal across the Mississippi to the Indian Territory, is one of the finest, though saddest, chapters in the history of the American Indian.

Sequoyah and His Alphabet

Sequoyah was brought up by his mother among her own people in Tennessee. Later the son made his home at New Echota, the capital of the Cherokee Nation, situated in Gordon County, Georgia, a few miles from Calhoun.

Sequoyah was a successful hunter and trapper until he was crippled for life. After his accident he spent much of his time thinking of things he might do for his

people. He found that their greatest need was for a written language that would enable them to communicate with each other at a distance, and to use the printing press, like the white men. So he set himself the task of devising an alphabet which would make it possible for the Cherokees to advance in civilization as the white race had.

He was an ignorant man — that is, he had no education. He did not know that he was trying to do something that no one had ever done. The sort of written language he dreamed of would have been considered impossible by those who knew most about the languages of the earth.

Sequoyah did not think for a moment of a system of picture writing. He wanted something practical, something that could be easily learned, by boys and girls as well as by grown men and women.

No one could help him, and he had nothing to begin with. He knew the Cherokee language. How could he reduce it to writing? Long years he thought over his problem. He counted up all the sounds made by his people in their talk; he found that there were eighty-five of them, and he invented a character to represent each.

Twelve years were occupied in this work. His people made sport of him as they saw him occupied in a problem which they could not understand. They told him his work would never amount to anything.

But in 1821, when he presented the result of his labors to the Cherokee Council, they were astonished to find

that he had done something worth while. The Council adopted his work. Enthusiastically the leaders told the people what had been done for them, and eagerly the Cherokees began to learn the symbols.

"In a few months thousands of them could read and write with facility," said the college professor who spoke so highly of Sequoyah as a literary marvel. "The Cherokee boy made no mistakes in his spelling. His written language had no silent letters, no ambiguous sounds, to deal with."

Soon the printing press was at work. The Bible was printed in the Cherokee language. Then came newspapers — the *Cherokee Phœnix*, the *Cherokee Messenger*, the *Cherokee Advocate* — all using the symbols Sequoyah had invented to represent the words of the language.

In 1823 Sequoyah went to Arkansas to live, among the Cherokees who had pushed farther west in search of homes where they might be unmolested by the white men. He never came back to the East to live. In 1828, however, he visited Washington, where the Government gave him $500 in recognition of his great service to his race. The Cherokee National Council had already presented him with a silver medal, upon which was an inscription in both the English and the Cherokee languages.

When Sequoyah was an old man, he decided to study the languages of the far-away tribes in the West. He also was anxious to try to find a lost band of the Cherokees, who, tradition said, lived somewhere toward the

western mountains. So, accompanied by a few companions, he set out in an ox-cart. But his search was all in vain. In 1843 he came at last to northern Mexico, where it was rumored that his lost kinsmen might be found. But the journey had been too hard for him. In the blazing heat of August he fell ill of a fever. He halted his ox-cart near the village of San Fernando, and there his spirit slipped away to the happy hunting-ground.

When the Cherokees were united in Indian Territory they still continued to use the symbols Sequoyah had given them. But gradually English took their place. The marvelous work of the great inventor was no longer needed; but he was not forgotten. Sequoyah District of the Cherokee Nation was named in his honor, and the redwood trees of California are called the Sequoias, in memory of this remarkable Indian.

## 17. The Custer Tragedy in Montana

In the annals of Indian wars there is no chapter more tragic than that of General Custer's defeat by the Sioux and their allies the Cheyennes, under the leadership of Sitting Bull. The battle was fought on June 25, 1876. Those who would see the route taken by the brave men as they rode to the fatal field at the junction of the Big Horn and the Yellowstone rivers in Montana, have only to look from the window of the Northern Pacific train, from Miles City to Rosebud, for the track follows the line of march.

In the spring of 1876 a great campaign was conducted

to control the Sioux, who were at that time fighting among themselves and terrorizing the country. Custer and his famous Seventh Cavalry formed part of the armed force engaged in this campaign. On June 22 they were sent on in advance, to locate the enemy.

They knew that the Indians were encamped upon the west bank of the Little Big Horn, but they did not guess how vast were the numbers of their foe. On they went, to their doom, up the valley of the Rosebud River.

Just before reaching the Indian encampment, Custer divided his forces. The division under Captain Benteen was sent two miles to the southward. Major Reno's division attacked the south end of the Indian village, but was driven back across the river.

Custer, with the main body, of five companies, had been following along a ridge overlooking the valley of the Little Big Horn. The Indians, having routed Reno's division, crossed the river and rushed toward the ridge. Down the steep slope charged Custer and his men, only to be driven back and surrounded by an overwhelming force of Indians who rushed toward them from the concealment of a deep ravine. The soldiers fought desperately; but the battle was very brief. Of Custer's valiant band, not one remained alive.

The Indian victory was due solely to the fact that the red men so far outnumbered the whites. According to Chief Red Cloud, there were about four thousand Indians in his camp. Gall, Runs-the-Enemy, Rain-in-the-Face, and Crazy Horn were other leaders.

Long after the battle Chief Red Cloud said:

"Regarding the cause of the Custer fight I must say we were found by the soldiers. We were on the war-path with the Crows and other tribes. We were trying to drive them back from the hunting-grounds, and the soldiers came upon us and we had to defend ourselves. We were driven out of the Black Hills by the men seeking that region, and our game was driven off, and we started on our journey in search of game. Our children were starving and we had to have something to eat. There were buffalo in that region, and we were moving, simply camping here and there and fighting our Indian enemies as we advanced, in order to get the game that was in this country."

Chief Two Moons said:

"Before the Custer fight we sent over the Tongue River and found a camp of soldiers. We rushed upon them and took all their horses away, and the soldiers ran into the brush. We knew there would be other soldiers after us; we knew about where they were, and we felt they would pursue us. At Powder River the soldiers attacked our camp and destroyed everything, and that made us mad. When the soldiers came after us, on the day of the Custer fight, we were ready to kill them all. The soldiers were after us all the time, and we had to fight."

Chief Red Cloud, telling of the battle, said:

"We kept circling around Custer, and as his men came down the ridge we shot them down. And then the rest dismounted and gathered in a bunch, kneeling down and shooting from behind their horses. We

circled round and round, firing into Custer's men, until the last man was killed. . . . One reason why we did not scalp Custer . . . was because Custer was the bravest man of all."

Chief Two Moons thus completed the sad story:

"The whole valley was filled with smoke, and the

THE LITTLE BIG HORN VALLEY, MONTANA
Where Custer was defeated in 1876.

bullets flew all about us, making a noise like bees. We could hardly hear anything for the noise of the guns. When the guns were firing, the Sioux and Cheyennes and soldiers, one falling one way and one falling another, together with the noise of the guns, I shall never forget. . . .

"After the fight was over, we gathered in the river bottom and cut willow sticks, then some Indians were delegated to go and throw down a stick wherever

they found a dead soldier, and then they were ordered to pick up the sticks again, and in this way we counted the number of dead."

On the field where the battle was fought, there is a national cemetery which contains two hundred and fifty graves. A stone marks the spot where General Custer fell.

## 18. The Black Hawk War

Those who know the Mississippi River between Keokuk, Iowa, and Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, and the Rock River from its entrance to the Mississippi River to its sources in Wisconsin, will not wonder that the Indians were loath to yield to the white settlers the choice country bordering on these streams.

Yet in 1804 a treaty was made by which the Sac and Fox Indians ceded fifty million acres of this land to the United States Government, mainly for an annual payment of $1000. The Indians, however, were to live in this region and to hunt and raise corn there until the land was surveyed and sold to settlers.

But the white men would not wait for a survey, and in 1823 squatters began to take possession of the rich fields. They were especially attracted by the village of the Sacs — one of the largest Indian villages in the country — near the mouth of the Rock River. There lived Chief Black Hawk, friend to the British, and foe to the Americans from his youth.

Each fall the Indians left their village for the winter's hunt. Each spring when they returned, they found

the white men trespassing upon their property, their homes destroyed, and the graves of their ancestors plowed over. For seven years this continued. At length the Indians could endure it no longer. In the spring of 1831 Black Hawk informed the settlers that if they would not leave his village, he would be obliged to use force to drive them out.

In after years Black Hawk stated that he did not mean bloodshed; but the settlers were so alarmed that they sent frantic appeals to Governor Reynolds of Illinois for protection. The Governor at once called for volunteers, and on June 25 an armed force appeared before Black Hawk's village. The Indians were then commanded to withdraw to the west bank of the Mississippi, as they had agreed by treaty.

But the angry chief brooded over his troubles. Thoughts of the wonderful country he had given up, anger at the settlers, and belief in the promises that other Indian tribes would support him in opposition to the whites, led him, in the spring of 1832, to recross the river. Soon, with five hundred warriors, their squaws and children, he was on his way up the valley of Rock River, preparing for the warpath.

At once the state troops were called out by Governor Reynolds. They were to join forces with United States soldiers from Jefferson Barracks, now St. Louis.

In the first engagement, which took place near the site of Dixon, Illinois, the white men, under Major Stillman, were put to flight. Black Hawk, though dismayed by the failure of promised help from other

tribes, was encouraged by his unexpected success in this fight to continue his resistance. Soon he was forced over the border into Wisconsin — then Michigan Territory.

The troops, following him with difficulty through the swampy country, finally overtook him early in August, on the Mississippi at the mouth of the Bad Axe River. By this time the Indians were exhausted with fatigue and hunger, and were easily overcome. The battle was like a massacre, even women and children perishing in the fury of the slaughter. Black Hawk fled, but on August 27 two Winnebagoes — members of one of the tribes on whose help he had depended — brought him to Prairie du Chien, a captive.

On September 21, 1832, at Fort Armstrong, now Rock Island, a treaty of peace was concluded with the Sacs and Foxes. It was agreed that Black Hawk should remain a hostage in the hands of the United States. The war had cost the Government two million dollars.

When Black Hawk made his ill-fated crossing of the Mississippi River, there was living at New Salem, down in Sangamon County, Illinois, a young man, a clerk in Offutt's store, named Abraham Lincoln, who was as popular as he was ungainly. Among others in New Salem, Lincoln enlisted in the campaign against the Indians. His companions elected him captain, and years afterward he said that he had not had any success in life which gave him so much satisfaction.

The volunteers marched first to the Mississippi

River, then to Dixon on the Rock River. This was the scene of the Stillman defeat which so encouraged Black Hawk; but Lincoln and his men had no part in the conflict. Two weeks later the company was mustered out, but Lincoln proposed to see further service. So he enlisted as a private in another company which continued on after Black Hawk. Several weeks later, when this second company was mustered out, he again enlisted as a private at Dixon's Ferry. He marched with the men to Whitewater, not far from the present site of Madison, Wisconsin. There the provisions were exhausted, and on July 10 Lincoln's company was sent home.

STATUE OF BLACK HAWK, NEAR OREGON, ILLINOIS

During the entire period of the war Lincoln never fought in a battle nor slew an Indian. On the contrary, the story is told that he once saved the life of an Indian messenger who had been set upon by the men in his camp. Nevertheless, as an officer he won the respect and liking of his men; as a private he cheerfully endured the hardships of the

rough campaign; and as a patriot he answered the call for volunteers, and served until he was no longer needed.

At Oregon, Illinois, on the Rock River, beloved of the Indian chief, the genius of Lorado Taft, the sculptor, has perpetuated in stone the figure of Black Hawk. He stands with folded arms, looking out on the valley which was in his mind when he said, in defense of his conduct, "Rock River was a beautiful country. I liked my town, my cornfields, and the home of my people. I fought for them."

# CHAPTER IV

## SOME EARLY SETTLEMENTS

### 19. The Tragedy of Blennerhassett Island in the Ohio River

When George Washington made his famous surveying trip through western Virginia in 1770, he was attracted by a beautiful island in the Ohio River, not far from the present site of Parkersburg, West Virginia.

He was so charmed by the island that he included it in the western lands to which he took title. After some years, however, it passed from his hands, and in 1798 one hundred and seventy acres of it were bought by Harman Blennerhassett, a wealthy young Irishman who came to America after marrying Margaret Agnew, whose grandfather commanded a British brigade in the American Revolution. After crossing the Alleghenies to Pittsburgh, they floated down the Ohio River in a flatboat and took up their residence on a portion of Washington's old river possession.

Today the expenditure of forty thousand dollars on a house would not attract attention, but in the days when the near-by hills of West Virginia and Ohio were a wilderness the Blennerhassett establishment was a constant marvel; it was like a bit of old Virginia transplanted to the frontier.

Mrs. Blennerhassett was a charming hostess. One writer says of her, "History affords but few instances where so much feminine beauty, physical endurance, and many social graces were combined." She has been called one of the most remarkable women of her time, if not of all American history. She was as well

*From an old print*

THE HOME OF HARMAN BLENNERHASSETT

educated as her husband, and was a lover of hunting, boating, and walking.

To this paradise in the Ohio River came many travelers. Among others came Aaron Burr, with his wild dreams of the conquest of Mexico and perhaps, later, of the Ohio and Mississippi country and even of the entire American Republic.

From Pittsburgh Burr floated by flatboat to the shores of Blennerhassett. A hearty welcome was given to him, for he had been vice-president of the United States. He remained long enough to win his way into the confidence of the hostess and her husband. Then

he went on down the river, thinking that Blennerhassett Island would be a great help to him in working out his plans.

In 1806 he returned to Blennerhassett Island with his daughter Theodosia, who was conspiring with her father.

Mrs. Blennerhassett and Theodosia became great friends, and were soon helping the two men as they prepared their plans for the invasion of Mexico. Boats were built to carry troops. Blennerhassett spent all his fortune in the work. He was told that he was to be the Minister to England from the great empire of which Burr was to be ruler.

Suddenly America learned its peril. Burr was arrested, but was later released for lack of proof. Then, one by one, the details of the great conspiracy were disclosed. President Jefferson by proclamation told the country of the danger, while the governors of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana issued proclamations and called out the state or territorial militia. Claiborne, governor of the Territory of Orleans (the present state of Louisiana), declared martial law. Forts were built at New Orleans to repel the conspirators.

The militia of Wood County, Virginia, were instructed to take possession of Blennerhassett Island and arrest the proprietor and his family. But the proprietor escaped on a wild winter's night, avoided the Virginia militia at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, and floated down the Ohio. Mrs. Blennerhassett re-

mained at the island and saw the destruction of the park and the house. Later she joined her husband down the river. At the mouth of the Cumberland, Burr met the fugitives with boats and sixty men. Then they went on to Bayou Pierre, above Natchez, where Burr looked for aid from General Wilkinson, Commander of the Western United States Troops, but when he arrived there he learned that the confederates on whom he had counted had betrayed him.

Deserting his followers Burr fled in disguise, hoping to escape to West Florida. In Alabama he was arrested, however, and taken to Richmond. Blennerhassett, while on his way back to his island, was also arrested and carried to Richmond. They were tried before Chief Justice Marshall, but both were acquitted of the charge of treason.

Blennerhassett sought his island, but found another in possession where he had been master. Sorrowfully he made his way to Gibsonport, Mississippi, and there he lived on a cotton plantation until 1819. He died in poverty on the island of Guernsey, in 1831.

In 1842 Mrs. Blennerhasset returned to America to beg Congress to repay her for the loss of her home. But before action could be taken, she died in New York. She was buried by the Sisters of Charity.

Thus ended the tragedy of Blennerhassett Island.

## 20. The Beginning of Nashville, Tennessee

In 1779 Colonel John Donelson led a party of pioneers by inland waterways from Fort Patrick Henry, in west-

ern Virginia, to establish a new home on the Cumberland River, in the heart of what is now Tennessee. They were to proceed down the length of the Holston and Tennessee rivers, and up the Ohio and the Cumberland. At their destination, Great Salt Lick, they were to join a band of men whom James Robertson had in the meantime conducted over Boone's Wilderness Road.

The overland trip had been considered too difficult for the women and children of Donelson's party; but the journey by water proved to be full of hardships. It was midwinter. They did not know the way, their boats were crude and hard to manage, and danger lay not only in the shoals along their course, but in the forests on the banks, where Indians might at any time be lurking.

The story of that perilous voyage has been told in Colonel Donelson's *Journal of a Voyage Intended by God's Permission in the Good Boat "Adventure," from Fort Patrick Henry on Holston River, to the French Salt Springs on Cumberland River, Kept by John Donelson.*

In this journal we read that on March 8 the company was pursued by Indians, who followed along the bank until the Cumberland Mountains interfered with their progress. There in the narrowest part of the stream, called the "Boiling Pot," one canoe overturned. Others stopped to help the unfortunate occupants. Just then the savages appeared on the opposite bank, and began to fire on them from above. All managed to get away safely, except the company of Jonathan

Jennings, whose boat ran on a rock. Fortunately, some in the boat escaped, but others were captured and tortured by the Indians.

One of the members of the Donelson party was the Colonel's twelve-year-old daughter, Rachel, who was later to become the wife of Andrew Jackson. Another

State Capitol at Nashville, Tennessee

was little Nancy Gower, of whom an exciting story is told. It is said that once, in an Indian encounter, when her father's flatboat drifted too near shore, Nancy steered it back into midstream. She was shot by the Indians, but she made no outcry and kept at her post, no one knowing she was wounded until after the danger was past.

Of such stuff were these pioneers who traveled nearly a thousand weary miles. They came at last to the Ohio, which was in flood. Progress upstream was so difficult that some decided to float down to Natchez. But the rest of the party kept on their way with their heroic leader, who, five weeks later, in accordance with his promise, kept his appointment with Robertson at the Great Salt Lick.

There Robertson decided to lay out Nashville — or Nashborough, as it was called at first — at the point where the French had built Fort Assumption and where Indian trails centered. Nashborough was called "the advance agent of western civilization," for it was more than six hundred miles from the nearest established government, and hostile Indians were all about. For ten years the pioneers endured untold hardships from flood and famine and Indian raids. But peace and plenty came at last, and Nashville became an important town in Tennessee.

In 1843 Nashville was made the capital of the state. It has been called the "Athens of the South." To-day one has only to climb to the cupola of the State House on its proud eminence, and look down on the fine buildings, then on the winding Cumberland, then on the hills and forests and valleys round about, to appreciate something of Robertson's feeling when he said:

"The rich and beautiful lands were not designed to be given up to savages and wild beasts. The God of Creation and Providence had nobler purposes in view."

## 21. In Historic Ohio

Until 1816 there was no permanent state capital in Ohio. The legislature met at Chillicothe until 1810, and for the two years following at Zanesville. After that the sessions were held again at Chillicothe.

In 1812, however, the offer of a land company to build a new capital city was accepted. It was desirable to have the seat of government as near the center of the state as possible. The commissioners appointed to select the site met at Franklinton, a town laid out in 1797 on the west bank of the Scioto. Their final decision was in favor of an elevated location on the east bank of the river, opposite Franklinton. This site was a portion of the Refugee Lands, set apart by Congress for the benefit of Canadians and Nova Scotians who, in the Revolution, helped the cause of the colonies.

The first auction sale of lots for the new city was held on June 18, 1812, the day that the United States declared war against Great Britain. The land company had already set apart for the capitol ten acres on an eminence above the river. On the southwest corner of State House Square, as it was called, a brick state house was completed in 1814, and first used by the legislature in 1816. It continued to give service until 1852, when it was burned down. In 1857 the legislature met for the first time in the new capitol. This, at the time it was built, was the largest of all state capitols. It stands just above a point where the river makes a

graceful bend, as if it would approach to meet the noble building.

In 1851 the members of the Ohio legislature took passage on the first railway train that ran over the new road to Cleveland.

> The iron horse snorted, he puffed when he started,
> At such a long tail as he bore;
> And he put for the city that grows in the woods,
> The city upon the lake shore.
>
> The mothers ran out, with their children about,
> From every log cabin they hail;
> The wood-chopper he, stood delighted to see
> The lawmakers rode on a rail.

That song is as good poetry as one used by the delegates to the 1840 state convention in Columbus. There was a parade, and the central feature was a cabin built of buckeye logs. On the roof were singers who asked:

> O where, tell me where,
> Was your buckeye cabin made?

After the reply had been given, the purpose of the cabin was told:

> We'll wheel it to the Capitol and place it there elate,
> For a token and a sign to the Bonnie Buckeye State.

One of the streams along which the buckeye tree flourishes is the Cuyahoga, in the heart of Ohio's Western Reserve. When Connecticut gave up her claim to lands which she thought were included in the rather indefinite boundaries fixed by her royal charter, she *reserved* a tract containing 3,666,291 acres, extending

120 miles westward of the Pennsylvania line. This was called the "Western Reserve." In 1800, however, she surrendered her authority over these lands to the United States.

At the mouth of the Cuyahoga, Moses Cleveland paused in 1796 and laid the foundation of the city that took his name.

The best part of the Cuyahoga is in northeastern

Entrance to the Campus of Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio

Ohio. In Summit County, at Cuyahoga Falls, the stream descends more than two hundred feet in a little more than two miles, passing through a rocky gorge which the Indians called Coppacaw. And over in Portage County, near Ravenna, is the scene of Samuel Brady's famous legendary leap.

Pursued by the Indians, he approached the stream where it flows through a deep gorge, twenty-two feet wide at the top, with cliffs dropping sheer to the water, more than forty feet below. The Indians exulted. "Good-by to Great Snake!" they cried. But the undaunted Brady gathered himself for a mighty effort,

sprang into the air, and landed safely on the other side. Before the Indians could cross by the ford, lower down the stream, he made his way to the lake which still bears his name, and there hid under a clump of water lilies. The savages traced him to the lake, and after waiting for hours, decided that the man had drowned. Then Brady emerged, having kept himself alive under water by breathing through the hollow stem of a lily.

The chasm, the lake, and a monument near the spot where he outwitted his pursuers, all bear witness today to the tale of Brady's leap.

## 22. The Story of New Harmony, Indiana

On the lower Wabash River, in Indiana, there is a town of eleven hundred people that is not remarkable except, perhaps, for the old houses that tell of pioneer achievements, and for its library of twenty thousand volumes. But a century ago, when much of Indiana was all but unknown territory, this town was famous not only in the United States, but among educated men in Europe. A local historian, who has delved into the annals of the town, has said, "That little village, deep set in the darkest part of Indiana's wilderness, developed, as a flower blooms, into the most important scientific center in America."

The story of New Harmony — or Harmonie, as it was first called — dates back to 1815, when a sect of people, called the Rappites, led by George Rapp, whose dream it was to restore the practices of the primitive Christian church, bought thirty thousand

acres on the Wabash. They decided to have the center of their community experiment on the site now occupied by the present village. All contributed their possessions for the benefit of the whole number.

Together these Rappites cultivated the fields, planted vineyards, and conducted the woolen mills. The community prospered. Dormitories were built, and a church of brick in the form of a Greek cross. Another building was the great warehouse where the crops were stored. This granary served as a fort for refuge in time of danger from the Indians, one story being of brick and one of stone. Loopholes through which guns could be aimed were placed in the walls. To this fort George Rapp, the leader of the colony, had an underground passage leading from his house.

For ten years prosperity continued. Then the leader, being dissatisfied, sold out and moved to Pennsylvania, where he founded the town of Economy.

Harmonie might have fallen into ruin but for the coming of two other enthusiasts, Robert Owen, an Englishman, and William Maclure. These men planned a society founded upon the principles of universal education, freedom of conscience, and the equality of labor and capital, masters and employers to stand elbow to elbow with common laborers. They were attracted by the buildings waiting for occupancy at Harmonie. They arranged to take over the property, rechristening the town New Harmony. William Maclure had a school of science in Philadelphia, and he removed this to New Harmony. For the purpose he had a keel

boat made at Pittsburgh. This he named the *Philanthropist*, and in it, with many educated people on board, he made his way down to the mouth of the Wabash, then up to his chosen place of abode. His cargo was called, jokingly, "the boat-load of knowledge."

The dream of Owen and Maclure proved impracti-

THE OWEN LABORATORY AT NEW HARMONY, INDIANA
The old fort or granary is shown at the left.

cable. Three years after the beginning of the experiment Owen returned to England, and the property of the community was broken up into small holdings.

Yet his sons remained and devoted themselves to the educational program of which their father had dreamed. They changed the grain fort of the Rappites into a museum of natural history. The church building became a studio and a library for workingmen. Maclure,

who was a geologist of note, opened his private collection to the public.

Soon New Harmony became a meeting place for scientists. Famous geologists made their headquarters there. One was Dr. Gerard Troost from Holland, "the father of American zoölogy." Thomas Say was also in the company. Richard Owen and David Dale Owen were among the leaders.

David Dale Owen brought added fame to the colony by reason of his appointment in 1839 to survey mineral lands belonging to the Government in the territory now included in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, and a bit of Illinois. Within an unbelievably short time he completed his task, and at the next session of Congress he made a detailed report that is quoted today by scientists who are interested in that region. Geological specimens brought from the entire territory studied by Owen were taken to New Harmony and arranged for exhibit. Eight years later Owen made a survey of an even larger area, continuing his examination northward to Lake Superior. The two surveys together covered 57,000 square miles.

### 23. Corydon, the First Capital of Indiana

Harrison County, in southern Indiana, was settled in 1807. One of the early settlers was Edward Smith. He bought land from William Henry Harrison, who was the governor of the Northwest Territory. On the land he laid out a town, which in 1813 became the capital of the territory of Indiana.

Before the town had been named, Governor Harrison passed that way and stopped over night with his friend, Mr. Smith. He was told of the new town, but when he asked the name, he was informed that none had been selected.

During the evening the host's daughter Jennie sang for the guest. Among other ballads of long ago she sang "Corydon," one of Harrison's favorites. When she had finished, the proud father turned to the Governor for his comment on the daughter's music. It was this: "Why not call your town Corydon?" And Corydon it has been from that day.

In 1816 pioneers from far and near were invited to go to Corydon to talk about a constitution for Indiana. They hoped to see Indiana a state instead of a territory, and they wished to frame the best possible constitution.

No building in the town was large enough to hold them, so they gathered under the wide-spreading branches of a great elm tree. There, in the grateful shade — for it was June — they talked of what should be in the constitution.

Of course one day was not enough for the work. For nearly three weeks these men continued their discussions. At last the constitution was ready. Indiana was admitted to the Union, and Corydon became the first capital of the new state.

The elm tree still stands, more beautiful than ever, its branches spreading more than one hundred feet, while the graceful top is sixty feet from the ground. When

the one hundredth anniversary of the admission of Indiana as a state was celebrated, in June, 1916, people gathered once again under the old tree which had long been known as the "Constitutional Elm." There was room for them all, for five thousand people can be sheltered under its branches.

Not far from the famous old elm stands the quaint building where the first law-makers of Indiana gathered. Built of native limestone, it is as sturdy as ever. The walls are much as they were originally, but the interior of the building has been changed somewhat.

INDIANA'S FIRST STATE HOUSE, CORYDON, INDIANA

In 1821 Indianapolis was laid out in the center of the state. In 1825 it became the successor to Corydon as capital.

The first plot of Indianapolis was a mile square. A visitor from Virginia in 1840 spoke of this as "a ridiculously large plot, it would seem, even for so thriving a population. But many prophesy that it will eventually fill the whole space."

The ten men from as many counties who chose the site of Indianapolis at first thought of calling the new city Tecumseh or Suwarrow. The plan called for streets reaching out in all directions from a central

plaza, Governor's Square, with Governor's Circle at its heart. There, at first, was the home of the governor, but today it is the site of the great Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument, 285 feet high.

Alexander Ralston, who assisted L'Enfant in laying out the city of Washington, was the surveyor of Indianapolis. There is, therefore, a striking similarity between the present capital of Indiana and the capital of the nation.

## 24. Two Illinois Settlements That Once Surpassed Chicago and St. Louis

In northern Illinois there were once two Mississippi River towns that promised to be far more prominent than settlements that have since become the chief cities of all that region. One of these, Galena, is still a flourishing little city, but Nauvoo is now only a village.

Galena has long been known as the city of the lead mines. As early as 1687 Hennepin located a lead mine in the vicinity of the present city, which is not on the Mississippi, but is so close to it that approach was once easy by means of the Galena River. If the virgin timber in the region drained by the latter stream had been preserved, navigation would probably still be possible; but long ago the channel of the river was choked by the soil washed from the hills — soil that would have been retained if the trees had been left to do their work.

The town must have presented a busy scene when Galena was in the height of its glory. For many years

it was better known than infant Chicago. It was a picturesque place then, as it is today. A visitor in 1828 said:

"It is most singularly situated, on the side of a steep bluff, and consists of two narrow streets, running parallel with the river. . . . The foundations of the houses

*From an old engraving*

NAUVOO, ILLINOIS

upon the second street are on a level with the roofs of those on the first street. Such is the business of the little nook that the lower street always presents the appearance of a large and thronged city. Scarcely any street in any city has more of a crowd and bustle."

The first steamer entered the Galena River in 1821, and there was regular traffic by 1827. Ten years later 350 vessels tied up at the wharf. This activity continued until 1855, when the railroad reached the lead

mines. During much of this time Galena stood next to St. Louis as the greatest wholesale business place on the Mississippi.

In these early days the desperadoes who terrorized the upper Mississippi for fifty years were at their worst. From their hiding-places on the islands or in the ravines that cut into the bluffs on the shore, they dashed out on travelers. Their special delight was to lie in wait for the Galena ore-boats, bound for St. Louis.

Nauvoo, on the Illinois shore, was a favorite resort of these law-breakers. But Nauvoo, noted today for its glorious situation above a succession of terraces that lead from the river, was once known for something besides pirates. In 1839 the Mormons, driven from Missouri, settled in Nauvoo. They were under the protection of the state of Illinois, which granted to the City of the Saints a charter that gave unexampled powers. For instance, they were allowed to make laws that were not in conflict with those of the United States — nothing was said of the laws of the state; and permission was given to organize the Nauvoo Legion, which later contained four thousand trained soldiers.

The city grew until within a few years there were fifteen thousand inhabitants; except St. Louis, it was the largest center of population in the Mississippi Valley, and much larger than Chicago. A wonderful temple was built and other preparations made to perfect the city that was called "The Beautiful." A petition was sent to Congress for a separate territorial government

with Nauvoo as the capital. Joseph Smith, the Mormon leader, announced himself as a candidate for president of the United States, and sent out three thousand missionaries to urge his claim.

Pretensions like these aroused opposition. Finally, in 1844, Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were arrested for riot, and were lodged in jail in Carthage, the county seat of Hancock County. There a mob killed them. Two years later the Mormons were ordered to leave the state. In February, 1846, the leaders crossed the Mississippi River on the ice. In the spring and summer the rest followed, taking with them the innumerable wagons built in Nauvoo for the migration to Utah.

In 1848 an incendiary burned the temple. One by one other landmarks in the town were destroyed. Today fewer than one thousand people live in Nauvoo.

### 25. New Salem, Illinois, and Abraham Lincoln

On a sharp bend of the Sangamon River, twenty miles north of Springfield, Illinois, is the site of what was, in the early years of the nineteenth century, the village of New Salem.

New Salem would not have a place in history but for one man who lived there — Abraham Lincoln. One of Lincoln's biographers has said that it "seems to have been born for the occasion, as it came into existence just before the arrival of Lincoln, flourished for seven years while he remained one of its citizens, and died soon after he went away."

Lincoln had his first sight of New Salem in April, 1831. At that time he was on his way to New Orleans with a flatboat and cargo which he and his companions planned to sell in the southern city. They had gone but a few miles when the flatboat stuck fast on the New Salem milldam. Ida Tarbell in her *Life of Abraham Lincoln* tells the story of what followed:

"The boat stuck, and here for nearly twenty-four hours it hung, the bow in the air and the stern in the water, the cargo settling backwards — shipwreck almost certain. The village of New Salem turned out in a body to see what the strangers would do in their predicament. They shouted, suggested, and advised for a time, but finally discovered that one big fellow in the crew was ignoring them and working out a plan of relief. Having unloaded the cargo into a neighboring boat, Lincoln had succeeded in tilting his craft. Then, by boring a hole in the end extending over the dam, the water was let out. This done, the boat was easily shoved over and reloaded. The ingenuity which he had exercised in saving his boat made a deep impression on the crowd on the bank, and it was talked over for many a day."

Lincoln's ability so impressed Denton Offutt, for whom the flatboat had been taken down the river, that he was asked, on his return, to become clerk for Offutt in a store and gristmill which the latter had planned to build at New Salem. So in July, 1831, the tall man who had so interested the people of the village on the Sangamon was there once more.

Lincoln soon became a man of importance in the little frontier town. Everybody admired him, not only for his feats of physical strength and his fund of entertaining stories, but also for his fairness and honorable dealing. The story of his mistake in weighing half a

*From an early drawing*

THE OLD MILL AT NEW SALEM, ILLINOIS

pound of tea, and of his long walk to the home of the customer to correct the error, is known wherever his life is studied.

While in New Salem, he read every book he could lay his hands on. In fact, he was more interested in study than he was in becoming a successful business man. Whatever the cause may have been, in less than a year the store had failed.

Thus cast adrift, without employment, Lincoln was quick to volunteer in the brief war against the Indian chief, Black Hawk, which occurred in 1832.

Before the war Lincoln had announced himself as a candidate for the state legislature. When he returned, he was defeated in this first attempt at politics. But he was not discouraged. He continued to study, and to prepare himself for the future of usefulness of which he dreamed.

Offutt's store having failed, Lincoln, with a partner, bought a store which in its turn failed also, leaving Lincoln heavily in debt. He promised to pay all he owed. Fifteen years later, when he was a member of Congress, he was still sending home money to help discharge what he called "the national debt."

After the failure he continued to live in New Salem. He supported himself by surveying, rail splitting, and by acting as postmaster. But all the time he was reading law, and looking forward to a broader life. In 1834 he again ran for the state legislature, and this time he was elected.

In the last years of his life in New Salem, Lincoln loved and lost Ann Rutledge, the beautiful Kentucky girl who died just when Lincoln had become sure of her love for him. Thus the first real happiness of his hard and lonely life was snatched away from him, and his grief was overwhelming. After her death he returned to the legislature, but he could not shake off his melancholy.

It was in a somber frame of mind, then, that he went

away, in 1837, to start life anew as a lawyer in Springfield. Who would have guessed, as he rode along with all his possessions packed in the saddle-bags swinging from his borrowed horse, that from Springfield he would go to Washington!

Soon after Lincoln left New Salem, the village dis-

THE LINCOLN AND BERRY STORE
As restored by the Old Salem Lincoln League.

appeared. For many years it was forgotten. But in 1919, through the efforts of the Old Salem Lincoln League, sixty acres of its site were secured and turned over to Illinois for a state park. Excavations were made, and the foundations of many of the old buildings of Lincoln's day were uncovered, as well as traces of the road by which Lincoln had gone from Offutt's store to the gristmill.

The next thing was to rebuild. The plan called for

the reconstruction of the Rutledge Inn, where Lincoln boarded and where he courted Ann Rutledge; the Berry and Lincoln store; Herndon's store; Offutt's store; the school; the blacksmith shop; and other old landmarks.

In 1921 a fireproof relic house and museum was dedicated as a central feature of the village that is to be kept as a permanent monument to the days of struggle of the great Lincoln.

### 26. Vandalia, the First Capital of Illinois

Claimed by the Spaniards, occupied by the French, conquered successively by the English and the Americans: this is a brief statement of the wonderful history of early Illinois.

The story of the American occupation may be told as briefly: Made a county of Virginia in 1778, after George Rogers Clark with his handful of hardy pioneers from Virginia had captured the forts at Kaskaskia and Vincennes; ceded by Virginia to the United States in 1784; made a part of the great Northwest Territory in 1787; organized in 1809 as Illinois Territory; finally made a state in 1818.

What a romance lies back of these facts so quickly stated! Romance began early, when Marquette and Joliet and LaSalle and Tonty and Allouez and Hennepin came down from the north and found entrance to the waters that led to the Mississippi.

When Illinois was a part of the Northwest Territory, settlers began to find their way within its borders.

Some came by the lakes, as the early explorers had come; others crossed Ohio and Indiana. Still others floated down the Ohio, and on its banks settled Shawneetown in 1805, naming it for the Shawnee Indians who used to go there on their way to the salt mines, twelve miles distant.

For a time some of the most important settlements in Illinois were in the southern portion. Of these Shawneetown was the leader. The town had twenty-five log cabins by the end of the first year. It was an important river point, for it was on the trade route from the South to central Illinois and St. Louis. The land office for the southeast district of Illinois was there.

It was the hope of many people that the capital of the new state might be fixed at Shawneetown, but by the time of admission to the Union there were other important centers of population farther north.

Therefore Vandalia was decided upon as the capital, a town founded for the purpose, and named — so it has been stated — because some one said that the Vandals, a tribe of Indians, once lived on the banks of the Kaskaskia River, where the capitol was to be built!

There a dignified capitol building was erected — a two-story brick structure, so well built that it is still solid and substantial. The only change that has been made in it is the substitution of iron columns for the brick columns in the porches on the north and south fronts.

A massive stairway — the original stairway — leads

from the ground floor to the hall of the House of Representatives on the second floor, which was the scene of many important incidents during the early history of Illinois.

Representatives of the young and lusty settlement of Chicago came in 1833 to this legislative hall, with a request that they be given a village charter. The re-

The Old Illinois State Capitol, Vandalia, Illinois

quest was granted, and Chicago began a new stage in its history.

Lincoln's first appearance in Vandalia was in 1834, when the new state capital had eight hundred inhabitants. He had never lived in a town so large. With him in the legislature were eighty men, many of whom wore suits of jeans and coonskin caps.

Among those he met during his first winter at the capital was a young man of twenty, an office-seeker,

who had come to Illinois a year before with thirty-seven cents in his pocket — Stephen A. Douglas, the man whose fortunes were to be so bound up with those of the new representative from Sangamon County.

Lincoln's legislative service was in the days when there were in Illinois no nominating conventions; any one was a candidate who chose to run.

When Lincoln wished for reëlection, he merely asked the *Sangamon Journal* to print his platform. It read, in part:

> I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in sharing its burdens. . . . Whether elected or not, I go for distributing the proceeds of the sales of the public lands to the several states, to enable our state, in common with others, to dig canals and construct railroads without borrowing money and paying the interest on it.

When the assembly disapproved of the formation of abolition societies, since "the right of property in slaves is sacred to the slave-holding states by the Federal Constitution," Lincoln refused to vote for the resolutions and protested against them, because of his belief that "the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy."

After the removal of the capital to Springfield, the old building in which this protest was made was used by Fayette County as its courthouse. But when a new courthouse was required, the state bought the property, that it might be preserved to posterity as one of the rich memorials of the early days of Lincoln.

## 27. Where the Des Moines River Flows

"They are called Aiaoua, or Mascoutins Nadoessi," wrote a French traveler in 1676. This was the first appearance, in any form, of the name Iowa. The writer had arrived at Green Bay, in what is now Wisconsin. The Indians to whom he referred lived in a village two hundred leagues away toward the west, "at a distance of twelve days' journey beyond the great river called Misisipi."

Other early authorities called them Aiouez, Ayavois, or Ayouez. The name is said to mean "sleepy ones." But to apply that definition to the present inhabitants is a libel on people who boast that they live in a region that has "as little waste land as any other equal portion of the earth's surface." That is a large boast, but those who have become familiar with the varied Iowa countryside agree that it is justified.

Marquette, the French missionary, and Joliet, the Canadian trader, were the first Europeans to tread upon Iowa soil. In June, 1673, they paddled down the Wisconsin River into the Mississippi. They landed just above the mouth of the river now called the Des Moines. There in an Indian village they remained for several days, and upon their departure were presented with a peace pipe, in token of the friendship of their savage hosts.

In 1682 La Salle took possession, in the name of King Louis XIV of France, of the country watered by the Mississippi and its tributaries, naming it Louisiana.

In 1763 France ceded to Spain the country west of the Mississippi. In 1800, however, Spain ceded it back to France. In 1803, by the Louisiana Purchase, the region passed at last into the hands of the United States.

In 1834 Iowa became a part of Michigan Territory, and in 1836 was included in the territory of Wisconsin. In 1838 Iowa itself became a territory, and in 1846 was admitted into the Union as a state.

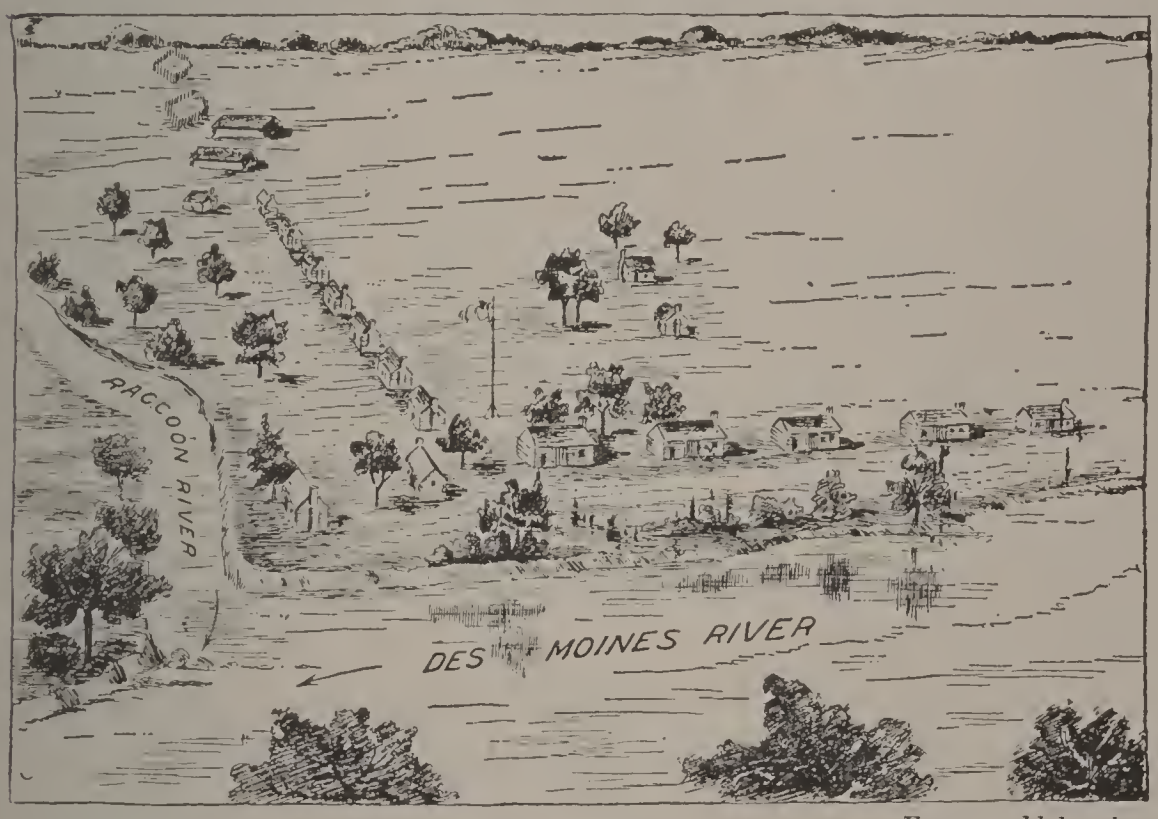
At the time of the Louisiana Purchase, Iowa was inhabited only by the savage tribes of the Sioux, the Sac and Fox, and the Iowa Indians. In 1819 Morse's *National Geography* said, "All settlers who go beyond the Mississippi River will be lost forever to the United States." Until 1833 the progress of settlement was slow. In that year, however, a treaty was concluded with the Sacs and Foxes. By this treaty the Indians ceded to the United States a strip of territory lying along the Mississippi, embracing about six million acres of land.

The fame of the broad, fertile prairies, the noble hills, and the valleys watered by many rivers had already reached the East. Even before the treaty was signed, settlers were rushing toward Iowa. Immigration was encouraged by appeals sent from those who had already arrived to those left behind. One, addressed to the young men, read as follows:

"Come prepared to expect small things, rough things. Lay aside all your dandy whims boys have in college, and take a few lessons from your grandmothers before you come. . . . Get wives of the old Puritan stamp,

such as honored the distaff and the loom, those who can pail a cow, and churn the butter, and be proud of a jeans dress or a checkered apron."

Another appeal has greater allurement and just as much truth. It spoke of Iowa as "this blooming belle of the American family." The Easterner was asked to




*From an old drawing*

FORT DES MOINES IN 1844

Facing the Des Moines River were the officers' quarters. The soldiers' quarters were in line with the Raccoon River.

see "the broad Mississippi, with its ten thousand islands, flowing gently and lingeringly along one entire side of the territory, as if in regret at leaving so delightful a region." He was told he could see "half a dozen navigable rivers, and innumerable creeks and rivulets meandering through rich pasturages"; and that his eyes would rest on "prairies of two or three miles in extent, apparently inclosed by woods on all sides."

In 1842 the Government made a final treaty with the Sacs and Foxes. By the terms of the treaty the Indians were to give up all claim to their lands on May 1, 1843, occupying a part of them, however, until October 11, 1845.

In 1843, to protect the interests of the Indians, the Government built Fort Des Moines on the site of the present capital. It was located at the junction of the Des Moines and Raccoon rivers — "The Forks of the Coon," as the place was known when this was the head of navigation for small steamers from St. Louis.

At midnight of April 30, 1843, a signal gun was fired, and the waiting settlers who had come from all parts of the Union in anticipation of the event, hurried to the bits of ground they had spied out beforehand, and staked out their claims. In October, 1845, a similar scene was enacted.

Thus were laid the foundations of the city of Des Moines. Those who visit it today will have difficulty in crediting the statement that the first ferry established within the limits of the present city was not opened until 1847; that the city was not incorporated until 1857, when it became the capital; that the first railroad did not reach it until 1866; that the first Locust Street bridge over the Des Moines River was built only in 1885.

Overlooking the river, on a commanding height on the east side, is the beautiful Capitol. To the right of the Capitol is the fine building of the State Historical Society, while on the left is the granite shaft that pays tribute to the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War.

The eighty acres about these buildings command a glorious prospect of the valleys of the Des Moines and the Raccoon, dominating the region where, less than three generations ago, the Sacs and Foxes had their hunting-grounds.

### 28. Monterey and the California Missions

In 1845 the United States Government "regarded the California coast as the boundary fixed by nature to round off our national domain." When President Polk entered office, he made up his mind to secure California for the United States by negotiating with Mexico. But the troubles which led to the Mexican War checked his plans.

General John C. Frémont was at that time in northern California, in command of a government exploring expedition. He was given to understand, by official word that reached him on May 9, 1846, that he was to act as he thought best in the interests of the country.

Hurrying southward, he found the American settlers already arming themselves. The Mexican general, Castro, in command at Monterey, was threatening to drive them out of California. Settlers, good and bad, flocked to Frémont's camp ready to follow his lead.

Frémont's first act was to send about twenty-five of these followers to seize some horses which Castro had caused to be collected on the north side of San Francisco Bay, and which were being conveyed to the San Joaquin Valley by way of Sutter's Fort. As soon as the horses had been delivered to Frémont, their

captors were sent to Sonoma. There General Vallejo and three other men were taken prisoners, and were conducted to Frémont's camp. The little group of men who remained behind in Sonoma to hold the town proclaimed the independence of California, and, as the symbol of the new republic, raised the Bear

Old Custom House, Monterey, California

From the flagstaff of this custom house the American flag was displayed by order of Commodore Sloat, July 7, 1846.

Flag, whereon a bear and a star were depicted, signifying, "A bear stands his ground always, and as long as the stars shine we stand for the cause."

But this emblem waved only a short time. Commodore Sloat promptly arrived in California, and on July 10 the Bear Flag was lowered, for on that day news reached Frémont that since July 7 the Stars and Stripes had floated over Monterey.

On August 15, 1846, California was declared a ter-

ritory of the United States. The American flag, once raised in Monterey, was never lowered.

From earliest times Monterey was the center of activities in California. For here, in 1770, the Franciscan father, Junipero Serra, established the mission which he made his home.

The first mission in California, founded by the Jesuits in 1697, under the authority of Spain, was at Loreto, in Lower California. In the two generations which followed, the Jesuits established a chain of fourteen missions throughout the peninsula of Lower California, and labored faithfully for the welfare of the bodies and souls of the Indians.

CARMEL MISSION, NEAR MONTEREY
This Mission was the headquarters of Father Serra.

In 1767, however, the Jesuits were withdrawn by Spain, and fifteen Franciscans were sent to take their places, in charge of Junipero Serra, who for nearly twenty years had been ministering to the Indians in Mexico.

The Franciscan order was founded by St. Francis of Assisi, in 1209. Its members were pledged to a life of poverty and toil. Their dress was a long gray robe with a pointed hood and a cord around the waist. They were forbidden to wear shoes.

In April, 1768, this little group of Franciscans landed

at Loreto in Lower California, and during the next few months Father Serra was busy placing them in the various missions on the peninsula. This done, he was free to carry out the plans of Spain for the colonization of Upper California. Galvez, the Spanish commander associated with Serra in the enterprise, had orders to "occupy and fortify San Diego and Monterey for God and the King of Spain." Serra was to convert the Indians to Christianity.

Part of the fascinating story of the missions founded in accordance with the instructions given is a series of events that had as much to do with paving the way for California to become a part of the United States as did the action of General Frémont.

When the Franciscans were sent out to California, Mexico, which at that time of course included California, belonged to Spain. Later Mexico declared itself independent of Spain. Thus General Frémont had Mexico and not Spain to deal with.

Yet — but for the founding of the missions by Spain — the United States might have had to deal with Russia, which was gradually reaching down from Alaska toward San Francisco, and at one time had a fort only sixty-five miles north of the site of that city. As George Wharton James says in his book, *In and Out of the Old Missions*, "Had the Russians gained a foothold in California prior to the Spanish Franciscans, it is scarcely possible that they would have relinquished the natural advantage afforded by so remarkable a base of supplies for their Alaskan colonies."

So it is of great interest to note that the Spanish plan to colonize California through the missions had a narrow escape from failure.

The expedition to Upper California started from Loreto early in 1769, in four divisions, two of which went by land, while two traveled by sea in the *San Antonio* and the *San Carlos*. In April the *San Antonio* reached San Diego in safety. But when the *San Carlos* landed, some days later, nearly every man on board was sick of scurvy. The crew of the *San Antonio* promptly took the disease, and within two weeks over sixty men, out of ninety, had died. The first land party then arrived, and was soon busy caring for the sick and establishing a permanent camp. On July 1 the last members of the second land party, including Father Serra, struggled into San Diego.

The *San Antonio* was then sent back to Mexico for new crews, and for supplies to be delivered at Monterey to a part of the land forces, which immediately started north.

This land party, however, passed the bay of Monterey without recognizing it, and came upon the bay of San Francisco. Disheartened by their failure to find the place which they so eagerly sought, they retraced their steps. When they rejoined their comrades at San Diego, they found that sickness and privation had made them ready to listen to a proposition to return home. So it was determined to abandon the enterprise and return to Mexico.

"But this was not to be," the historian writes.

"When hope seemed to have gone, and waiting had become despair, the *San Antonio* returned with abundant supplies. Oh, what a blessed vision was that of the long-looked-for vessel on the very day the abandonment had been decided! Captain Perez had started back from La Paz with instructions to proceed directly to Monterey. Of course he knew nothing of the return of the party from that point, and . . . he would have gone on, had not the loss of an anchor compelled him to return to San Diego to replace it from the *San Carlos*. Thus the small matter of losing an anchor perhaps led to the saving of the enterprise and to the founding of the missions as planned."

If the expedition had been abandoned, the United States might never have possessed California! The thought must add to the pleasure of those who gaze at the cloisters, walk the dim aisles, and wander in the gardens of the historic missions of California.

### 29. Two Monuments to California Pioneers

When the Lincoln Highway reaches Lake Tahoe, high up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, on the border between Nevada and California, it divides into two branches. One of these goes to the north of the lake, enters California by the side of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and passes by beautiful Donner Lake. There a party of overland emigrants were overtaken by the winter snows in 1846–1847. They were called the Donner party, from two brothers named Donner who were in the company. For four months they lived in

little dark cabins, half buried under the snow. Although four relief parties from Sutter's Fort reached them from time to time, nevertheless, before spring released them from their prison, half of these unfortunate people had perished from cold and starvation. Within sight of the highway, a monument has been erected to the memory of the unhappy Donner party.

*From an old print*

VIEW OF SUTTER'S FORT, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

Sutter's Fort was the first settlement reached by parties of emigrants after the fatiguing trip across the Sierras. It was built by Captain John A. Sutter in 1839.

The other branch of the Lincoln Highway passes to the south of Lake Tahoe, then climbs to Summit Pass, 7018 feet high. The view from this summit reveals lakes and forests stretching away toward the fruitful valleys of California.

How the pioneers who had toiled up that slope must have rejoiced at the sight! A signboard tells of their privations:

Emigrant Trail Marker Number 3. Abandoned for a smoother and lower grade and long since forgotten. Just below may be seen the road over which the travel-worn emigrant gained the summit of the Sierra Nevada. A view of the ancient path is worth while. Picture in your mind the straining ox-team, drawing heavy-laden wagons over steep and rocky ways. Compare the comfortable modes of travel of today with those of yesterday.

By easy grades the southern road passes through pine forests, along the gorge of the American River, on to Placerville, the famous mining town, long known as Hangtown. There the business street, although lined with wooden buildings, still has the picturesque appearance of days gone by, while the residence streets on the hillside follow the planless, helter-skelter paths used by the miners in their trips to the valley. From Placerville the road goes on, by way of El Dorado, to Sacramento.

The goal of many a wayfarer bound for California was Sutter's Fort, which stood on the site of the present city of Sacramento. John A. Sutter obtained an immense grant of land from the Mexican Government in 1841. But two years before this, he had established a colony there, calling it New Helvetia, in honor of his Swiss ancestry; and there he had erected his fort. Captain Sutter was generous to a fault. Many a train of exhausted travelers and jaded mules came to seek his hospitality; and it was never withheld.

Captain Sutter little realized how momentous was to be the result, when, in the fall of 1847, he decided to build a sawmill, and for this purpose went into part-

nership with James W. Marshall. Sutter was to supply the funds and equipment, and Marshall was to select the site and supply the labor, build the mill, and run it. The site chosen was in the valley of Coloma, forty-five miles from Sutter's Fort. One of Marshall's

*From an old print*

AN EARLY VIEW OF SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

companions, Azariah Smith, made the following entries in his diary:

Sept. 9, 1847. Last Wednesday I took a job at Sutter's to dig a race [water-run] at 12½ cents a cubic yard. We expect to make more than $10 a day.

Sunday, Jan. 30, 1848. This week Mr. Marshall found specimens of (as we suppose) gold, and he has gone to the fort for the purpose of finding out what it is. It is found in the race in small pieces; some weigh as much as a five-dollar piece.

Sunday, Feb. 6th. Marshall has returned with the fact that the metal is gold.

This is the matter-of-fact record of a discovery which

was to startle the whole world, to bring thousands of immigrants rushing to California, and to insure the prosperity of the Golden State.

On a height overlooking the valley is a heroic statue to the discoverer. His outstretched hand points to the scene of his adventure, and his back is turned to the land which El Dorado County is fast developing into orchards and farms, making ready for the day when she will be a leader in wealth more enduring than gold.

### 30. In Hot Springs, Arkansas

When De Soto landed on the coast of Florida in 1539, he led his men in fruitless search of gold until they finally came to the Mississippi River. In 1541 he passed over the great stream and crossed what is now Arkansas. One day he found springs of warm water, and near them he stayed for a time with his band.

The waters were pleasant to the weary men, and they seemed to make them forget the trials through which they had passed. So De Soto was not surprised to learn that the Indians revered the springs, and came to them for rest and healing.

In 1804, when the trappers Dunbar and Hunt, members of Lewis and Clark's expedition, came to the place that is now known as the Hot Springs of Arkansas, they found a log cabin and a few board huts, evidences that others had been there before them. Perhaps these huts had been built by some of the Indians during a stay at the health-giving springs, though probably they indicated previous white visitors.

Three years later Manuel Prudhomme followed the trappers, and left a memorial in the shape of a log cabin. Next came two trappers who thought the valley of the springs a fine center for their work. After these came a few others, then many more, until the fame of the

Hot Springs, Arkansas

waters spread among all the pioneers of the country round about.

The springs are still there. Forty-six of them gush from the base of wooded hills, and freely offer their hot, healing waters to all. The land surrounding the springs was long ago set apart as a national park. There are about one thousand acres in the reservation. For many years it was a park only in name. Since 1877, however,

the Government has cared for the property, protecting the springs, and making winding roads and walks to show the way to the secrets of the little valley that nestles among the forested slopes.

There visitors throng at all seasons to the heart of the beautiful Ozark Mountains. Invalids find the waters helpful, and those who are well gain from them new strength for their work. Perhaps here was the fabled fountain of youth for which Ponce de León sought in vain!

In the Ozark country there are many wonderful flowing springs which discharge hundreds of thousands of gallons each day, but most of them are the ordinary cold springs. The average temperature of the Hot Springs is 135° Fahrenheit.

It is said that the heat comes from hot rocks far down in the earth, through or over which the water passes. A scientist says that it is probably forced up chiefly as vapor from these hot rocks through breaks and other apertures, until it finds the cooler levels; that there it condenses as water and is driven to the surface, where it is ready to be piped to nineteen bathhouses, twelve of them being on the reservation.

It is possible that the Hot Springs Reservation will be extended so as to include forest areas lying between the springs and Mountain Valley. When this is done, automobile roads will be extended, opportunities for vacation-seekers will be increased, and the fame of the resort will attract many more people from all parts of the land, and even from abroad.

# CHAPTER V

## ON THE TRAIL WITH THE PIONEERS

### 31. Daniel Boone's Wilderness Road to Kentucky

In 1784 the first historian of Kentucky published a book in which he gave a map of a road called "The Road from the Old Settlements in Virginia to Kentuckee thro' the Great Wilderness."

That road was cut by Daniel Boone. He lived in North Carolina, but was attracted by the wild lands of Kentucky beyond the mountains. He knew there were dangerous Indians there, but he was bound to go.

In the autumn of 1767, with two companions, he made his first attempt. But the party became snow-bound, and had to go into camp for the winter. In the spring they found the forests so impassable that they became discouraged and turned homeward, never realizing that they had actually reached the land they sought.

In 1769, however, Boone became once more fired with enthusiasm to explore. In that year a man named John Finley came to the valley of the upper Yadkin, where Boone and his family lived. Finley had traveled through Kentucky sixteen years before, conducting a fur trade with the Indians, and he had many a tale to

tell of that rich and beautiful country. He knew a trail into Kentucky, he said, through the Cumberland Gap.

And so it came about that on the first of May, another expedition, consisting of Boone, Finley, and four more resolute men, set out across the mountains to seek the marvelous new land. This time they were successful. "After a long and fatiguing journey, through a mountainous wilderness, in a westward direction," they found themselves at last in Kentucky.

It was two years before Boone saw his home and family again — two years of exploring, of hunting, and of Indian encounters. He came back poorer than when he went, but with his ambition satisfied.

It was more than two years after his return before Boone had completed his preparations to take his family to Kentucky and establish a new home there. But at last he was ready. In his journal he wrote of the trip:

"I sold my farm on the Yadkin and what goods we could not carry with us, and on the twenty-fifth day of September, 1773, bade a farewell to our friends, and proceeded on our journey to Kentucky, in company with five families more, and forty men that joined us in Powell's Valley, which is one hundred and fifty miles from the now settled parts of Kentucky. The promising beginning was soon overcast with a cloud of adversity, for on the tenth day of October the rear of our company was attacked by a number of Indians, who killed six and wounded one more. Of these my eldest

son was one that fell in the action. Though we defended ourselves and repulsed the enemy, yet this unhappy affair scattered our cattle, brought us into extreme difficulty, and so discouraged the whole company that we retreated to settlements on the Clinch River."

An opportunity to return to his beloved Kentucky was presented when the Governor of Virginia requested Boone, with a companion, to cut a way to pioneers beyond Cumberland Gap. He was to warn these pioneers to be on their guard against Indians whose anger had been aroused by the fear that their fair lands would be taken from them by the settlers who were already beginning to trickle into the country. This was not an easy task, but it was soon performed.

Early in the year 1775 Colonel Richard Henderson and a number of friends from North Carolina made a treaty with the Cherokees for the possession of the lands bounded by the Kentucky, Holston, Cumberland, and Ohio rivers, as well as a path of approach through Powell's Valley. Merchandise valued at $50,000 was exchanged for this immense tract of land.

Steps were taken at once to make easier the settlement of the country thus secured, which Colonel Henderson and his companions called Transylvania. The pioneers realized the truth of the words spoken to Boone by a chief of the Cherokees: "Brother, we have given you a fair land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it."

No time was lost by the new owners of Transylvania in giving to Boone the commission to open a road for

the emigrants who would be attracted to the country. Boone readily accepted it. He knew the ways the buffaloes took in their migrations, and he had followed the paths of the Indians. Equipped with this knowledge and his own unerring instinct, and accompanied by thirty hardy companions, he made a way back to Cumberland Gap, then on through the wilderness. The men cut the trees, they burned the undergrowth, and they fought the Indians as they went.

From the Gap the road led along the Warriors' Path, a trail used by the Indians in their journeys from their towns on the Ohio and the Scioto to their hunting-grounds in the South. After following this path for some fifty miles, the road-makers bore to the west and went on along a buffalo trail. At length they reached their goal on the Kentucky River, and began the erection of a group of cabins for the accommodation of the settlers who were to come later under Henderson's leadership. The new settlement was named Boonesborough.

Over this wild, rough thoroughfare the pioneers went to Kentucky until, in 1800, there were two hundred and twenty thousand people there.

The first scheme for the improvement of the road was formed in 1792. One hundred and four men wrote their names on a subscription list to raise money for this purpose. This list is one of the valued records of the Kentucky Historical Society. These subscriptions ranged from three shillings to three pounds.

At once men were set to work on the road — wood-

cutters, surveyors, provision-carriers, and corn-grinders, among others. These men received two shillings and sixpence a day. The work lasted twenty-two days, and was completed in the summer of 1792.

In 1793 the state legislature passed an act which provided a guard for travelers on the Wilderness Road. In 1794 and 1795 acts were passed for the improvement of sections of the road. Daniel Boone thought he ought to have the contract, but his appeal to the governor was disregarded, and he had the disappointment of seeing others complete the work which he had begun so well.

One of the Markers on the Wilderness Road

In 1797 provision was made for the erection of tollgates. Then the road took the name of "The Wilderness Turnpike," though it was never in those days a turnpike in the proper sense. Today, when the Lincoln Highway follows it for ninety-eight miles, it has a right to the name. This stretch of the highway is called "Boone Way."

Markers have been erected along the road from North Carolina through Cumberland Gap into Kentucky, and at one place there is a monument to Daniel Boone, the great road-builder, who was never content unless he was moving farther into the wilderness.

## 32. The Blockhouse Road in Pennsylvania

In 1792 Robert Morris, the Philadelphia genius who did so much to solve the colonies' financial problems during the Revolution, sold more than a million acres of land in Pennsylvania and New York to a company of Englishmen. At once these new proprietors arranged to send a company of emigrants to make homes on the new lands.

So word was sent to Charles Williamson, who was then at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, telling him to prepare the way for the strangers from this place across the wilderness of east-central Pennsylvania, to the site of the present town of Bath in southern New York.

He had a choice of routes. He might take them by a roundabout way up the north branch of the Susquehanna River and its tributaries; or he might take them overland by a route which would lead directly north. The former route was long, and there would be grave dangers of many kinds; the latter route was shorter, but as yet no road had been built.

Williamson did not hesitate long. If there was no road through the wild country, it should be built, even if the distance was more than one hundred miles. In response to his appeal for help, the Pennsylvania Assembly granted him one hundred pounds. Undiscouraged by this pitifully small appropriation, he began work as soon as the emigrants were ready to make the journey.

TROUT RUN, WHERE THE REAL START WAS MADE

The Williamson Road, now the Susquehanna Trail, may be seen at the left. The first blockhouse was on the farther side of the mountain in the center of the picture.

His plan was to direct the men in the party as they broke a way through the wilderness, a few miles at a time. When the road was open for a short distance, a log house was built for shelter. Here provisions were left for the women and children, who were brought to the end of the first stage. Then the workers continued their toil until there was need for a second shelter, and the women and children could advance another stage. The temporary shelter, or blockhouse, gave the first name to the road.

The provisions were brought from Northumberland by pack horses, until that point was too far in the rear; then other sources of supplies had to be found. Once, when the company was almost out of food, a messenger was sent from Canoe Camp across to Tioga Point, on the north branch of the Susquehanna. On his return to the emigrants with supplies there was a great feast.

The route taken started from Northumberland, following the west branch of the Susquehanna to Lycoming Creek; it then followed the Sheshesquin trail, crossing the Susquehanna west of the Loyalsock, then on up the Lycoming Creek Valley to Trout Run. From here the road led directly through the wilderness to Blossburg and Canoe Camp on the Tioga River. Here canoes were built and the party floated down the Tioga to Painted Post, New York. The final stage of the journey was from Painted Post to the site of the town of Bath.

When the completion of the road was announced, in 1796, there was great excitement. This was the first

highway in all this section, and it shortened the distance from Northumberland to Painted Post about one hundred miles, opening to settlement a wide territory.

Williamson's next step was a triumph of advertising genius. He sent announcements of the completion of the road to Harrisburg, as well as to Washington, and these were read to the law-makers assembled in both cities. Coupled with each announcement was an invitation to all who would to come through the wilderness, over the Blockhouse Road, and be the guests of its builders during a two weeks' program of theatrical performances, races, and other amusements. Promise was made that guides would be waiting at Philadelphia, Easton, Lancaster, Carlisle, Harrisburg, and Northumberland, to give safe conduct to the guests.

The invitation was accepted by hundreds of people. It is recorded that for weeks the road through the wilderness was traversed by a procession almost unbroken. Sometimes the old blockhouses were used at night. Again a camp would be made by the roadside. The travelers may have stopped one night with that tavern keeper who, later on, made unrighteous profits by driving into a hidden forest pen the cattle of emigrants who stopped with him. As a result, he always had large quantities of what he called elk meat!

For thirty years after the triumphal pilgrimage of the invited guests of the proprietor, the Williamson Road was the recognized highway for emigrants bound to north-central Pennsylvania and southern New York.

Travelers today will find this road — known now as "The Susquehanna Trail" — a thoroughfare of absorbing interest. It is difficult to compare the scenery of one section of the road with that of another; from Williamsport to Blossburg there is such satisfying variety of all the best and richest in landscape that one is eager at once to turn round and go back over the road. Near Trout Run, fourteen miles from Williamsport, is Crescent Gap, where the Lycoming makes a crescent-shaped sweep in breaking through the main chain of the Alleghenies. From Trout Run to Liberty views of the valley and the distant mountains rejoice the heart. From Liberty to Blossburg there is such a profusion of beauty that many who have lingered over this bit of the road declare they have seen nothing in the Rockies so fine.

At Blossburg — the road builders called the place Peters' Camp — coal was discovered in October, 1792. While many years passed before the value of the discovery was recognized, the district was among the first to have railroad transportation for the promotion of the coal trade. By 1840 the road to the Chemung River and canal was opened.

## 33. Pikes Peak, Colorado

In Lamberton, now part of Trenton, New Jersey, a boy named Zebulon Montgomery Pike was born in 1779. He was the son of Zebulon Pike, who served as a captain in the War of the Revolution.

It was natural, then, that the boy also should wish to

Pikes Peak, Colorado

serve in the army. In 1799, when twenty years old, he was given a commission as an ensign, or second lieutenant, and a year later he became a lieutenant.

In July, 1805, the young officer was detailed by General James Wilkinson to explore the Mississippi River from St. Louis to its source. In a keel boat seventy feet long, the expedition started from St. Louis on August 9, 1805. After an adventurous and successful trip ending at Cass Lake in Minnesota, they returned to St. Louis on April 30, 1806.

On July 15 of the same year Pike was sent, at the head of another party, up the Missouri, then into the country to the west, toward the mountains. His instructions were to return to their homes certain Indian captives, recovered from a hostile tribe, to treat with various Indian tribes, and "to collect and preserve specimens of the mineral and botanical worlds; to regulate all his courses by the compass, and distances by the watch, to ascertain the variations of the needle, the latitude with exactness, and to employ the telescope in observing the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites."

The adventures of the party were most interesting. The tales of Indians, friendly and unfriendly, of buffalo hunting, of the scarcity of food, of dangers in crossing rivers, and of their captivity in Mexico, from which they were released only after much anxiety, make a fascinating story.

One of the more important discoveries made during the expedition was of the mountain now known as Pikes Peak.

On November 15, 1806, Lieutenant Pike saw a great mountain that looked like a blue cloud. As he approached it, he wondered because of its white sides, — whether these were of white stone, or whether they were covered with snow.

"Three cheers for the Mexican Mountains!" the men of the expedition shouted.

The leader noted that the mountain formed a natural boundary between the territory of Louisiana and the present state of New Mexico, then a part of Mexico. The mountain was just within the angle made by what was then the boundary-line of Mexico as it turned north toward the Grand River and east toward the plains. Indeed, the border was so close that Pike crossed it without knowing that he had done so, until Mexican soldiers told him he was trespassing on foreign soil.

The day after catching sight of the snowy peak the expedition hurried on, sure that they could reach the summit of the mountain before nightfall. But they went on for days, each morning thinking that night would find them at the top of the apparently receding mountain.

Finally, after a pause on the site of the present city of Pueblo, Pike thought, on November 24, that there would be plenty of time between one o'clock in the afternoon and sunset to reach the base of the Blue Mountain, as he called it. But that night found the party encamped on the prairie. On November 25 they broke camp early, expecting to climb to the top of the mountain that day. But at dark they had arrived only at the base.

Next day they tried again. Expecting to return to camp in the evening, the party left all blankets and provisions at the foot of the mountain. During the day deer of a new species were killed. The way was very difficult; rocks were almost perpendicular. After tramping all day the men encamped in a canyon "without blankets, victuals, or water."

On November 27 the party "arose hungry, thirsty, and extremely sore, from the inequality of the rocks on which we had lain all night." But the glorious prospect was enough to make the men forget all weariness. "The unbounded prairie was overhung with clouds, which appeared like the ocean in a storm, wave piled on wave, and foaming, while the sky was perfectly clear where we were."

In about an hour the party found themselves at the summit of what is known today as Cheyenne Mountain, miles distant from the goal they had set themselves. They had gone astray.

In his journal Pike mentioned the fact that "the summit of the Grand Peak appeared at the distance of fifteen or sixteen miles." He then made up his mind not to go there, since it would have required all of another day to reach the base. Furthermore, he had come to believe that no human being could reach the summit.

The error of Pike in declaring that the peak that now bears his name could not be climbed, and in feeling that this did not really make much difference, since white men would never wish to dispute the Indians' claim

to the sterile mountain district, persisted for several years. Yet in 1819 it was successfully scaled by an exploring party led by Major S. H. Long.

For many years there was nothing but a single trail for those who ventured to follow the first canyon of the peak. Then came a better trail, up Ruxton Creek. Few use the old trail today, but the joy in store for those who have the courage to try it is apt to be greater than that of any who toil up the carriage road, who ride up the cog railway, or who take the exhilarating ride up the double-track motor highway that has been in use since 1916.

Those who would travel over the most wonderful of all mountain roads should start from Colorado Springs, ride up historic Ute Pass, and along the famous Fountain Creek. At Cascade is the real beginning of the Pikes Peak Highway. From there the road rises 6694 feet in the eighteen miles to the summit.

## 34. At Scotts Bluff, Nebraska

In 1822 General Ashley of St. Louis, with a party of one hundred men, started on a hunting and trapping expedition into the Rocky Mountains. Before the foothills were reached, privations and dangers had reduced the number to forty. These forty, however, included some of the history-makers of the West, among whom was Hiram Scott, a "free trapper"; that is, he gathered hides and furs for himself, and not for a fur company. Six years later, Scott and a number of his fellow-pioneers were returning to St. Louis when, about

six hundred miles up the Platte River, Scott was stricken with fever.

Two companions, Roi and Bissonette, remained with him, the three planning to join the rest of the party at a designated bluff or mountain about a hundred miles below. As soon as Scott was able to travel they started, but their boat was upset about twenty miles west of

Scotts Bluff National Monument, Nebraska

the point where Fort Laramie now stands. Provisions, powder, and guns were lost, but the men reached the shore safely.

At this spot Scott was deserted by his companions. He crawled through sagebrush, over hills and gullies, for about a hundred miles, dying at the foot of the bluff where he expected to rejoin his party, and which now bears his name.

This bluff won fame during the years when pioneers crossed the plains. It was a great landmark; it could

be seen for a long distance. One trail to the West passed close to it. Travelers told of approaching it as if they had reached a friend, and they left it with regret.

When, in 1847, the advance guard of a large party of emigrants crossed Nebraska, William Clayton, the historian of the party, told of his impression of the Bluff:

"We have seen a number of romantic spots on our journey, but I consider our view this morning more sublime than any other. Chimney Rock lies southeast, opposite detached bluffs of various shapes and sizes. To the southwest, Scotts Bluff looks majestic and sublime. The prairie over which our route lies is very level and green as far as we can see. The bluffs on the north are low, and about three miles distant. The scenery is truly delightful beyond imagination. These bluffs are very high, steep, and broken like many others, resembling ancient ruins. They are probably two miles from north to south extremity, but not very wide."

While still about five miles from the Bluff, Clayton wrote a description of a day's journey that was a good picture of the usual experience of pioneers who crossed the plains:

"One mile from where we started, we began to ascend a low range of bluffs to avoid a large, high sandy ridge which projects to the river. We traveled three quarters of a mile and descended again to the level prairie. At 9.40 we halted to let the cattle and teams graze, the feed being good and plentiful, having traveled two and a half miles, mostly northwest around a bend of the

river. The sun is very hot, the roads sandy and hard teaming. The river is probably three quarters of a mile wide here, and on this side there are many small islands. At 11.15 continued our journey and traveled till half past one, distance four and three quarters miles over a very soft, wet, level prairie. We then halted to feed and rest our teams, as they have been hard drawn nearly all day.

"We have seen no game for several days except a few antelope and hares. The buffalo appear to have left this region and in fact there are little signs of many having been here. The feed is poor, mostly last year's growth and very short. One of the hunters killed an antelope, which was brought to camp and divided to the captains of tens. At 3.00 P.M. we started again and traveled till a quarter to six, distance four and three quarters miles, and during the day twelve miles. For three miles of the first of this afternoon we had a good road, but the last part has been very wet and soft, numerous ponds of water standing all around caused by heavy rains. We have camped on a very wet spot, but the feed being poor where it was drier, it was decided to stay for the benefit of the teams."

Scotts Bluff is worthy of national notice and preservation. Each summer hundreds of tourists make the difficult ascent to its top, and from its elevation of 4662 feet look down on six towns nestled in the North Platte Valley, and many miles of irrigated fields of green alfalfa, golden grain, and other crops. In frontier days it was called the Gibraltar of Nebraska.

Today Scotts Bluff is of special interest because, on December 12, 1919, President Wilson issued a proclamation setting apart 2053 acres in this locality as a national monument. This proclamation began with the following preamble:

> Whereas Scotts Bluff is the highest known point within the State of Nebraska, affording a view for miles over the surrounding country:
>
> Whereas, Mitchell Pass, lying to the south of said bluff, was traversed by the old Oregon Trail and said bluff was used as a landmark and rendezvous by thousands of immigrants and frontiersmen traveling said trail en route for new homes; and
>
> Whereas, in view of these facts, as well as of the scientific interest the region possesses from a geological standpoint, it appears that the public interests will be promoted by preserving the lands upon which the said bluff and the said pass are located as a national monument, etc., etc.

## 35. Ohio River Traffic in 1817

Elias Pym Fordham was an Englishman who emigrated to the United States in 1817. On his way to what was at that time the Far West he stopped at Pittsburgh, where there were then about ten thousand people.

Ten miles farther on he found the country "an immense forest, broken into and gapped by settlers," many of whom found "a Saw Mill very profitable," because "one on a constant stream, costing 6 or 700 $ will earn its value in one year; and sometimes a great deal more. . . . When worked by steam and connected with a Grist Mill, it is an excellent business. . . . Tradesmen at Pittsburgh live well and save

money; but they complain of hard times, because Peace has thrown the Ocean trade into New Orleans, which they in War monopolized."

Further information about the Ohio River trade was given by François André Michaux, a French traveler, who said that Pittsburgh tradesmen had brokers at New Orleans who "sell as much as they can for ready money, or they take in exchange cottons, indigo, and other productions of Lower Louisiana, which they forward, by sea, to . . . Philadelphia or Baltimore. . . . The conductors of the boats also return by sea to Philadelphia or Baltimore, whence they proceed, by land, to Pittsburgh and its neighborhood, where most of them reside. Although the length of the passage to one of these two ports is from twenty-five to thirty days, and they have afterwards to make a journey of upwards of three hundred miles by land to Pittsburgh, they give the preference to this route, because it is less fatiguing than returning by land from New Orleans to Pittsburgh, the latter distance being fourteen or fifteen hundred miles."

To this explanation Michaux added the statement: "The navigation of the Ohio and the Mississippi is so much in use, that the distance from Pittsburgh to New Orleans is now known with great precision: it is fixed at 2,100 miles [by water]. The carrying boats generally require, in the spring, from forty-five to fifty days to perform this passage, which two or three persons, in a light vessel (*pirogue*) can accomplish in twenty or twenty-five days."

One of the items of trade with New Orleans was fine glassware from the flint-glass works of a Pittsburgh man named Bakewell, who, according to Thomas Nuttall, another early traveler, manufactured wares of surprising beauty. "In the interior of the United States," where he had looked for anything but perfection, he found "expensive decorations of cutting and engraving, amidst every discouragement incident to a want of taste and wealth." Then he added that President Monroe, after a visit to the works, gave orders for a service of glass, "which might indeed be exhibited as a superb specimen of this elegant art."

A year after Fordham's journey, Eastwick Evans made what he called a *Pedestrious Tour*. He explained rather fully some of the conditions of the river traffic:

"The boats which float upon the river Ohio are various — from the ship of several hundred tons burthen to the mere skiff. Very few, if any, very large vessels, however, are now built at Pittsburgh and Marietta; . . . the difficulties incident to getting them to the ocean have rendered such undertakings unfrequent.

"An almost innumerable number of steamboats, barks, keels, and arks are yearly set afloat upon the river, and upon its tributary streams. The barks are generally about one hundred tons burthen, have two masts, and are rigged as schooners and brigs. The keels have, frequently, covered decks, and sometimes carry one mast. These, and also the barks, are sometimes rowed and sometimes moved up the river by

poling, and by drawing them along shore with ropes. The flatboat or ark is of a clumsy construction, but very burthensome. Its foundation consists of sills like those of a house, and to these is trunnelled a floor of plank. The sides are of boards loosely put together,

*From an old drawing*

THE *NEW ORLEANS*, FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI

She was built at Pittsburgh by Nicholas Roosevelt, a great-uncle of Theodore Roosevelt, in 1811, and under his guidance reached New Orleans early in the following year. Robert Fulton and Robert R. Livingston were the proprietors of the craft.

and the top is covered in the same way. The bottom of the boat, and so much of the sides as come in contact with the water, are calked. Some of this kind of boat will carry four or five hundred barrels of flour, besides considerable quantities of bacon, cheese, and other produce. On the deck of the ark are two large oars, moving on pivots, and at the stern there is a large

steering-oar. The progress of the ark is principally in floating with the current; and the oars are seldom used excepting for the purpose of rowing ashore.

"The business carried on by boats, on the Ohio and Mississippi, is immense. The freight on goods up and down these rivers is high; and the freighting business here is exceedingly profitable. No property pays so great an interest as that of steamboats on these rivers. A trip of a few weeks yields one hundred per cent upon the capital employed.

"The arks and, generally speaking, the keels, when they reach New Orleans, seldom return up the river again. The former are sold for lumber."

The Ohio River was a busy place in the early part of the nineteenth century, and furnished an important avenue for the commerce of the growing country.

## 36. In the Days of Johnny Appleseed

One summer day in 1915 thousands of school children gathered in Ashland, Ohio, to dedicate a monument to one of the strangest and most lovable of the pioneers of early days. The inscription on the monument tells something of his story:

In Memory of
Ashland County's Pioneers
Including Johnny Appleseed
John Chapman
An Ohio Hero, Patron Saint
of American Orchards
and
Soldier of Peace
He went about doing good

Erected by the School Children of Ashland County, Ohio, July 28, 1915, on the 100th Anniversary of the Founding of Uniontown, Now Ashland

The Ashland monument is but one of a number in Indiana and Ohio erected to the memory of a man whose real name was known to few people, though thousands in these states were acquainted with him. For they knew him as "Johnny Appleseed." Behind the name is a story.

Johnny Appleseed spent his boyhood in Massachusetts, where he was born in 1775. When he was a young man, he went to Pittsburgh. On the way, and while he was in Pittsburgh, he watched the men, women, and children who were bound for the West, and thought sorrowfully of the privations they must endure.

Then he began to wonder if he could not do something to bring joy into their lives. He called to mind various things that add pleasure to life, when all at once he thought of the apple. He liked apples. Most people like apples. He knew that these pioneers would be so busy conquering the wilderness that they would not take time to plant orchards. They would not have apple seeds in their equipment. And that meant that for many years the broad lands of the West would be bare of the best of all fruit trees.

He therefore decided to do for the pioneers what they would not do for themselves. He would take apples through the length and breadth of the country west of

Pittsburgh, wherever he could go. He would plant seeds and set out seedlings, by the roadside, in orchards, over hundreds of miles of territory.

He began his work near the end of the eighteenth century, when he floated down the Ohio from Pittsburgh. To his canoe was lashed a second canoe, and both were loaded with sacks of apple seeds, gathered from the cider presses of western Pennsylvania, where apples were plentiful.

THE SCHOOL CHILDREN'S MONUMENT TO JOHNNY APPLESEED, ASHLAND, OHIO

This was the first of many trips, down the Ohio to Marietta, up the Muskingum to the Walhonding, and finally up the Mohican into Ashland County.

When he saw a good place for a little plantation on the bank of a stream, he would land and put his seeds into the ground. Then he would move on to make another plantation. Later he would return to the earlier plantation, and when the seedlings there were ready, he would take them to the lonely settlers and either give them freely, on condition that they be planted, or exchange them for a meal or for an old garment.

Year after year went by, and still Johnny Appleseed persisted in his program. The apple trees which he

had given to farmers or which he had planted by the roadside were bearing fruit, while he was still continuing the performance of his helpful task.

Everybody was his friend. The children rejoiced when they saw him coming, and their parents welcomed him. The Indians venerated him. The birds and the beasts seemed to be his friends. What if he was ragged and poor? He was not forlorn; his was the happiness of helping others.

In 1838 he felt that he was needed farther west; his orchards were growing in many counties in Ohio. So he went to Fort Wayne, Indiana, and in the vicinity of that settlement continued his work. Each fall he returned to Ohio, where he was welcomed by those who had learned to love him.

In 1847, while starting on one of these pilgrimages, he died. He left no property, though he had added millions to the wealth of the country. But he was rich in possessing the hearts of the people.

The affection felt for Johnny Appleseed was well expressed in verse by Mrs. E. S. Dill, who knew him when she was a child:

> Grandpa stopped, and from the grass at our feet,
> Picked up an apple, large, juicy, and sweet.
> Then took out his jackknife, and, cutting a slice,
> Said, as we ate it, "Isn't it nice
> To have such apples to eat and enjoy?
> Well, there weren't very many when I was a boy,
> For the country was new — e'en food was scant;
> We had hardly enough to keep us from want,
> And this good man, as he rode around,

Oft eating and sleeping upon the ground,
Always carried and planted apple seeds —
Not for himself, but for others' needs.
The apple seeds grew, and we, today,
Eat of the fruit planted by the way.

. . . . . .

For, child, though it seemed a trifling deed,
For man just to plant an apple seed,
The apple tree's shade, the flowers, the fruit,
Have proved a blessing to man and to brute.
Look at the orchards throughout the land,
All of them planted by old Johnny's hand.
He will forever remembered be;
I would wish to have all so think of me."

## 37. Through Georgia in 1828

In May, 1827, Captain Basil Hall, an Englishman, landed in New York with his family, prepared for a long journey through the settled regions of Canada and the United States. His purpose was to decide for himself whether the impressions of the English people in regard to this country were correct.

The party first visited Canada. The last of December, however, they arrived in Washington, and on January 31, 1828, they started on their way through the South.

The account of their trip across Georgia may be read in the rare book, *Travels in North America in the Years 1827 and 1828.*

"We had a light traveling vehicle, open at the sides, but capable of being closed by curtains when it rained, or when the sun was inconveniently hot," wrote

Captain Hall. "As the baggage cart followed close behind, nothing was put in the carriage but a carpet bag, and sundry small and light articles. We also profited by past experience and carried with us a small parcel of rice, some sugar, four loaves of bread, a pound of tea, and a keg of small biscuits called crackers. In order to repair accidents happening to our equipage, we carried a small coil of rope and a hatchet; both of which proved very useful."

The day after the beginning of the journey the party "plunged into the forest, from which we did not again emerge for many a weary day of rugged traveling," the writer continued. "The interest of the forest scenery was a good deal heightened by an immense tract of it being on fire. How far this extended we had no means of knowing; but the volume of smoke filled up the background completely, and deepened the general gloom in a very mysterious style. At many places, however, we actually came amongst the blazing trees."

Progress through the forest was slow. "It cost us twelve very hard hours' work to make out between thirty and forty miles on this day, and we were right glad, at last, to find ourselves in a solitary log house kept by a widow, who welcomed us to all she had, and though she kept no public house, she very cheerfully took us in, according to the universal custom of those wild countries."

Longing for the day when the name of McAdam, the father of the turnpike road, might be known in this

region, was expressed when the writer told of further experiences. "Off we set again, over roots and stumps, across creeks and swamps, alternately driving up and down the sides of gentle undulations in the ground which gave the name of a rolling country to immense tracts of land in that quarter of the world."

When the travelers came to the Yam Grandy Creek, they were afraid to ford the swollen stream. So they were glad to find "a footway across the creek, over a rustic bridge formed of felled trees, laid two and two sidewise, over the greater part of the width, which might be about a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards. These logs were supported here and there at the height of six or eight feet above the stream, by posts driven down into the ground. Unfortunately, at the very middle of this rickety gangway, one of the trees had been carried away, so that for eight or ten yards of the worst part of the passage there was only a single pole left to walk upon."

A Roadway in a Creek Bed

Across this dubious bridge the family crossed on foot. A heavy shower had made the logs slippery, but the passage was made in safety. Captain Hall went

first with his child in his arms, and Mrs. Hall and her maid followed. The women were frightened when they reached the place where one of the logs had been carried away, but the child shrieked with delight. Her movements made the crossing more difficult, but the whole family finally reached the shore in safety. The empty wagon was driven through the creek, the baggage having been put out on the bank. Soon only a few inches of the top of the railing showed, but the horse never entirely lost its footing. The carriage was driven across in the same way. The baggage was then carried over piece by piece on the shoulders of the men, and the journey was resumed.

On March 27 Macon was reached, after a serious time with a bad road on which the perch of the carriage was broken. While this was being repaired, Captain Hall took a look about the town, even then a prosperous looking place. "The woods were still growing in some of the streets, and the stumps were not yet grubbed up in others."

The journey through the region occupied by the Creek Indians was described in detail.

On April 3, 1828, the party arrived in Montgomery, Alabama, and next day embarked on a steamboat and proceeded down the Alabama River to Mobile. There they took passage to New Orleans. From New Orleans they started north again, up the Mississippi and the Ohio River, over the Allegheny Mountains, and back to Philadelphia and New York. On July 1 they sailed for home in the packet ship *Corinthian*, which landed

them "all well and hearty . . . after an absence from England of fifteen months and five days."

## 38. On the Santa Fé Trail from the Missouri River to Mexico

Early in the nineteenth century Santa Fé had a population of only four thousand; but it was a far better market for American goods than its size would indicate. Traders suffered many hardships and braved many dangers to take their wares to that promising commercial center.

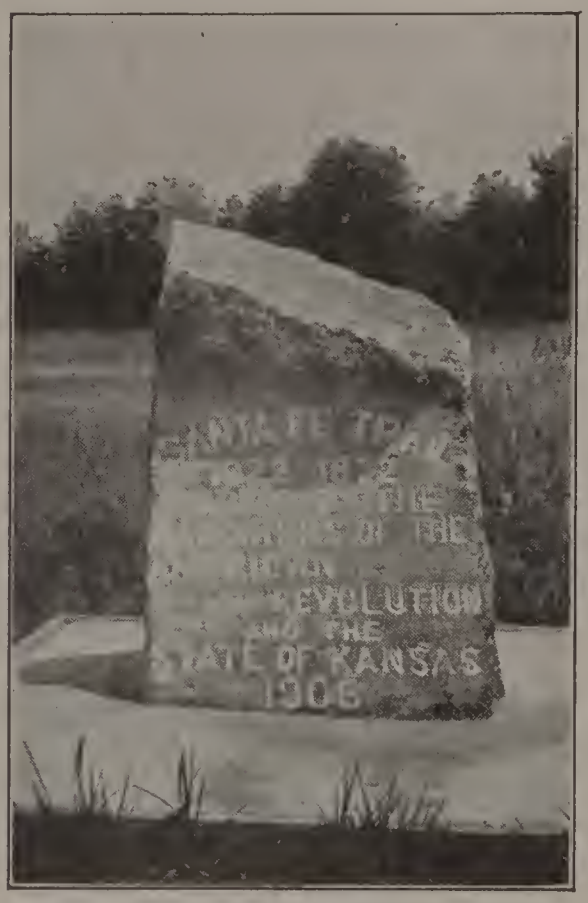
The trail which they followed across the plains led from the Missouri River straight to the mountains, and then south, by way of Taos, New Mexico, to Santa Fé. Later an easier route was followed, along the Arkansas River, to the point where the stream turned northwest. There the trail crossed the river, and went southwest.

In 1824 Thomas H. Benton asked Congress to make a road from St. Charles, Missouri, to Westport Landing, within the border of what is now Kansas City, then on to Santa Fé. The first stage of the road was the Brown's Lick Road from St. Charles to Franklin, which many of the early emigrants had taken, among them Daniel Boone. After leaving the Missouri River it crossed what is now Kansas.

Only pack mules were used for transportation on the Santa Fé Trail until 1824, when wagons were introduced. These wagons were made in Pittsburgh. The earlier vehicles were drawn by eight mules; later ones were larger and required ten or twelve mules or oxen.

At first the Indians paid little attention to the trading caravans, but when the traders began to interfere with them, the Indians commenced to attack the wagons, seize the goods, and kill the men.

Early in September, 1828, a caravan of twenty-one men, one hundred mules and horses, and four wagons, carrying a large amount of silver coin, set out from Santa Fé upon the homeward journey. At the close of the day, when the weary traders were about to find a place to spend the night, they came upon a large camp of Comanches. The chief welcomed them and promised to care for them well. But the white men were not deceived; they hurried through the camp with all possible speed. As they had suspected, the Indians started in pursuit; and one of the escaping traders was killed.



MARKER ON THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL

That night the traders corralled their wagons, and from behind this shelter withstood the charges of the Indians. Next day they made but five miles, fighting their way along. Thus, for four days, they struggled on. At last one night the Indians stampeded the animals, and every one of them was lost.

So the wagons were abandoned. Taking as much of the silver as they could carry, the men stole from camp. For two days and nights they hurried on. When they became weak for lack of food, they buried the silver on a small island in the Arkansas River. Fortunately they shot a buffalo and an antelope, so their hunger was appeased at last.

A few days later they found the trail, from which they had strayed. Five of the strongest went ahead to seek aid at Independence, Missouri, two hundred miles away. When at last they reached their destination, they were half-naked, their feet were cut and bleeding, and they were so wasted from starvation that they looked more like skeletons than living men. Rescuers immediately started out in search of the rest of the party, who were brought back in safety to Independence.

In the spring these intrepid men set forth once more. This time they were accompanied by four companies of United States soldiers, who were under orders to escort traders and their caravans to the boundary line between the United States and Mexico. They retraced their steps until they found the spot where they had buried the silver. It was safe!

Names of many famous scouts are interwoven with the tales of adventure on the Santa Fé Trail. Most familiar and beloved of all is that of Christopher Carson — "Kit" Carson, as he was affectionately called. From the time he made his first trip across the plains, at the age of seventeen, he was renowned for his coolness, bravery, and good marksmanship. He knew

the Indians well and understood their language. In time of peace he visited their lodges; but under attack he was their deadly foe. His home for many years was in Taos, New Mexico, and there he is buried.

After the close of the war with Mexico, traffic, which had been interrupted for several years, began once more. Soon thousands of wagons made the trip annually. Each wagon could carry from five to six thousand pounds. As freight to Santa Fé was ten dollars per hundred pounds, the profits were large. The trip required from eighty to ninety days.

In 1832 the start was made from Franklin, Missouri; and then from Independence. After the war with Mexico, Westport (Kansas City) became popular as a starting-point with many of the traders.

Traders were not the only travelers upon the trail. Emigrants by hundreds and thousands used the route, or a portion of it. During the gold rush a great tide of pioneers swept over the Santa Fé Trail toward California.

In 1849 the first overland mail left Independence. The journey required two weeks, and the fare was $250. An old newspaper gave the following description of the stage coaches:

"The stages are got up in elegant style, and are each arranged to convey eight passengers. The bodies are beautifully painted and made water-tight, with a view to using them as boats in ferrying streams. The team consists of six mules to each coach. The mail is guarded by eight men armed as follows: Each man has at his side, fastened in the stage, one of Colt's revolving

rifles; in a holster below, one of Colt's long revolvers, and in his belt a small Colt's revolver, besides a hunting-knife; so that these eight men are ready, in case of attack, to discharge one hundred and thirty-six shots without having to reload. . . . We have no fears for the safety of the mails."

Such was the adventurous life upon the Old Santa Fé Trail. Today, when travelers speed through the mountains in the luxurious Pullmans of the California Limited over the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, how many of them think of the struggles and dangers of those hardy wayfarers of long ago!

## 39. From Nauvoo, Illinois, to Great Salt Lake, Utah

Among the stories of the pioneers who forced their way across the plains and the mountains, is that of the Mormon migration from their city, Nauvoo, on the Mississippi River, in Illinois, to their new home in Utah. Although a part of the vast movement of the population from the East to the West, it has a place of its own among the marvelous records of United States history.

The Mormons had become so unpopular in Illinois that during the latter part of 1845 it became plain to the leaders in the church that they must remove their people to some place where they could live unmolested.

On November 1, therefore, their president, Brigham Young, wrote a letter to the people of Nauvoo in which he said:

"Dispose of your properties and inheritances and

interests, for available means, such as money, wagons, oxen, cows, mules, and a few good horses adapted to journeying and scanty food; also for desirable fabrics suitable for apparel and tents. . . . Let all wagons that are hereafter built be constructed to the track of five feet width from center to center."

In January, 1846, another letter told of the purpose to send out into the western country, some time during March, "a company of pioneers, consisting mostly of young, hardy men, with some families." These were to take with them a printing press, farming utensils, mill iron and bolting cloth, seeds and grain. This party was to put in a spring crop, build houses, and make other preparations for the reception of the thousands who would start when grass should be sufficiently green to sustain the teams and the stock.

These pioneers were instructed to proceed west until they found a good place to make a crop "in some good valley in the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains, where they will infringe upon no one, and be not likely to be infringed upon. Here we will make a resting-place, until we can determine a place for a permanent location."

In February, 1846, the first wagons crossed the Mississippi River on the ice. The cold was intense, and heavy storms beat upon the travelers. They suffered from lack of food and shelter, and disease broke out almost at once among them. But on they pushed, making the camps they established along the way as comfortable as they could for those who came after.

Party after party crossed the river in the weeks that followed, all moving steadily toward the unknown West. Through the freezing winter they longed for spring. But, alas! spring brought only new misery from rain and slush and mud. Summer came and went, and it was September before the last party of Mormons had crossed the river and started on their way.

Two thousand people in all made the difficult journey to the Missouri River. There, near Florence, Nebraska, a great camp, called Winter Quarters, was established. In January, 1847, Brigham Young wrote:

"We have upward of seven hundred houses in our miniature city, composed mostly of logs in the body, covered with puncheon, straw, and dirt, which are warm and wholesome; a few are composed of turf, willows, straw, etc., which are comfortable this winter, but will not endure the thaws, rain, and sunshine of spring."

But in spite of this alleged comfort, malaria broke out among the people, and several hundred of them died.

During the winter of 1846–1847 preparations were made to go forward once more to seek a permanent dwelling-place beyond the Rocky Mountains. In the spring of 1847 an advance party of 143 men and boys, 3 women, and 2 children under the leadership of Brigham Young, set out from Winter Quarters. The party had with them 72 wagons, 93 horses, 52 mules, 66 oxen, 19 cows, 17 dogs, and chickens.

The plan adopted for the march, as related by William Clayton, the official historian of the movement,

was to organize into parties of tens, fifties, and hundreds, to baffle the Sioux, Crow, and Shoshone Indians. A captain was over each division, but the two captains of hundreds had the supervision of the smaller bands. A strict discipline of guard and march was observed. Parties were directed to scout the vicinity of the road, and report on springs, timber, grass, and other objects of interest.

From ten to fifteen miles a day was the usual progress made. Sometimes a stream had to be forded; sometimes there was a primitive ferry; but often a rough bridge had to be built. Thus the parties passed over the Loup, the Elkhorn, and the Platte before they left the plains, and were able to conquer the swollen Bear and the rushing Weber when they reached the mountains.

One historian tells how the spirits of almost all the great caravan were kept up in spite of privation. They laughed at little accidents, they joked at disasters, and all within reach lent eager hands to mend a broken wheel or right an upset wagon. At the halting places spinning wheels would be taken down and yarn spun to keep the knitting needles going when riding during the day. At some places land was broken up and planted with seed, and a party or two left to raise a crop for those who were to follow in the fall. Cows were milked morning and evening, and cream was churned to butter by the jolting of the wagons.

At last, after months of toil, the pioneers had their first glimpse, from the summit of a mountain sixteen

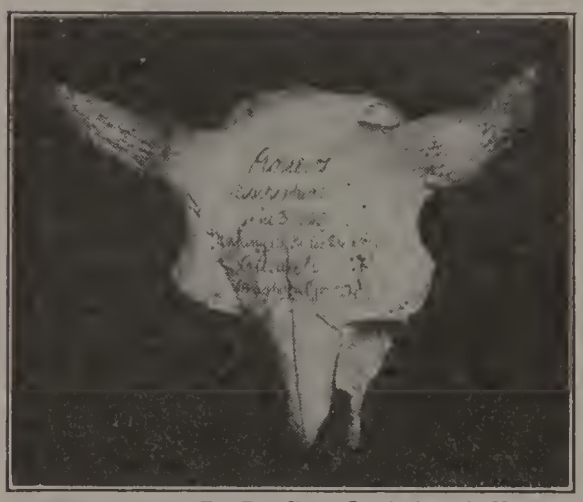
© *Ewing Galloway*

A Halt by the Way

miles distant, of the valley which was to become their home.

On July 21 this first party reached the shores of Great Salt Lake, and there they laid the foundations for a state which, at first, was called Des-er-et, "the Land of the Honey-Bee."

Two other advance parties joined the pioneers at Great Salt Lake, so that there were 450 people in all. Seed was planted, that there might be growing crops for those who should come in the later parties. The soil was dry, and there was little rain, but almost at once the first of the irrigating ditches was dug. This was the beginning of the great irrigation works which have transformed so much of what was once known as the Great American Desert.



*By De Cou, © Ewing Galloway*

BUFFALO SKULL BEARING MESSAGE FROM BRIGHAM YOUNG

The message reads, "Pioneers camped here June 3d, 1847, making 15 miles today. All well. Brigham Young."

Waiting only long enough for the horses, oxen, and mules to get needed rest, Brigham Young led back seventy-four men and thirty-three wagons toward Winter Quarters, William Clayton being of the party. Soon they met mounted men who told them of nine companies between them and the Platte River, with 566 wagons and 5000 head of stock.

After many adventures the party reached Winter Quarters, the journey requiring nine weeks and three days. The distance was 1032 miles. All the way Clayton made such careful observations that he was able to make a complete traveler's guide from Winter Quarters to the Great Salt Lake. This proved of great help to those who were yet to make the trip.

As time passed, difficulties were overcome one by one, the broad streets of the new city were lined with houses, and the lands along the Jordan were cultivated. By the end of 1848 there were four thousand people in the neighborhood of Great Salt Lake.

Less than a year after the settlement, a plague of Rocky Mountain crickets threatened to destroy the growing crops that made the valley begin to look inhabited. There seemed to be no means of relief, when suddenly a great flock of gulls swooped down from the sky and devoured the crickets. To this day the gull is looked upon with veneration in Utah.

One of the three women of the first party, as she looked on the valley, said, "Weak as I am, I would rather go a thousand miles farther than stop in this forsaken place." James Bridger, the frontiersman who is said to have been the discoverer of Great Salt Lake, laughed at Brigham Young for his choice of a country for his people. He said he would give a thousand dollars for the first ear of corn raised there. But the faith of Brigham Young was justified; the region has been made so gloriously productive that it is one of the marvels of the West.

## 40. With John C. Frémont on the Road to California

Between 1842 and 1854 John C. Frémont led five exploring expeditions into the West.

The first was from Chouteau's Landing, near the site of Kansas City. The party crossed Nebraska, passing Scotts Bluff and Chimney Rock, climbed the mountain 13,570 feet high, since known as Frémont's Peak, and then returned to St. Louis.

The second expedition pushed to Fort Vancouver, now Vancouver, Washington, and thence down into California.

The third expedition went to California also, but by way of Great Salt Lake, which was explored while the country beyond was mapped.

The first three expeditions had been undertaken for the Government. The fourth was a private venture, for the purpose of finding passes suitable for a railroad. In 1848, with thirty-two men and one hundred mules, Frémont went to the Rocky Mountains, following the route now taken by the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad. In November the party started to cross the mountains by a new route. Their guide proved incompetent; the entire company suffered greatly, and many lost their lives from exposure.

One of the survivors left a graphic record of his experiences during the long period of hardship. This narrative gives a good idea of what was endured by some of the explorers and emigrants in the days when the West was still unknown country:

On the Bear Creek Trail, Colorado

It was over trails similar to this that Frémont's party made their way.

"We entered the mountains on foot, packing our saddle-mules with corn to sustain the animals. We traveled on, laboring through the deep snow on the rugged mountain range. . . . The cold was intense, and storms frequently compelled us to lie in camp, from the impossibility of facing the mules against them. A number of the men were frozen; the animals became exhausted from the inclemency of the weather and want of food, what little grass there was being all buried in the snow. As we proceeded, matters grew worse and worse. The mules gave out one by one and dropped down in the trail, and their packs were placed upon the saddle-mules. The cold became more and more intense, so many degrees below zero that the mercury sank entirely into the bulb. The breath would freeze upon the men's faces, and the lips became so stiff that it was almost impossible to speak; the long beard and hair stood out white and stiff with the frost.

"The aspect of the mules was as bad as that of the men; their eyelashes and the long beard about their mouths were frozen stiff, and their breath settled upon their breasts and sides until they were perfectly white with frost. The snow, too, would clog under their hoofs until it formed a ball six inches long, making them appear as though they were walking on stilts."

The story goes on to tell of hunger that was appeased only when a few deer were killed; of nights spent wrapped in blankets in the midst of driving snow, for the tents could not be set up; of half-starved mules,

feeding on a pint of corn twice a day and of their breaking loose at night, hurrying off in a blind search for food; of the necessity of rising in the night, lifting half a foot of snow with the blankets, in order to pursue the runaways; of treacherous mountain trails, where the mules tumbled down into the abyss; of boggy streams where the men floundered amid floating ice and freezing water.

Difficulties increased. Every night some of the mules would freeze, and every day many would lie down exhausted, never to rise again. Once it was thought that grass was seen miles ahead, but when the spot was reached, what appeared to be grass proved the tops of bushes six feet high, showing above the snow.

Finally it was impossible to make more than half a mile a day. The temperature was 20° below zero, and the snow was from four to thirty feet deep. When the camp fires were built, deep pits were formed by the melting of the snow, so that the groups which gathered about them were hidden from one another. In these holes the men slept, covered by their blankets; in the morning they threw off the drifted snow and began a new day of misery.

After remaining in this sort of camp five days, unable to make any further progress, Frémont decided that it would be better to return to the Rio Grande, in the hope that game might be found there. Accordingly, on December 22, the party began to descend from the 11,000 foot level. On Christmas Day Frémont ordered four of the men to proceed as rapidly as possible down

the Rio del Norte, to Albuquerque, to bring back relief.

After terrible hardships, the main body of the expedition reached the Rio Grande, only to find that the game had disappeared. The relief party being now long overdue, Frémont determined to find out what had become of them. With four companions and with scant provision, he set off for the nearest settlement. He left orders for the men to finish getting the baggage to the river, and then to start on their way toward civilization, with the hope that they would meet the relief party.

Two days after Frémont's departure the provisions were gone. The men therefore decided to start at once on their way down the river. Stumbling with weakness, blind from the glare of the snow, freezing and starving, they toiled painfully onward. For a while they managed to keep alive by eating candles. When these were gone, the party broke up into small groups. Each group went its own way, in search of food and safety.

The terrible days wore on. But the relief party came at last. They, too, had suffered greatly before Frémont came upon them, assisted them to a settlement, and started them with mules and provisions back into the mountains to the rescue of their unhappy companions.

For many of the men of Frémont's ill-fated expedition, however, relief came too late. Eleven men laid down their lives amid the pitiless snows of the Rocky Mountains.

The rest were rescued and were conducted to Taos, New Mexico. From Taos the way into Southern California was tolerably easy, and the expedition arrived in Sacramento in the spring of 1849.

Late in the year 1853, still searching for a route to the Pacific, Frémont organized a party of twenty-two men and returned to the place where the guide had led him astray. This time he was successful in finding passes through the mountains and arrived in San Francisco in the spring of 1854.

## 41. Crossing the Plains in 1839

Until the days of railroads most of the emigrants to the West traveled by wagon or on horseback. During nearly a century before the completion of the first transcontinental railroad, trains of emigrant wagons could be seen making their slow way along the Wilderness Road to Kentucky, the National Road to the Ohio River and the West, the Genesee Road to Buffalo, various pioneer routes across Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, or — west of the Mississippi — along the Santa Fé Trail, the California Trail, or the Oregon Trail.

Dr. F. A. Wislizenus, who made the journey in 1839 with a caravan of fur traders and emigrants from the Missouri River to the Columbia River, left an account of his experiences. This diary has been published by the Missouri Historical Society.

In one of the most interesting chapters in the diary, Dr. Wislizenus wrote of the beginning of the journey and the organization of the caravan. "I went up the

Missouri on the steamboat *St. Peters* to Chouteau's Landing," he wrote. "Our trip lasted six days, because the water was at a very low stage.

"The border village, West Port [Kansas City, Missouri], is six miles distant from Chouteau's Landing. There I intended to await the departure of this year's annual caravan. The village has perhaps thirty or forty houses, and is only a mile from the western border

*From an early drawing*

TRAVELING BY PACK-TRAIN

of the state of Missouri. It is the usual rendezvous for travelers to the Rocky Mountains, as is Independence, twelve miles distant, for those journeying to Santa Fé.

"I bought a horse and a mule, the former to ride, the latter for my baggage; and made other preparations for my journey.

"On May 4th the different parties who were to join the expedition met for their first night camp at Sapling Grove, about eight miles from West Port.

"My first day's journey began under evil auspices, for I had not yet learned to pack my mule. . . . My baggage weighed from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, quite an ordinary load for a mule; but I had not divided the burden properly, so that I had to repack repeatedly on the road. It was well toward evening when I reached the camp, where the others already had arrived.

"Our caravan was small. It consisted of only twenty-seven persons. Nine of them were in the service of the Fur Company of St. Louis — Chouteau, Pratte and Company — and were to bring the merchandise to the yearly rendezvous on the Green River. Their leader was Mr. Harris, a mountaineer without special education, but with five sound senses that he well knew how to use. All the rest joined the expedition as individuals. Among them were three missionaries, two of them accompanied by their wives, whom a Christian zeal for converting the heathen urged to the Columbia. Some others spoke of a permanent settlement on the Columbia; again, others intended to go to California, and so on. Almost all, however, were actuated by some commercial motive. The majority of the party were Americans; the rest consisted of French Canadians, a few Germans, and a Dane.

"The Fur Company transported its goods on two-wheeled carts, of which there were four, each drawn by two mules, and loaded with eight hundred to nine hundred pounds. The rest put their packs on mules or horses, of which there were from fifty to sixty in the caravan.

"Our first camp, Sapling Grove, was in a little hickory wood, with fresh spring water. Our animals we turned loose to graze in the vicinity. To prevent them from straying far, either the two forefeet, or the forefoot and hindfoot of one side are bound together with so-called 'hobbles.' In order that they may easily be caught, they drag a long rope of buffalo leather. At night stakes are driven into the earth at some distance from one another, and the animals are fastened to them by ropes.

"After we had attended to our animals, and had eaten supper, we sprawled around a fire and whiled away the evening with chattering; . . . then wrapped ourselves in our woolen blankets — the only bed one takes with one — and slept for the first time under our little tents, of which we had seven.

"At dawn, the leader rouses the camp with an inharmonious: 'Get up! Get up! Get up!' Everyone rises. The first care is for the animals. They are loosed from the pickets and allowed an hour for grazing. Meanwhile we prepare our breakfast, strike our tents, and prepare for the start. The animals are driven in again, packed and saddled.

"We move off in a body. We proceed at a moderate pace, in front the leader with his carts, behind him in line long drawn out the mingled riders and pack animals. In the early days of the journey we are apt to lead the pack animals by rope; later on, we leave them free, and drive them before us.

"At first, packing causes novices much trouble on the

way. Here the towering pack leans to one side; there it topples under the animal's belly. At one time the beast stands stock still with its swaying load; at another it rushes madly off, kicking out till it is free of its burden. But pauseless, like an army over its fallen, the train moves on. . . .

"Toward noon a rest of an hour or two is made, if a suitable camp can be found, the chief requisites being fresh water, good grass, and sufficient wood. We unload the beasts to let them graze and prepare a midday meal. Then we start off again and march on till toward sunset. . . .

"In this way twenty to twenty-five miles are covered daily."

### 42. Preparing for the Overland Journey

In the days before the construction of the first transcontinental railroad, thousands of pioneers crossed the plains each year in search of homes on the Pacific Coast. This was a tremendous journey, and its various problems had grave discussion for many months beforehand. Other venturesome travelers who had made the trip were consulted; and, if it was possible to find a reliable guidebook, this was studied with great care.

A volume that proved serviceable to many was the *Miners' and Travelers' Guide to Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado*, prepared by Captain John Mullan. The author had been superintendent of the Northern Overland Wagon Road, so he was well fitted for the preparation of the volume on which so much depended.

Captain Mullan advised against the sea route by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and in favor of an overland route where the land transit would be as short as possible. These conditions, he pointed out, could be satisfied by ascending the Missouri River to the highest point practicable for steamers, thence crossing to the navigable waters of the Columbia. By this route the land carriage would be but 624 miles.

At first there was but one regular steamer each year up the Missouri from St. Louis to the head of navigation in the neighborhood of Fort Benton, now Great Falls, Montana. This vessel was supposed to sail sometime between March 4 and May 1, in season to meet the spring rise in the river before encountering the worst of the shoals and bars which have always been such a hindrance to the navigation of the Missouri.

For the information of those who decided to take the river route, several paragraphs of hints for the journey were given. These make interesting reading in a day that is so far removed from the primitive conditions encountered on this westward journey.

"For persons who desire to leave St. Louis in the spring on steamer for Fort Benton, where the passage is from $100 to $200, and freight from ten cents to twelve cents per pound, and who desire to make the land transit by wagon, I would advise that they provide themselves with a light spring covered wagon in St. Louis, also two or four sets of strong harness, and transport them to Fort Benton, where they can procure their animals — mules or horses. The former can be

*From an old drawing*

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, IN EARLY DAYS

It was in St. Louis that many overland parties procured the necessary teams and equipment for the journey.

had from $100 to $150, the latter from $50 to $75; oxen, from $100 to $125 per yoke.

"Let them provide themselves with a small kit of good strong tin or plated iron mess furniture; kettles to fit one in the other, tin plates and cups, and strong knives and forks; purchase their own supplies in St. Louis; brown sugar, coffee or tea, bacon, flour, salt, beans, sardines, and a few jars of pickles and preserved fruits will constitute a perfect outfit in this department. I have found that for ten men for fifty days, the following is none too much on a trip of this kind: 625 pounds of flour, 50 pounds of coffee, 75 pounds of sugar, 2 bushels of beans, 1 bushel of salt, 625 pounds of bacon sides, 2 gallons of vinegar, 20 pounds of dried apples, 3 dozen of yeast powders, and by all means take two strong covered ovens (Dutch ovens). These amounts can be increased or diminished in proportion to the number of men and number of days.

"If your wagon tires become loose on the road, calk them with old gunny sacks, or in lieu thereof, with any other sacking; also, soak the wheels well in water whenever an opportunity occurs. In loading the wagons, an allowance of four hundred pounds to the animal will be found sufficient for a long journey.

"If the intention is to travel with a pack train, take the cross-tree packsaddle, with crupper and breeching, and broad, thick pads. Use lash-rope, with canvas or leather belly bands. Have a double blanket under each saddle. Balance the load equally on the two sides of the animal — the whole not to exceed two

hundred pounds. Have a canvas cover for each pack. A mule-blind may be found useful in packing. Each pack animal should have a hackamore, and every animal (packing and riding) a picket-rope, from thirty-five to forty feet long and one inch in diameter. . . . Every article to be used in crossing the plains should be of the best manufacture and the strongest material. This will, in the end, prove true economy. Animals should be shod on the forefeet at least.

"Starting at dawn and camping not later than 2 P.M., I have always found the best plan in marching. Animals should not go out of a walk or a slow trot, and after being unloaded in camp they should always be allowed to stand with their saddles on and girths loose, for at least fifteen minutes, as the sudden exposure of their warm backs to the air tends to scald them. They should be regularly watered, morning, noon, and night. Never maltreat them, but govern them as you would a woman, with kindness, affection, and caresses, and you will be repaid by their docility and easy management.

"If you travel with a wagon, provide yourself with a jackscrew, extra tongue, and coupling pole; also, axle-grease, a hatchet and nails, auger, rope, twine, and one or two extra whippletrees, as well as such other articles as in your own judgment may be deemed necessary. A light canvas tent, with poles that fold in the middle by a hinge, I have always found most convenient. Tables and chairs can be dispensed with, but if deemed absolutely necessary, the old army camp stool, and a table with lid that removes and legs that

fold under, I have found to best subserve all camp requisites. Never take anything not absolutely necessary. This is a rule of all experienced voyageurs."

The distance from Fort Benton to Walla Walla, 624 miles, would require forty-seven days, prospective emigrants were told. An itinerary was laid out in the book, showing in outline just what might be expected on each day of the journey.

The military road between these two river points had been prepared with great care. The author of the guidebook, who had been in charge of the work of road-building, says:

"In this line of 624 miles of road we cut through 120 miles of dense forest a width of 30 feet; 150 miles through open pines, and 30 miles of excavation in earth and rock, occupying a period of five years, and at a cost of $230,000."

In some places grass was plentiful, but there were many places where none grew. So the road-builder sent to St. Louis for twenty-four bushels of blue grass seed and twelve bushels of clover seed, which he sowed "broadcast over the ground, and through the woods, and over the prairie, at such points as were likely to be selected as camping-grounds."

## 43. Pioneer Transportation in Minnesota

In the early days of Minnesota one of the activities of the people was the transporting of goods from the Mississippi River northwest to the Hudson's Bay Company post at Fort Garry, near where Winnipeg is today.

At first these shipments were made, in winter, by dog trains which crossed swiftly the 522 miles between St. Paul and Fort Garry. In summer the transportation was by means of the curious Red River cart — a two-wheeled monster, usually driven by a half-breed

A Red River Cart Train

and drawn by a single ox. The wheels, immense affairs, cut from a tree and without tires, had a tread of three or four inches, that the difficulty of traversing the roadless wilderness might be made as small as possible. Frequently the track led through soft ground, on the shores of some of the ten thousand lakes of Minnesota, or even

across swampy ground where grew the wild rice which the Indians gathered every fall. They paddled their canoes amid the tall rice stalks, which they bent over the craft, and flailed the grains within. Many of the pioneers who ate this wild rice said it was equal in flavor to the cultivated rice of the South.

The carts went in trains. Those who witnessed their slow progress spoke of them as one of the most picturesque features of prairie life in the Northwest.

But something better was desired for summer. Why not have water transportation from St. Paul to Fort Garry? A study of the map will indicate that this might be found comparatively easy; all that seems to be necessary is to pass down the Mississippi to the mouth of the Minnesota, up that river to its source, then through two lakes to Red River, and so triumphantly down to Fort Garry. But the problem was not to be solved so easily. An attempt was made to take a stern-wheel steamer by this route, but it could not reach Big Stone Lake, and the plan was abandoned.

So St. Paul business men offered $2000 premium to the man who would build and operate a steamer on Red River. This narrow, sluggish stream flows through the old bed of what scientists call Lake Agassiz, a prehistoric body of water that covered more ground than all the Great Lakes combined. The lake has disappeared, but Red River and many of the lakes of Minnesota are in its bed. The plan was to transport goods across the state to the Red River and down its course the final three hundred miles to Fort Garry.

A steamboat owner who had taken a vessel up the Mississippi thought he would win the bonus. Laboriously he took the engine and fittings of his boat one hundred and seventy miles across the roadless wilderness. There trees were cut on the banks of the river, and a makeshift boat was soon ready. In triumph he proceeded to descend to Fort Garry. But there were difficulties. Bowlders were many in the stream; some of them were put out of the way by pushing them aside into holes in the bed of the stream. Once it proved impossible to pass over a stretch of rapids. A temporary dam was cleverly built of trees and willow branches, and the steamer floated triumphantly on its way.

But a brief experience was enough for the ingenious man. He soon abandoned the steamer and returned with his crew to St. Paul. On the way he met a caravan of road-builders who were cutting a rough path across the state for the passage of settlers and Hudson's Bay produce. Undaunted, they continued their journey to St. Paul, where they built boats and floated downstream.

Today the Red River Valley, fertile because of the soil left by departing Lake Agassiz, is known as "the world's bread-basket," by reason of its great crop of wheat.

# CHAPTER VI

## IN THE GROWING WEST

### 44. A Pioneer Boyhood in Indiana

It was in 1820. Over the trackless hills and through primeval forests a father and mother and four children made the toilsome journey to the Wabash Valley, in what is now Indiana. There they established their home on a fertile bit of ground in a dense and unbroken forest between two creeks.

In these creeks one of the boys soon found the pleasure of fishing and swimming — that is, in the intervals between the hard, continuous tasks of the frontier, in which even the children had to share.

This part of the country was not settled until after some portions of Tennessee and Kentucky, for the land titles of the Indians were not given up so soon in the section north of the Ohio River. But when it became safe to make the journey, many hardy pioneers turned their steps that way.

What a wonderful story the tale of their experiences would make! Fortunately some records have been kept by those who threaded the wilderness, finding the right way in a manner they could not explain, fording streams of which no one could tell them anything, choosing sites for homes where the trees shaded the

valleys. Few of them had the time to write, and some of those who might have written did not think their experiences worth recording. In that day pioneer stories were as ordinary as the tales of soldiers after a war.

The oldest boy in the pioneer family that went to the Wabash Valley was much interested in the process of making the first rough shelter for the family. He watched his father as he felled a great poplar or tulip tree, five or six feet in diameter. This tree served as the back of the temporary camp. Two forked sapling poles were inserted in the ground at short distances from the fallen tree, a beam was placed on the forked poles, and smaller poles were laid from this beam to the trunk of the tree. A covering was then made of bark peeled from trees standing near, cut several feet in length, in lines or courses, overlapping like shingles, which formed an excellent roof, impervious to the most copious showers of rain. The sides were partly inclosed with bed-clothing. This crude dwelling served as kitchen, parlor, dining-room, and sleeping-rooms for the entire family.

If a boy of today should see such a rude shelter, he would feel sure it was made for the temporary abiding-place of some hunter or camper, out for a good time in the forest. But those who used this camp were not thinking of a good time; theirs was the serious purpose of conquering the wilderness.

The family in the woods found that this first hut would answer for the days of summer, but they realized

that before the weather broke in the fall they must have something more substantial. So the father, as soon as he could find the time, cut great house logs from the forest and hewed out rafters, joists, and flooring puncheons. When these were ready, six neighbors were called in — for by this time others lived within the few miles that made them neighbors in that day of

A Pioneer's Log Cabin

sparse population. For one day they put aside their own tasks and went to the help of the cabin-builder. By night the cabin was raised, all its heavy timbers being in place.

The father was then able to complete his home. He had no tools but his ax, an auger, and two saws. There were no nails, no screws, and no metal of any kind. But when the doorway had been cut; when greased paper had been put in the window opening; when the chinks between the logs had been filled; when the fire-

place and chimney had been built; when the rude stairway to the loft was in place, by means of which the boys could climb up to bed — then the cabin was ready for its eager occupants.

When many new neighbors had come in, and the county seat was a settlement of some size, the boy of the family was sent there to buy supplies. While in town he went into a drug store, where he saw on the shelves what seemed to him an amazing number of books. These, he was told, composed the public library of the county. For an hour he turned over the volumes, and when he left, he triumphantly took with him Hume's *History of England*, which he was to be allowed to keep for one month of delight. He also bought a copy of Olney's *Geography and Atlas*, a book on chemistry, another on mechanics, a book of *Natural Magic*, and a copy of *Walker's Dictionary*. He soon found that he did not care for the book on magic, but the other books opened to him a new world. It was his custom to read a few minutes before breakfast and at dinner time, and to stretch out in the light of the open fireplace in the evening. In order to make a blazing fire for his purpose he would gather dry hickory bark and splinters.

When he was seventeen years old, a teacher from Kentucky came to the district school. From this man he secured so much help that in a year he was able to become a teacher himself. His salary as teacher was twenty-five dollars a month, and he had to pay seventy-five cents a week for board.

Training like this made the pioneer boy strong in mind and body, ready to work, and full of ambition. Thus were all Indiana boys of that time taught by stern discipline to overcome difficulties. Out of the wilderness has grown a prosperous, thriving state; and many of Indiana's sons are today among the leaders of our country.

## 45. An Adventure in the Yellowstone Country in Montana

The first white man to look on the territory now included in Yellowstone National Park was John Colter, for whom Colter Peak in the Park is named.

Colter was a member of the Lewis and Clark exploring expedition to the Northwest. On the return journey in 1806, when the party was resting, he asked leave to remain in the mountains to trap bears.

His request was granted. But before many months a company of fur traders came his way and engaged him as guide. They established a fort at the mouth of the Big Horn River, and made Colter their agent to persuade the Indians to bring in furs for exchange.

In the course of his many trips, this trapper-explorer made important discoveries, which Lewis and Clark later recorded on their map of the new country.

Colter had one of his most thrilling adventures in the company of a man named Potts, who probably had also been a member of the Lewis and Clark company.

The two men were paddling up the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri, just above its junction with the Madison,

© Haynes, St. Paul

On the Cody Road near Yellowstone National Park

when they were startled by a noise like the tramping of many buffaloes. To their dismay they soon saw several hundred Indians on the bank. As they looked, the chief beckoned them to come ashore. They had no choice but to obey.

As soon as they landed, Colter's gun was seized by an Indian. Potts tried to pole the boat back into the stream, but he fell, shot by the savage. Colter's clothes were taken from him, and he was told that he might run for his life. Fortunately he could run rapidly, so he was not discouraged.

He was given one hundred yards' start, and he moved swiftly, hoping to be able to cross the five miles of prairie that separated the Jefferson and Madison Rivers. The Indians gave chase. To their surprise he drew away from them.

The historian who tells the story of the exciting race says :

"By the time he was halfway across the plain, however, he began to feel the effects of his terrible exertion. His breath was almost gone, his strength was failing, and splashes of blood blew out from his mouth and nostrils. He paused and looked around, and to his dismay he saw that one solitary Indian was close upon him. Compelled to pause for breath, he called to the Indian . . . and begged for his life. The Indian . . . replied by seizing in both hands the spear he was carrying and making a desperate lunge at Colter. Colter seized the spear shaft near the head, and the Indian, himself nearly exhausted, tripped and fell at the same

instant. The iron spearhead broke off in Colter's hands and he instantly fell upon the prostrate Indian, who now in turn begged Colter . . . to spare his life. Colter was no more accommodating than his foe had been. Stabbing the Indian to death, he took the spearhead and resumed his flight, feeling, as he said, 'as if he had not run a mile.' "

By this time the pursuing Indians had come up. Enraged because of the death of one of their number, they tried to lay hands on the fleeing man, but he managed to reach the fringe of willows on the banks of the Madison. Rushing through this fringe, he found a beaver house on the bank. This, of course, had its entrance under water. He dived into the stream, and was able to find the opening; soon he was in the upper story of the beavers' house.

The Indians wondered what had become of him. He could hear them climbing over the beaver house. "It was a terrible moment. Would they suspect where he was? Would they smash the house in? Would they set it on fire? Fortunately they did none of these things. It evidently never occurred to the Indians that Colter had turned beaver, and so after a while they scattered for further search. Colter stuck snugly to his hiding place, and very wisely so, for in about two hours he heard the Indians again. Again they withdrew and Colter heard nothing more of them. He remained under cover until dark when, beaver-like, he ventured forth. . . . Swimming ashore, he paused to get his bearings, saw the low mountain pass far to the

eastward where his only hope lay, and started off in that direction."

Though without food or shelter for eleven days, he managed to push on to the valley of the Yellowstone, and down the river to a mountain fort, and safety.

## 46. On the Columbia River in Washington and Oregon

After a wild beginning in Western Canada, the Columbia River sweeps down through Washington, and finally for many miles forms the boundary between that state and Oregon.

Most of its course within the United States became familiar to Lewis and Clark and their pioneering successors as they fought their way past rock obstruction, over rapids, around falls, and on toward the Pacific.

Fortunately most of the beautiful river is readily reached by the traveler of the present day, so that its charms can become familiar. More than twenty-one hundred miles of the course of the river and of streams that empty into it are navigable waters. But the most accessible portion of the stream is from the mouth of the Hood River in Oregon, to Portland and the ocean. Along this part of its course is the great gorge which has been fashioned by the Columbia during countless ages; for the river has cut its way through the great Cascade Range.

From the time of the first discovery of the Columbia to the stirring days of the traders and trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company, and of the emigrants who

VISTA HOUSE, CROWN POINT, COLUMBIA RIVER HIGHWAY, OREGON

made their way down its valley toward the sea, there have been recorded tales of amazement at the wonders of the river scenery. The building of the railroads, first along the south bank, then along the north bank, made it possible for thousands to enjoy these wonders. But not until the completion of the Columbia River Highway did it become easy to see the river and its noble surroundings in the best possible manner.

For seventy miles from Hood River, the journey west is a bewildering succession of vistas of river and mountains, from long stretches of perfect road; from the apertures of a tunnel through a massive cliff, where parapets have been built from the precipice; from lofty Crown Point, approached by one of the finest bits of road on the continent.

Near the summit of Crown Point the balconies of Vista House and the parapet before it afford a view up and down the broad river for seventy miles — a view of cliff and island, of graceful bends and long sweeps between, of glittering cascades and more quiet water, of green mountain slopes and great precipices. The changing lights of morning, noon, and night give infinite variety to the stately scene, but the prospect is best at sunset, when the long and varied stretch of water becomes golden glory, when green mountain and nestling island, rocky precipice and uplifted pinnacle are painted as no artist would dare to paint them.

There are precipices along the river that do not need to wait for the coloring of the sunset. Prominent among them are the Red Bluffs, a portion of the sup-

port for the northern end of the mythical Bridge of the Gods, which, according to Indian tradition, was five miles in length and spanned the river at a great height.

According to the wonder tales of the primitive inhabitants of the Columbia Valley, the bridge was built by Sahali, the Great Spirit, who separated the Klickitats of the north from the Multnomahs of the west by raising between them the Cascade Range. Through the mountains flowed the Columbia, and across the river was thrown the great bridge. On the bridge was stationed Lorswit, guardian of the sacred fire, the only fire in the world, from which the Indians of all tribes received brands.

Among the Indian chiefs who fell in love with the beautiful guardian were Klickitat from the north and Wiyeast from the west. These rivals went to war and ravaged the land. In anger, Sahali broke down the bridge and killed Lorswit, as well as the two chiefs. Over their graves he built great monuments; Mount St. Helena became a monument to the fire-guardian, while Mount Hood and Mount Adams commemorated the rival chiefs.

It is easy to see the broken supports of the bridge far up on Table Mountain, the fragments of rock in the river below, and the snow-capped peaks named in the legend.

One of the finest heights along the river is Beacon Rock, on the north shore, named by Lewis and Clark in 1805. There — so tradition says — the *voyageurs* of the Hudson's Bay Company used to begin their homecoming song, for they knew they were approaching

the coast. A trail four thousand feet long has been built up this great rock, that visitors may be able to enjoy the wide vista from the top, eight hundred feet above the river.

One of the first — perhaps the first — white man to see the waters below Beacon Rock was Captain Robert Gray, of Boston, Massachusetts, who in 1792 entered the mouth of the river, and named the great stream for the ship *Columbia* which he commanded. On a former voyage the *Columbia* was the first ship to carry the American flag around the world. On this later passage she helped win for her flag a rich and beautiful country. For the exploration of Gray from the sea, and that of Lewis and Clark from the source, were large arguments in favor of the claim later made by the United States to the valley of the mighty river.

## 47. On a Stage Road in Colorado

In 1877 a young girl in northern Illinois was married to a man who had explored many regions of the West. It was their intention to settle quietly in a permanent home, but at the time of their marriage the husband was asked by the head of a great railway system to undertake, in the interests of his railroad, a long term of travel through the most inaccessible parts of the West. The offer was accepted, and the bride and groom determined to go together over the rough roads wherever duty should lead. So within a few days they started on a wedding trip that the plucky bride later described in her book, *Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage.*

Of course not all the long journey was made by stage. Sometimes the two rode on the pilot of the engine of a transcontinental train. Again they journeyed in ox-carts, or on horseback, or behind burros. But most often they traveled in coaches that lumbered along the almost impassable roads of the newly opened territories into which railroads were just pushing.

An Overland Stage in the Mountains

Perhaps the most thrilling experience of the series of journeys was during a stage ride in Colorado. All went well until the driver wrapped the reins around the brake and alighted for a moment. That was just the opportunity for which the wild bronchos in the lead of the six-horse team had been waiting. Feeling the lack of a restraining hand, they made a dash for

liberty. The driver ran to catch them and probably would have succeeded, but he tripped and fell, so that the passengers were left at the mercy of six wild horses.

There were two on the box at the time — an invalid and a boy who was traveling with him. The invalid could do nothing, and the boy was so frightened that he tried to jump off, lost his balance, and fell to the ground. So, without restraint, the horses dashed on. The author thus told the story:

"There was a stretch of more than a mile of corduroy road ahead of us, with its rough pole ends sticking out to the ditch on either side, and if we upset we must be dragged along on those wicked logs to our doom. Mr. Giggy [a fellow-passenger] clasped his hands as if in the attitude of prayer, and his face betokened a look of the most abject terror. . . . Suddenly his face lighted, he looked out and saw the lines still wound around the brake, and said: 'Oh, if I can only get hold of those lines!' and as quick as thought he was pulling his great stalwart figure from out the coach, and with superhuman strength he grasped anything that would hold him until he had climbed to the front boot [a place for baggage at either end of a stagecoach], where he did get possession of the lines. He gave a glad shout to us that he had made it, and though he knew he could not stop the mad race of the horses, who had the bits in their teeth, he could guide them until their strength was spent and perhaps keep the stage from going over. He pulled on them with all his might as he pressed the brake to check their speed. We could hear the bark

of his breath in his strenuous work, and knew that every bit of his strength was being exerted to prevent a direful catastrophe."

At the end of the corduroy road the winded horses were guided into a wire fence, and the dash was over.

A few hours before, the hero of this adventure had been sitting in the doorway of a cabin in Georgetown, Colorado. When he heard the coach approaching, he rushed out and asked the driver to wait five minutes while he made himself ready to take the stage. Grumbling, the driver agreed. When the passenger, all out of breath, was at last seated, he apologized to the other travelers for delaying them. At that moment they may have felt somewhat resentful; but when he climbed back into the stage after his successful attempt to stop the runaways, they were only thankful.

Another Colorado adventure did not end quite so fortunately. The stage route that day was along the edge of the Gunnison River. Night had fallen when the travelers reached the most dangerous part of the road. Again and again the driver warned the passengers to lean to one side, that they might not overturn. The maneuver was successful until the stage approached an especially perilous place. Over they went, "rattlety-bang-smash-crash, coach, bodies, baggage, mail, treasure-box, and tools, in a heap, and all in the dark."

The horses began to drag the overturned stage, but men were at their heads in an instant, and they were restrained. When the horses were still, the coach

door was opened to see who was hurt inside. "Such a heterogeneous mass is never found anywhere but at just such a time and place," the chronicler wrote. "Heads, satchels, feet, baskets, limbs, bodies, and bags were so mixed up that it was very uncertain which to take hold of to the best advantage, so they were taken out in the order that they presented themselves. The coach lay on its side, and the passengers had to be taken out of the door, which was then on the top; it was pitch dark, and the lamps of the stage were used to throw a glimmer of light on that internal mixture." Fortunately no one was seriously hurt, though all were bruised.

After many stage journeys the bride and groom came to a short, narrow-gauge railway in Oregon. Not long before their arrival iron rails had been laid, replacing the earlier rails of wood. These wooden rails were at first covered with strips of cowhide. But in the winter the ravenous wolves ate up the covering, so iron had to be substituted. Over this road the train made only ten miles an hour. It was indeed a railway of the most primitive kind. Yet to the weary travelers it seemed like a luxurious, restful mode of progress after the hard riding of their stagecoach days.

## 48. The Story of Oklahoma

Modern travelers to Oklahoma are following in the steps of Coronado, who passed over the "Panhandle" from Texas in 1541; of General Wilkinson, who, in 1806, led an expedition down the Arkansas; and of

Major Long, who, in 1820, traversed the central part of the country, on his return from the Rocky Mountains. In 1825 began the march of traders on the old Santa Fé Trail, which crossed the western part of the "Panhandle," continuing for about fifty miles in what is now Cimarron County.

By an act of Congress, in 1830, Indian Territory was set apart for the Indians. But it was not until 1836 that most of the tribes established themselves on the reservations which had been assigned to them. The Creeks, the Choctaws, and the Chickasaws all moved westward. The Cherokees were removed by force from their homes in Georgia and in Tennessee. Tribal governments were formed in tribal capitals, like Tahlequah, Okmulgee, and Tishomingo. The soil was cultivated by the aid of negro slaves. The possession of these slaves led many of the Indians to side with the Confederacy during the Civil War, so that much of their territory during the conflict was disputed ground between contending forces.

The close of the war brought into the Indian country Jesse Chisholm, a pioneer trader, whose wagon wheels marked a track from Wichita, Kansas, to a point near Anadarko, south of the Canadian River. In 1867 the cattlemen from Texas began to use the Chisholm Trail in driving their herds to Kansas. During twenty years millions of cattle took this first stage in the journey from Texas to Chicago.

In 1866 Congress passed an act granting the sole right to cross the land of the Indians to that railroad

company which could first lay tracks to the border-line. Two companies competed, and the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas won.

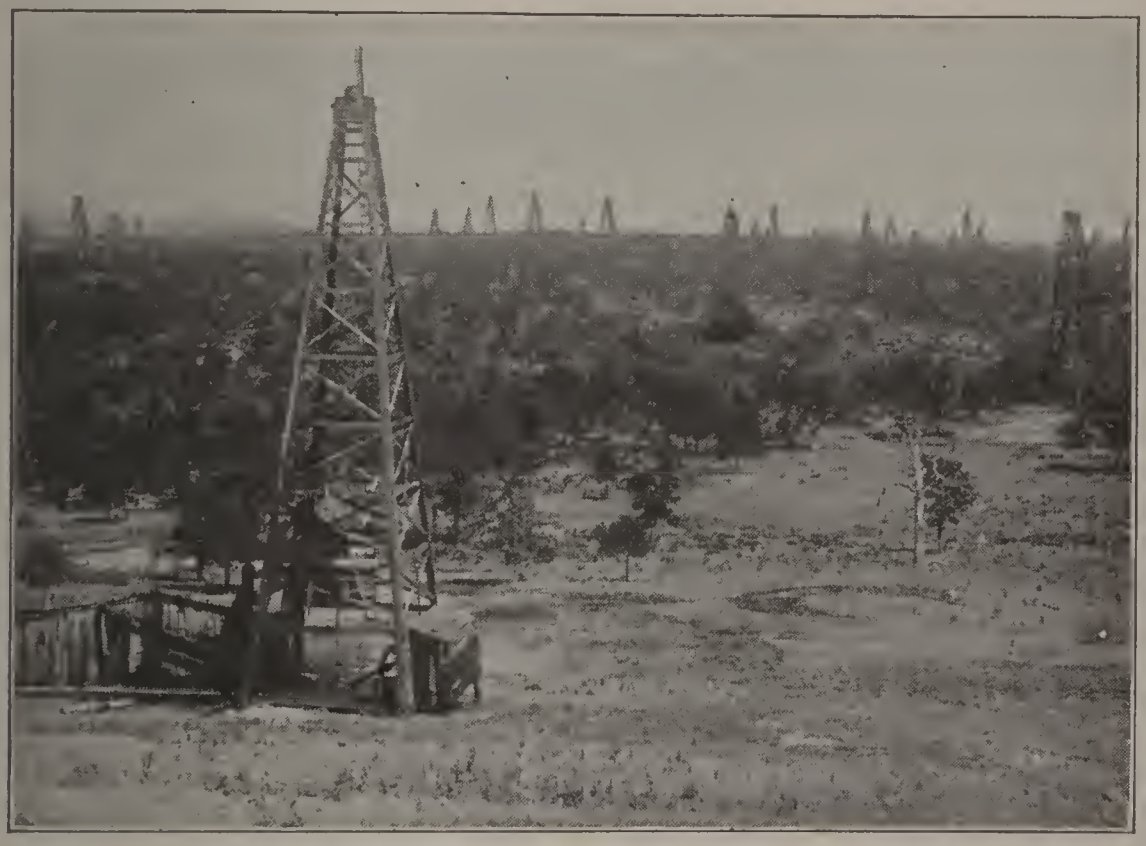
White men were forbidden by law to settle in Indian Territory. But in 1879 it was discovered that there were 14,000,000 acres of unassigned land. This tract, which came to be known as the Oklahoma Country, at once attracted the attention of people who were seeking homes in the West. Many different attempts were made at settlement but were defeated by the Government.

The cattlemen and the Indians were naturally the chief objectors to opening the lands to newcomers. Their final defeat came in 1889. In that year the Oklahoma Bill failed to pass the Senate. But its supporters attached an addition to the Indian Appropriation Bill providing that the Oklahoma lands should be opened to settlers. And in this way they at last won their cause.

In March, 1889, President Harrison proclaimed April 22 as the date for the opening of Oklahoma. A vivid description of what resulted was written on the spot by a reporter for the *New York Tribune*. His first account came on April 17, from Arkansas City, just over the line in Kansas.

"All day long the boomers' outfits have been crowding the streets, moving down the line to the Indian Territory. At least eight hundred wagons are drawn up in camp on the line, which is guarded by a troop of the Fifth Cavalry. Tomorrow morning at eight

o'clock, the boomers will be permitted to cross the line on the north, so that they will have ample time to cross the Cherokee Strip, which is sixty miles wide, and be on the line of Oklahoma proper on Monday at noon. This order, which permits the boomers on the north line to advance before those in camp at Purcell and



Oil Wells near Tulsa, Oklahoma

other points south of Oklahoma can move, puts them on an equal footing, and gives every one a chance."

It was further provided that, on April 22, at noon, railway trains should start from the north and from the south, and should travel on a slow schedule, so as to keep pace with travelers on horses.

On the designated day the reporter watched one of the more picturesque cavalcades that did not use the train:

"Promptly at noon the trumpeters of D Troop, Fifth Cavalry, sounded the 'dinner call.' It was the signal agreed upon for the start. Immediately there went up shouts and cheers. A hundred pistols discharging their contents into the air but faintly echoed the joy, the enthusiasm, the feeling of relief on the part of the crowd that the supreme moment had arrived at last. Away dashed the horsemen in mad gallop, lashing their horses as if life depended upon reaching the top of the hill yonder. They were followed closely by buggies, buckboards, and road wagons, and the rear was brought up by the heavy drays, all lashing up that steep incline. Clouds of dust obscured the foreground.

"On the railroad track, when the signal for the start was given, stood a lot of men. They had neither wagons nor horses, but they were determined to settle in Oklahoma all the same. Shouldering their small bundles, they set out boldly on foot.

"On the way, horsemen and wagons were seen dashing across the country in every direction. Here and there a man was seen driving his stakes. This was an hour only after noon, and at least twelve miles beyond the border. How did these men get there? Perhaps they broke through the line on the right, or they were some of the old boomers, who have been hiding in the woods for a year or more."

When the train reached Guthrie five hundred people were already there. "The crowd which jumped from the train long before it stopped, and rushed madly uphill, with stakes and flags and axes, ready to locate

claims, found not only corner lots but whole streets and sections of the future capital of the territory occupied." By night there were twelve thousand people in the city. There were probably fifty thousand in all in the territory. Oklahoma City, as well as Stillwater, Edmond, Norman, El Reno, and Kingfisher had enough inhabitants to become cities of the first class.

The rush of home-seekers and speculators, repeated in 1893 when the six million acres of the Cherokee Strip were released for settlement, led to so much lawlessness that, beginning in 1901, the opening of other lands purchased from the Indians was arranged by means of a lottery. On August 6, 1901, 160,000 people registered for the 26,000 claims.

But Oklahoma was settled not merely by those who participated in grand rushes or gigantic lotteries. Thousands entered it as pioneers entered other portions of the West. Many stopped while crossing it in their wagons, bound for lands in Texas or in Kansas. Travelers through the state who have been fascinated by the beauty of the country appreciate the words of one settler who stopped here when he had intended to make a home farther on:

"Oklahoma has such a pretty face. It smiles an invitation in all its great expanse, in every mile, at every beaten crossroads, to get right out of the wagon and make yourself at home. There is something familiar and homelike in the landscape, no matter where you hail from, that just makes you take a long breath and want to stay."

## 49. The Romance of the Cuyuna Iron Range in Minnesota

The existence of iron ore amid the lakes of northern Minnesota was known to the Sioux long before the white man came to that country. They shared their knowledge with some of the early explorers who, in their journals, spoke of the ore.

Not until 1873, however, was there talk of making use of this wealth of mineral. In 1884 the first railroad from Duluth to the iron country was built, and the development of the Vermilion Range[1] was begun.

The discovery of the Mesaba Range followed in 1890. And finally came the discovery, in 1895, of the Cuyuna Range, in Crow Wing and Aitkin counties, not among the hills, as are the other ranges, but in comparatively level country, where there is little even of rock outcropping. But the tale of the discoverers, Cuyler Adams and his dog Una, his constant companion, is of great interest.

Yes, the dog was one of the discoverers; for Adams said that Una had as much to do as he with the uncovering of the iron, and therefore insisted that the range must bear the dog's name as well as his own. He

[1] The use of the term "range" in connection with the iron of Minnesota is explained by the United States Geological Survey: "It probably resulted from the fact that in the first districts developed the rocks associated with the ore are hard, and form ridges or low ranges. From those districts the term has been carried to the other deposits of iron ore in the region, until now they are all known as 'ranges,' even if the surface is flat and swampy."

has had his way; Cuyuna is made up of the first half of Adams' given name and all of the dog's only name.

Long before he saw the iron, Adams believed that the ore was there. For five years he talked of the presence of the deposit, but no one would believe him. Those who knew him made fun of him. His suspicions regarding the presence of iron were first aroused

In an Open Cut Iron Mine in the Cuyuna Range

when he was wandering through the hardwood forests of Minnesota. His only companion was Una, and his only guide on sunny days was a solar compass. When dark days came he had to depend on the magnetic compass. One dark day his attention was attracted by the strange capers cut by the magnetic compass; it insisted on dipping to the east and west instead of pointing to the north and south.

"Only one thing can be responsible," Adams thought.

"There must be magnetic ore or magnetic rock in the neighborhood, and where there is magnetic rock there is probably iron either above or below."

But how was he to prove the existence of iron when there were no outcroppings? He decided to make use of the dip needle. "Then he began his ten years' uphill pull," wrote one who told the story of his pluck. "Most any man can stick to a certainty; all Adams had to stick to was a chance, but he stuck. In a year or so, he had located his range in a rough sort of way, and had spent odd hours trying to get hold of some of the laws of the dip needle. He planted pieces of railway iron in the ground and took readings in the woods from tree tops, and middle branches, and from all sorts of angles on the ground, and finally, between guess and calculation, got at something that satisfied him as a working approximate of a law between the distance from the object of attraction and the amount of dip in the needle."

Having done all he could on the ground he went to New York. There "he spent a year in the Astor Library studying up what had been written about iron deposits and the action of the magnetic needle. The best works were in Swedish; he couldn't read Swedish, but the books were necessary to the exploring of his iron range, and he had them translated."

At the end of the year he was back in Minnesota. "Every day saw him out tramping the woods, in and out, back and forth. He took readings every twenty-five feet across the range, the whole length and breadth

of it. The maps that he went by now testify to the labor of those days."

Having satisfied himself, he proceeded to interest others; but here he had a second hard task. "Iron in that flat sand drift! Even the public had sense enough to hoot at such an idea as that. Adams went up to Duluth and explained his theory to the iron men there; they shook their heads, called him mad, and went on their way, rejoicing that they were wise. The practical miners pooh-poohed the idea, the mining experts pronounced it impossible."

But before long some believed in him enough to advance the funds for a test boring. At a depth of 164 feet the iron was discovered; the drill passed through the deposit some 300 feet before boring was discontinued. Then the coming of the railroad was all that was needed to bring the ore from this great deposit to the iron mills of Cleveland and Pittsburgh.

## 50. How a Failure Led to Alaska's Purchase

In 1918 the newspapers told of the building of a new suspension bridge across a deep chasm in British Columbia. It took the place of an earlier suspension bridge thrown across the same chasm by the Indians a generation before.

This earlier bridge was a marvel of engineering. The interesting thing about it was that the Indians made use, in its construction, of tons of wire that had been transported to British Columbia, and later abandoned, by employees of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

Back of this abandonment of the valuable building material there is one of the romantic stories of modern industry. The first chapter of the story was the failure of the early attempts to lay the Atlantic submarine cable.

The directors of the Western Union Telegraph Company had no faith in Atlantic cables. Yet they believed that telegraphic communication with Europe was possible. So they planned to string the wires across British Columbia and Alaska, to cross Bering Strait by a short cable, and to reach Europe by way of Siberia. They knew the project would cost millions of dollars, but they were willing to spend the money.

The United States Government appropriated $50,000 toward the expense of the survey of the proposed route, and several parties of skilled men were sent out to do the work. The reports of this survey were so favorable that the project was undertaken with enthusiasm.

It was realized that there would be many obstacles. For instance, transport in British Columbia and Alaska would be difficult, and it was feared that the trees of the great forests would fall on the wires. The latter difficulty was solved by the clearing of a wide tract on either side of the proposed line, and the question of transport was satisfactorily arranged for by the provision of reindeer and dog sledges.

In the summer of 1865 the expedition charged with the building of the line sailed from San Francisco. "There were steamers and sailing vessels," said one who wrote of the project, years ago; "coast steamers

and river steamers, some thirty in all, with the *Saginaw* of the United States Navy, and a vessel or two of the Russian Imperial Squadron, and smaller barks. The number of men engaged was about one hundred and twenty. Thousands of tons of wire, two cables, insulators, brackets, instruments, wagons built expressly

INDIAN BRIDGE AT HAZELTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA

for the work, etc., were duly shipped for the headquarters of the four divisions of the expedition." These divisions were to begin work at the same time in British Columbia, Siberia, and Alaska.

Most of the leaders were engineers who had won distinction during the war so recently ended. Under the guidance of these men, the first telegraph pole on

the Yukon was raised on New Year's Day, 1866, with a salute of thirty-two guns, and the display of the Stars and Stripes.

The Siberian surveying party traveled almost ten thousand miles in seven months. The work of the survey was completed January 8, 1866. Then they went on with their preparations, setting poles, stringing wires, and arranging for right of way.

In the meantime, however, the Atlantic Cable had proved a glorious success, but word of this was not received by the workmen in Siberia and Alaska until long afterward. The Yukon party did not learn that their labor was useless until after they had spent a hard winter building the telegraph line.

What was to be done with the accumulated stores? "Russian traders and the natives were the purchasers, excepting the cables, for which they had no use. These were sold for about $100,000. They cost three times that, and had been 'round the Horn' three times before they made their final voyage." It was from these abandoned supplies that the Indians of British Columbia so skillfully constructed the bridge which was the predecessor of the present suspension bridge.

In Siberia "the wandering Koraks made their camp fires long after, with thanksgiving let us hope, from the heaps of telegraph poles the palefaces had piled up so carefully, as they must have thought, for their benefit."

The greatest result of the attempt was new interest in the proposal to buy Alaska from Russia — a proposal first made in 1859. Public interest at that time

was not aroused to any great extent. However, when leaders of the people had become accustomed to the idea of paying $750,000 for a right-of-way strip through the peninsula for the telegraph line, it was not difficult to persuade them that it was worth while to pay Russia $7,200,000 for all of Alaska. This purchase was arranged for in 1867. Thus Alaska became the property of the United States for a sum less than ten times the amount originally named for the right-of-way strip.

For a time $7,200,000 seemed a vast sum to those who spoke of Alaska as "Seward's Folly" — the purchase was arranged under the direction of William H. Seward, then Secretary of State. But many years ago Alaska came into her own as one of the richest portions of United States territory.

## 51. Reclamation Pioneers in Colorado

Once a large part of our western territory was called on the maps "The Great American Desert." But some of the richest agricultural lands of the Union are in the heart of the area thus hastily described. It was found that all these lands needed was water. Therefore they have been reclaimed by irrigation. The waters of the great rivers, saved by dams in time of flood, have been led to the thirsty soil by means of a system of canals.

The adventures of the ingenious and brave men whose pioneering made possible some of the irrigation of the West make fascinating reading. For instance, there is the story of the party who responded to the pleas of the farmers in western Colorado. These farmers, after

experience with the unsatisfactory flow of the Uncompahgre River, begged to have the unfailing waters of the nearly parallel Gunnison River brought to them.

Could this be done? There was no way of finding out unless some one would first explore the terrible depths of that thirty-mile stretch of canyon.

Who would do this? No wonder men hesitated. But there were five heroes who, thinking of the great good that might be accomplished through their hardihood, resolved to make the attempt.

These men were W. W. Torrence, government engineer, and four assistants. The task they undertook was as dangerous as anything ever done by a government employee. They would have been willing to be let down by a rope into the canyon at the point where it was proposed to have the entrance to the tunnel, but everybody knew that no rope would stand the strain of passing over the jagged edges of rock encountered during the descent of more than half a mile. There was only one way — to enter the canyon thirty miles above and go down the river to the spot in question.

The brave men started. At intervals along the top of the canyon walls watchers were stationed whose duty it was to peer down on the explorers and send word to their homes of their safety — or their death. After climbing down to the river, the voyagers pushed into the water stout canvas boats stretched on oak frames. Then began days and nights of hardship.

Almost in darkness, with spray dashing all about

them so that they were wet continually, compelled to yell at one another because of the great noise made by these cataracts, these heroes pushed on their way. Waterfalls, rapids, rocks, and whirlpools succeeded one another with bewildering rapidity. Sometimes in the boats, again in the water, still again climbing over the rocks, while ropes held them fast together and to their precious boats, they advanced slowly and painfully.

The terrors and the trials which followed are indescribable. By day the men fought bowlders and rapids, eddies and whirlpools. By night they longed for the sleep which they could not secure; they were too weary to rest.

The watchers on the edge of the canyon lost sight of them. For five days they saw not a sign of life. Giving up the heroes for dead, friends prepared to catch their bodies in wire nets put into the water at the mouth of the canyon. Just then they caught a glimpse of them alive.

For three weeks the explorers toiled on. They were almost exhausted. Their food was nearly gone. But they did not give up until the day when they were able to advance only one hundred yards, when the perpendicular walls of the canyon were twenty-five hundred feet high, and only twenty-eight feet apart. They had come to what they called "The Falls of Sorrows." They could not go on. The only way of escape was through a narrow fissure in the canyon wall. Up this almost perpendicular passage they climbed. Tied

together, with the spike-shod tripod legs of their surveying transits for staves, they crawled painfully along, sticking to the edge of the precipice like flies.

Night found them still five hundred feet from the top. "Their lips were purple and swollen to triple size for want of water," so reads the story of their heroic struggles. "Their hands were cut, the palms were raw from contact with jagged rocks and from the chafing of the rope. Eyes were swollen and bloodshot, and faces were covered with a quarter-inch mask, where a layer of rock dust had settled and had been baked in with the perspiration."

On they went in the dark. For five tedious hours they persisted. At last, bruised, and almost lifeless, they were on the rim of the canyon.

They were told that this experience should satisfy them. But as time passed, Torrence, the leader of the expedition, seeing still the vision of a desert valley made "to blossom as the rose," took with him A. L. Fellows, another engineer, and entered the canyon once more. As a substitute for the useless boats, a rubber air-mattress, four by six feet, was taken along. The men waded or swam beside this raft, upon which all their equipment was placed. Thus, after untold hardships, they reached the Falls of Sorrows.

Finally the men paused on the brink of a precipice over which the river disappeared. What was beyond? Did the river go underground? They could not tell. The only thing to do was to go over the falls. Fellows went first, and disappeared. Torrence followed on the

raft. He found Fellows lying exhausted on a shelf of rock beyond the falls.

Hours went by before the men were able to move. Then, hungry after sixteen hours without food, they ate their last spoonful of baked beans, and, scarcely able to stand, began taking notes and snapping photographs of the spot. Just then a mountain sheep passed them. They killed it and ate it, and on the strength of that food they went on into dangers even greater than those they had passed. Once they had to throw themselves into the river as it foamed through a dark tunnel amid a mass of broken rock. Strange to say, they came out safely, and they were soon at the end of their hazardous journey, having traveled the thirty miles in ten days. They had accomplished their purpose, and had found the site for the tunnel.

GUNNISON CANYON, COLORADO

Then came the building of a road into the canyon, that machinery might be taken there. Finally the work of tunneling began at the same time from points on opposite sides of the mountain to be pierced.

The driving of the tunnel six miles long would have been an enormous task even under the most favorable

circumstances. But conditions were far from favorable. There were cave-ins, and springs of hot and cold water broke in on the workers. Once when an enormous flow of water was tapped, carbon dioxide in great quantities sent the men to the surface in a panic. Even after three weeks it was still impossible to work, and it

West Portal, Gunnison Tunnel, Colorado

was necessary to construct a ventilating shaft about seven hundred feet deep, through the rock, for air.

In spite of these almost insurmountable obstacles, the tunnel was completed, and the first water for irrigation was delivered through this tunnel in 1910.

Next came the completion of the dam in the canyon of the Gunnison for the diversion of the stream into the mountain passageway, and the eleven-mile canal from the western portal of the tunnel to the valley

where more than one hundred thousand acres had waited long for the unfailing water supply. The tunnel and dam can be reached without difficulty from Montrose, one of the chief towns of the smiling valley.

## 52. The Conquest of Death Valley

In 1849, when emigrants, lured to California by the lust for gold, were seeking the easiest way to cross the last bit of desert, one party, in spite of warnings, passed into a long, narrow valley in California close to the southwestern border of Nevada. In this valley the heat was intense, and the salt floor of the desert blinded the eyes as it reflected the rays of the sun. The party of emigrants lost their way, and when their supply of water was exhausted, they spent dreary days in search of more. All but two of them perished miserably. Since that day the place has been called Death Valley.

The two survivors brought out with them news of rich mineral treasures. Consequently prospectors, whom even the fear of death could not hold back, ventured into the valley. Many lost their lives after leaving the shade of the Funeral Mountains which border the valley. "Whole parties would become bewildered while crossing the valley's glaring salt-crystal floor," wrote Robert E. Rinehart in *The World's Work*, "and lose their way, to wander into the quick-sands of salt marshes and perish, or sun-crazed and thirst-tortured, to try in vain the many little canyons and gullies that radiate from the rim of the sink like the tentacles of a devilfish."

Death Valley lies about two hundred and fifty feet below sea level and the air is so dry that dew never forms. In 1891 a scientific expedition was sent there by the Department of Agriculture. Careful observations made during a period of five months proved the valley to be not only the hottest part of the United States, but as hot as any spot in the world where a record has been kept. The mean temperature during

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RANCH IN DEATH VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

This ranch is maintained for the comfort and convenience of those whose work obliges them to remain in the valley.

July was 102°, while the highest was 122°. Excessively high temperatures have often been reported from the valley during the summer months. A temperature of 125° in the shade has been observed for several days in succession, and there is said to be one day on record when the mercury rose to 134°.

"For more than a quarter of a century an uphill fight

was waged against the desert defenses of Death Valley. One by one, other desert strongholds fell, but the valley . . . forbade approach to all save those desert Argonauts who dared its pitiless sun and maddening maze of canyons to bring back its golden fleece, whose other name is borax."

The discovery of borax in the valley was not made until long after the days of the emigrants. These borax deposits are valuable to the smelter and the soap manufacturer. At once, the question of transporting the borax to the railroad station called for solution. "The problem was to freight it by wagon a hundred miles to Daggett or Mojave. . . . The round trip consumed a week. Food and water had to be carried every foot of the way. Even special wagons were necessary — tall-bedded vehicles, with wheels seven feet high and seven inches across the tire. Built to order in Mojave, they cost $1,000 each. Two wagons, a trailing water-tank, and twenty hardy mules made up the primitive 'Death Valley Express.'"

Then came an experiment. "Casting about for a new campaign of attack on Death Valley, borax traffic hit upon the scheme of some visionary genius and built a graded road, over which traction engines were to haul long trains of wagons around Kingston Range and down the Mesquite Valley to Ivanpah, where the Santa Fé railroad had a spur. The road completed, the project was promptly pronounced a failure."

There was no further progress for many years. "Had a prospector been asked . . . what was the

most inaccessible spot in the Great American Desert, he would without hesitation have named Death Valley." But all this has changed. The discovery of other mineral deposits than borax, long thought to be the only wealth of the valley, spurred daring promoters to build a railway up the Mojave and Armagosa valleys, skirting the lower end of Death Valley by barely thirteen miles. Vast nitrate beds had been discovered. The fact that the quality of the niter was not of the highest did not discourage those who took the long look into the future. They had faith to foresee the time when Death Valley would contribute its millions to national wealth. So plans were quickly laid and carried out.

The story of the building of the railroad has been told by Robert E. Rinehart. The work of construction began in September, 1906, when one thousand men began grading. At Ludlow a little shack was built for the engineers, and with this as headquarters they directed the men. "Desert railroad-building at the easiest is never play, and it took the ripe experience of many years of desert railroad-building to overcome the obstacles of the Death Valley route. Given a two-hundred-mile stretch of country to traverse, from which not one gallon of water nor one pound of food could be levied, the builders of the 'T. & T.' [Tonopah and Tidewater] in taking care of their one thousand laborers strewn along the survey, had something more than trigonometrical problems to solve."

While most of the road was built through comparatively flat country, the thirteen miles in Armagosa

Canyon required deep cuts, steep grades, and scores of dizzy trestles. The cost of this section was $50,000 a mile. When at length the road came to Rhyolite, after crossing "one hundred and seventy miles of sand and sun, greasewood and cactus . . . the initial trip of this desert railroad marked the first successful assault on the last and strongest desert citadel, Death Valley."

## 53. In Imperial Valley, California

Thousands of years ago the Gulf of California extended one hundred miles farther to the north, to the point where Indio, California, is now located. But, as the Colorado River brought down billions of cubic feet of sediment, the upper part of the gulf was cut off from the lower by a natural dam, and became a great inland sea, some two thousand square miles in extent.

Under the burning sun this lake in time evaporated, leaving only a dry basin. During one of its prehistoric floods, however, the Colorado River changed its course and filled the empty basin, which thus became a fresh-water lake. Back and forth for countless centuries, at intervals of four or five hundred years, moved the great river like a liquid pendulum, now emptying into this depression and now into the Gulf of California. Into the vast hollow — later known as the Salton Sink — the waters poured, and it became a lake; the Colorado changed its course and the Sink was dry once more.

How many times this happened we do not know. But history tells us that probably for the last three

centuries — at least, from 1540 to 1902 — the Salton Sink was a dry, barren desert.

For a long time settlers avoided the Salton Sink and the lands surrounding it. Then came the discovery that all these lands needed to produce crops of marvelous richness was water. About 1900 the California Development Company sought to supply the need by cutting an opening from the Colorado River, through which a sufficient quantity of water might be diverted and carried through more than four hundred miles of canals to all parts of the valley.

The effort was successful. The Imperial Valley Land Company was incorporated. Six towns were built. Twelve thousand prosperous farmers depended on the water supply.

But the periodical floods of the Colorado, depositing on its banks the same rich silt by which the valley had been built, clogged the opening to the main canal. Another opening was made, and closed by the river in the same way. Then permission was secured from Mexico to cut an opening sixty feet wide in the west bank of the river in Mexican territory, just below the California line, not far from Yuma, Arizona. It was in September, 1904, that this breach was made, but the builders delayed making arrangements for a controlling gate to close the gap. Why not? Months would pass before a flood was due.

But the unexpected happened. A cloudburst brought sudden flood and disaster. The waters entered the sixty-foot gap, deserting their own channel, which

was on a higher level, and rushed down the easier descent toward the Salton Sink, at the northern end of the valley. Fertile farms were inundated; towns were washed away; the railroad was destroyed; the great salt works were put out of commission; and an inland sea was formed in the Sink. But this was not the worst. The flood, hurtling forward down the rapid descent, scoured out a channel, deeper and yet deeper, wider and yet wider, in the silt floor of the valley, and the rich sediment deposits of thousands of years were ruthlessly swept away.

Three times attempts were made to stem the flood; three times the men who battled with the river were driven back exhausted, and the waters swept on. On June 4, 1906, not long after the failure of the last attempt, an observer looked down from a high tower in Calexico upon "a chocolate-colored expanse of rapids eleven miles in width." Twenty-five days later he looked again. The eleven-mile-broad expanse had disappeared in a canyon fifty feet deep. Less than five months later, from the same spot, he saw a gulch from fifty to eighty feet deep, and two thousand feet wide.

Through this channel the yellow waters rushed to the Sink, carrying with them about 450,000,000 cubic yards of silt. Then the stream, unable to remain at rest in the Sink, began to cut backward. At the time when the action of the river was at its height, it was reported that the river cut out a canyon backward at the rate of one mile in forty-eight hours. Furthermore, the upstream cutting-out would continue until

the United States irrigating project about Yuma would be made forever impossible, and ninety-seven thousand acres more of rich land would become desert.

In order to prevent the calamity of the cutting-back of the waters until they reached the Colorado, the Southern Pacific Railroad gathered all its forces to fight the river. A twelve-mile branch railroad was

Colorado River Levee

built, orders were issued to every stone quarry within three hundred and fifty miles to get out material, and freight business on two divisions was brought to a standstill, that cars might be at hand to carry the rock quarried by thousands of men. Men and materials were massed at the break in the river. Rock, gravel, sand, clay, piles, ties, steel rails, and a host of similar things were assembled; not to mention a steamer, a flat-

boat, a giant dredger, steam shovels, a pile-driver, and steam pumps, cables, spikes, picks, and hammers galore. Six hundred Europeans and Mexicans and four hundred and fifty Indians, as well as six hundred horses and mules, were ready for work.

Preparations thus completed, eight immense mountain-climbing locomotives began to distribute the material for use. Piles were driven across the stream.

A Fig Orchard, Indio, California

Steel cables were fastened to these. Hundreds of men on a flatboat made willows into bundles, bound with wire. Huge logs were buried in the silt bank, a cable was attached to each log, then stretched to spools on the barge, and the willow bundles, each one hundred feet long, were fastened to the cables. "Thus the cables were the warp and the bundles the woof of a carpet one hundred feet wide and three thousand feet long. . . . The carpet slipped over the edge of the

barge into the river and sank to the bottom, where silt at once began to fill in between the leaves and twigs," an observer wrote vividly at the time. Then the "carpet" was tacked down with piles, in two parallel rows. Next a railroad was built on the piles.

On the night of November 4, 1906, came the climax. The dam was constructed from both banks—a comparatively easy task. At last, however, the central opening, three hundred and seventy-five feet wide, was to be closed against the tremendous deluge of water. That was an all-night battle, and it was won only for the time being.

For the river again broke through the great dam, and most of the work had to be done over. Undismayed, the forces were once more assembled, and on February 11, 1907, the gap was again closed, after continuous work for fifteen days and two hours. Seventy-seven thousand cubic yards of rock, gravel, and clay were handled. Edward Harriman, president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, is reported to have said that he considered this fifteen-day struggle the greatest achievement, not only in his own experience, but in recent history.

The trouble was not ended even then, but watchfulness and pluck finally conquered, and the Imperial Valley once more became the site of fertile fields and green orchards, of pleasant homes and prosperous towns.

## 54. How the Reindeer Came to Alaska

A generation ago American enterprise had brought about deplorable conditions in Alaska. American

whalers had destroyed not only the whales, but the seals and the walruses, and American canneries were shipping away each year millions of cans of salmon. Thus the food on which the natives depended had been taken from them. Consequently, many of the people were starving to death, or were being put to death by their relatives in order that there might be fewer mouths to feed.

Sheldon Jackson, a home missionary in Alaska, set his mind to work upon this serious problem. He remembered that the natives of Siberia, who live in a land where the climate is similar to that of Alaska, are well cared for because of their great herds of reindeer, which furnish them with both food and clothing. As these reindeer feed on moss which is as plentiful on the tundras of Alaska as on the steppes of Siberia, he began to dream of bringing herds of reindeer to Alaska.

He went to Washington, told his plan, and asked for an appropriation for the purchase and importation of reindeer. He declared that the mission schools in Alaska could care for the herds, and could train native men to take charge of them. He was told that the plan was impractical, but he persisted in his pleas. The Fifty-first Congress proposed to appropriate $15,000, that the experiment might be tried, but adjourned without taking action.

Two courses were then open to Dr. Jackson. He might wait until the next session of Congress and make a second attempt. In the meantime hundreds of na-

tives in Alaska would die of starvation. Or he might go ahead by himself. He chose the latter alternative. Through the newspapers an appeal was made to his friends and others, and $2100 was placed in his hands. Fortunately, the Secretary of the Interior had authorized the captain of the United States revenue cutter *Bear* to assist him in his work. So in 1891 Dr. Jackson took passage from Seattle, having expended most of the money given him for rifles, cartridges, pilot-bread, bar lead, pots, pans, and other things that would appeal to the Siberians.

Difficulties began when the *Bear* reached the coast of Siberia. The natives were suspicious, and refused to sell reindeer. They said that if they should sell, they would be in the same position as the starving Alaskans. They directed Dr. Jackson to other herds farther along the coast, but nearly every journey ended in disappointment. Progress was slow, as the ice was packed close inshore. Several times the *Bear* was almost lost.

Finally, two men were found who agreed to sell five reindeer each. But the animals were on the west side of the bay, which could not be reached till the ice should move, and the ice would not move till the wind changed. At last the wind changed, the ice moved, and the west side of the bay was reached. But after all their trouble not one deer could be bought, though many were about.

At one point, when groups of natives came to the ship, inquiries were made for reindeer. At first the Siberians said they were near; then they said they were far off. Again they said the reindeer had been on the coast

earlier in the summer, but had been driven back into the country on account of the mosquitoes. At one time they offered to sell a shipload. When they thought bucks were wanted, they had only roes to sell; and when they found roes were desired, their herd was said to be all bucks. Then they asked two prices for

A Part of Alaska's Largest Reindeer Herd
Cape Prince of Wales, Alaska

what they proposed to sell. They declared that they would lose the increase of the herd if they should sell, while the cartridges for which they traded would be used up, and they would have nothing. After long palavering only sixteen reindeer were purchased.

But these were enough for a start. The next year, with an appropriation from Congress, Dr. Jackson enlarged the number.

When several hundred deer were in Alaska, arrange-

ments were made with the mission stations to lend to each a small herd. The mission was required to feed and clothe the native students who were to be trained to care for the herds, and at the end of five years the original number of deer were to be returned to the Government. The increase was to belong to the schools. Natives were to be permitted to buy small herds out of the increase.

The plan worked well. Scores of natives were trained to care for the deer. Many natives became owners of herds. Prosperity and comfort displaced poverty and want. Sheldon Jackson's dream was fulfilled; and the reindeer experiment was long ago declared to be a decided success.

The government reports show the value of the reindeer. They furnish their owners with food, clothing, and shelter, and nearly all the necessaries of life. The flesh is eaten, the skin makes the garments, beds, and tents. The skin of the leg, which is covered with fine, soft hair, makes the boots. From the antlers are made many of the implements, drill bows for lighting fires, knife handles, etc. The sinews of the deer make native thread, and a most excellent thread it is. The bones, soaked in oil, are burned for fuel, and in addition to all this, the deer furnishes his master with the means of transportation. For the reindeer can be depended on to travel swiftly long distances, drawing heavy loads, and also to secure food above ground and under the snow, on a vast extent of territory north of the agricultural belt of Alaska.

# CHAPTER VII

## PROGRESS IN WATER TRANSPORTATION

### 55. The Revival of the Waterway

TRAVELERS who visit the United States comment on the enormous extension of railroads in the territory east of the Mississippi, and across the continent. At the same time they are surprised that so little attention is paid to the splendid system of interior waterways. By means of these a vast tonnage could be carried at little expense, but the streams are, for the most part, neglected. A pretense is made of keeping some of them open for commercial purposes, and in many instances valuable work has been done in order to render navigation easier. Yet the fact remains that full advantage has not been taken of these resources for cheap transit so lavishly provided by nature.

The rivers played a wonderful part in the early development of the valleys of the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee. Hundreds of steamers plied upon the waters, carrying the immigrants to their new homes, and the products of their farms to the markets. Down the Mississippi floated roughly fashioned arks, loaded with goods for the New Orleans markets. When this city was reached, the arks were broken up and the material was sold,

while the owners returned by steamers to their homes, there to make ready for another trip of the same kind.

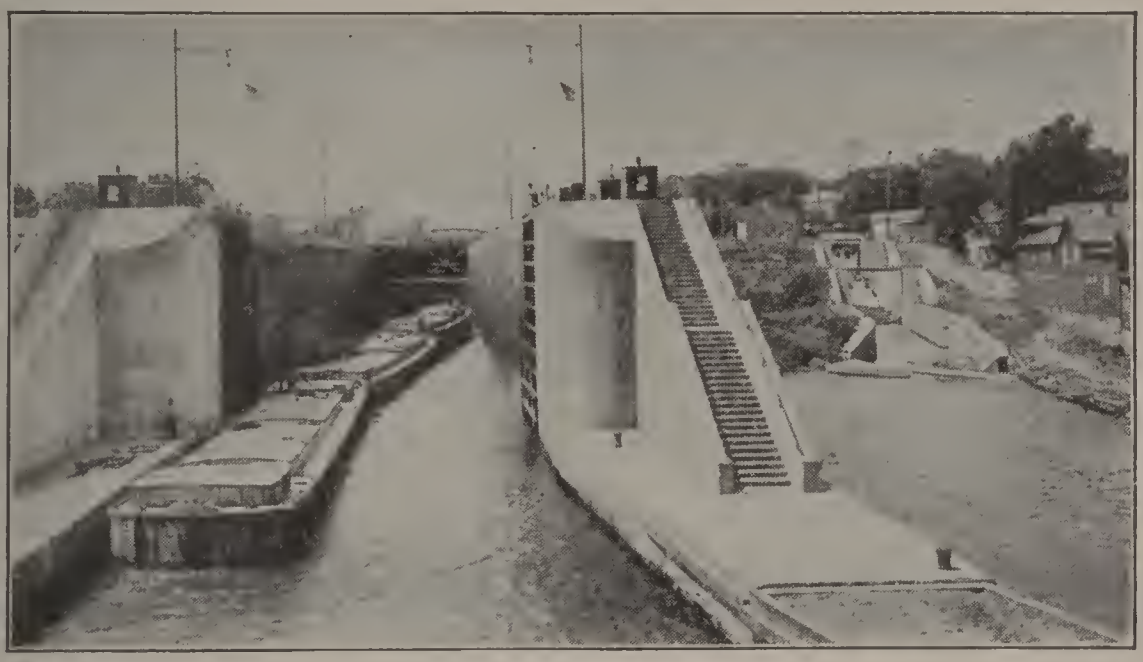
The days have passed when it was possible to go from St. Louis to New Orleans without change of boats. Now the passenger who wishes to make the journey by water between those cities must take five or six vessels, and be willing to wait from one to three days each time he changes from boat to boat. Instead of the $80,000,000 worth of goods carried by river to New Orleans fifty years ago, the total is now perhaps less than $3,000,000.

On the Missouri River steamboats used to run even into Montana, and the tonnage carried every year was enormous. But as the railroads began to build along the banks, less attention was paid to keeping the river open, and gradually mud banks and snags made navigation unsafe, and steamboats practically disappeared. For years the Government spent millions of dollars on the river, but the amount of work done was not enough to keep the stream in navigable condition. A few years ago the government work was stopped, and as a means of transportation the river was abandoned. For a long period the water was seldom disturbed except by a ferryboat or a rowboat.

Some years ago several merchants of Kansas City made attempts to reopen navigation. Boats began making cautious trips. One such vessel, starting from St. Louis, made slow progress. It was necessary to tie up at the bank at night. Slowly the steamer made its triumphant way past towns where crowds cheered

the unaccustomed visitor, through farms where men, women, and children shouted themselves hoarse in greeting, and reached its destination, two hundred and fifty miles (by rail) from St. Louis, in something like a week. The experiment was not a brilliant success.

There is, at certain seasons, more traffic on the Ohio and the lower Mississippi than on other streams, be-



OLD AND NEW CANAL LOCKS, ERIE CANAL

Note the relative size. The gates of the new locks are operated by electricity.

cause of the great coal cargoes carried from Pittsburgh to the Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, and New Orleans markets whenever high water permits the steamers to take out their tows of ten, twelve, or sixteen heavily laden barges. It is a sight worth going miles to see when a "towboat stage" is expected on the river. Then what a scurrying there is to get the tows together! Each captain strives to be the first to leave the harbor. As boat after boat, with its unwieldy tow — each of

which carries from thirty to forty train-loads of coal — swings out into the stream, old-time rivermen think excitedly of the days when it was a common thing to see so many vessels start on their journey. Then they turn away with a sigh.

Rivers are not alone in being thus neglected. The canals which were dug at great expense during the first half of the nineteenth century have, many of them, been abandoned.

And yet there is freight enough, at least at certain seasons of the year, to keep railroads, rivers, and canals busy. Because the eyes of national leaders have been opened to this fact, they have begun to move for a wise development of the natural waterways, and for the supplementing of these by a carefully considered system of canals.

When the student of our nation's resources looks at the government map, on which only navigable rivers are set down — and only such parts of these rivers as are navigable — he is astonished. He is prepared to note that the region west of the Mississippi is, except for the Missouri, the Sacramento, the Columbia, and a few streams in Louisiana and Texas, entirely without navigable streams. But he sees with surprise the number of valuable waterways in the eastern part of the country, and more especially in the Southern States.

There are those who say that the time is coming when the rivers and some of the canals will again be useful — that life will thereby be made pleasanter and living cheaper — and they are working to bring about that time.

## 56. At Harpers Ferry, West Virginia

In 1683 a boy named Robert Harper was born in England. When he was twenty years old, he emigrated to the American colonies. He made his home in Philadelphia and became an architect.

Once, in the course of his work, he was sent to Virginia to build a church. On the way he spent a night at Frederick, Maryland. His host, learning of his errand, told him that the route he had marked out for himself was too roundabout; that if he would go by way of The Hole, the point where the Shenandoah flows into the Potomac River, he would save much time.

The following night, at The Hole, Harper met a squatter who had been settled on land there for more than thirteen years. Harper was so pleased with the beauty and the possibilities of the place that he asked if he could not buy the land. But the squatter, Peter Stevens, told him that the land was really owned by Lord Fairfax, and he had only squatter's rights, whatever those might be. So young Harper paid Stevens £50 to satisfy his claim, and the following year went to see the agent who had charge of the property for the real owner.

When Harper had bought the land, he settled at The Hole. But he did not like that name for such a beautiful place. From every point of view it is beautiful: from the mouth of the railway tunnel, from the bridge over the Shenandoah just at its mouth, from the steep streets, or from Jefferson's Rock, where the "Sage of Monticello"

sat gazing in wonder at the Heights of Loudoun, and wrote his famous description of "the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge." When Harper had established a ferry to take passengers over the stream, what was more natural than to call his property Harpers Ferry? And that is the name it has borne to this day.

Gradually a little village clustered about the ferry landing. It is said that once, while on a trip to the

Jefferson's Rock near Harpers Ferry, West Virginia

western country, George Washington stopped there, and was so much struck with the location — its beauty, its water power, its agricultural possibilities — that when a site was to be chosen for a government armory, he recommended Harpers Ferry.

However that may be, in 1794 Congress asked the General Assembly of Virginia for permission to purchase the ground, and was told that not more than 640 acres might be secured for the armory.

The first purchase was 125 acres, and the deed was signed by an heir of the original Harper. The land thus secured was in the triangle formed by the junction of the rivers, and a line running from the Potomac to the Shenandoah. Later on, 310 acres were bought from another estate. Lord Fairfax leased to the Government the right to cut timber on more than a thousand acres owned by him, adjoining Loudoun Heights.

In 1799, three years after the buildings were begun on the property, a part of the army designed for use in case of a possible war with France was sent to Harpers Ferry. They camped on a ridge that became known as Camp Hill. Fortunately there was no war, and when the troops were disbanded many settled at Harpers Ferry. Others had died and were buried on Camp Hill.

For many years Harpers Ferry knew little excitement, but in 1859 John Brown and his raiders attacked it, thinking to do the cause of abolition of slavery a service. He was captured and taken to near-by Charlestown, where he was tried and executed.

During the Civil War Harpers Ferry was a strategic point, and was occupied successively by the Federal and Confederate troops. Four years after the war was over the Government sold their property for $286,000.

During the years between Washington's purchase at Harpers Ferry and John Brown's raid, Harpers Ferry was a central place in a number of important plans that had to do with the Potomac Valley and the development of the western country.

First came the National Road, of which Washington first dreamed. Later Thomas Jefferson and Henry Clay were leaders in carrying out the plan to build the turnpike from Washington to Harpers Ferry, on to Cumberland, then to the Ohio River. Construction was begun in 1816.

A few years later there were many who felt that there was need for a canal along the Potomac, to Harpers Ferry and the Cumberland. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company was chartered by Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

In Baltimore there were people who began to ask if there was not something better than a canal. Who wanted a canal, anyway? Canals were out of date. The day of the railroad was coming. The railroad "will surely supersede canals as effectually as canals have superseded turnpike roads," the Baltimore business men were saying.

The result of their thinking was a plan for a railroad five hundred miles long from Baltimore through Harpers Ferry to the banks of the Ohio River. This was at the time when a railroad ten miles long was the greatest in the country.

The railroad-builders and the canal-builders went to work at about the same time. On July 4, 1828, ground for the canal was broken near Washington, and on the same day the foundation stone of the railroad was laid at Baltimore by the venerable Charles Carroll, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The builders of the canal and of the railroad became

deadly rivals. When the railroad reached the Potomac, the canal company claimed the sole right of way. The canal company tried to stop the railroad by going to law, and the railroad tried to stop the canal company in the same way. The greatest difficulty was between Point of Rocks and Harpers Ferry, where the passage between the river and the mountains is narrow. It was at last arranged that the railroad should be given the right of way to Harpers Ferry, on condition that it should build no farther until its slower rival could reach Cumberland.

But when, within a year or two, the canal company had to ask state aid, this was granted on condition that it allow the railroad company to build as rapidly as it could.

At Harpers Ferry, turnpike, canal, and railroad are so close together that a stone can be thrown over them all. The railroad carries a great commerce, the canal is useful for barges during the summer months, and the turnpike, built substantially more than a century ago, is used still by automobile travelers who follow where the stagecoaches and the teams of yesterday showed the way over the hills by marvelous grades, and over the streams on massive stone bridges that are as sturdy today as when they were built.

### 57. The Santee Canal of South Carolina

Soon after the close of the Revolution, leaders in America began to plan methods for the development of the country in the interior, and for bringing its produce

to the cities of the coast. This was long before the day of railroads, and it was felt that the canal would solve the problem of transportation. Within a few years thousands of miles of canals were built. Some of them are still in use, though most of them are a mere memory.

One of the earliest and most notable of these old waterways was the Santee Canal of South Carolina, which was built in order to provide transportation to

On an Old Canal

Charleston for the cotton crop of the plantations farther inland. Its story is typical of the stories of most of the canals that followed it. The company was chartered in 1786. The construction of the canal was begun in 1793, and it was opened in 1800, though it was not finally completed until 1802. Seven hundred and twenty shares were sold at $1000 each, and almost the entire proceeds were expended in construction.

The engineer in charge was a Hessian officer who had been captured with Burgoyne during the Revolution.

The waterway built by him connected the Santee River and the Cooper River. The length of the canal was twenty-two miles; it was twenty feet wide at the bottom and thirty-five at the surface of the water.

Owing to the nature of the country, many difficulties had to be overcome by the builders. Some of the territory was quite rough, other sections low and swampy. At one place the canal led for a mile and a half through "a wooden trough carried above the ground."

Business was good from the start, yet the highest profit paid in any year was but three per cent. Each boat paid $21 in tolls, approximately a dollar per mile. In 1830 the receipts were about $20,000. During that year nearly one third of the cotton brought to Charleston came by this canal.

This waterway has long been abandoned. In *The South in the Building of the Nation* we read that "the canal is now in ruins, though some of the locks, built of brick and originally capped with marble, are standing. As though it were yet a reality, it still appears on the map, where it can be seen much more plainly than upon its crumbled banks."

Among the most enthusiastic promoters of the canal were Robert Fulton and George Washington. On September 12, 1796, Fulton sent to Washington a presentation copy of his enthusiastically written *Treatise on the Improvement of Canal Navigation.*

This presentation copy bears on the title page the name of the first president. On a blank page is the author's letter accompanying his gift. He says:

"By My Friend Dr. Edwards I beg leave to present you with this publication: Which I hope will be honoured with your Perusal at a Leisure hour; The object of Which is to Exhibit the Certain Mode of Giving Agriculture to every Acre of the immense Continent of America; By means of a Creative System of Canals:

"When this Subject first entered my thoughts, I had no idea of the Consequence: But the scene Gradually opened and at Length exhibited the most extensive and pleasing prospect of Improvement: hence, I now Consider it of much national Importance: And View it Like the application of those particular principles which produce certain effects:

"Thus the discovery of the Mariner's Compass Gave Commerce to the World:

"The Invention of printing is dissipating darkness and giving a Polish to the Mass of men.

"And the Introduction of the Creative System of Canals as certain in their Effects will give an Agricultural Polish to every Acre of America.

"I Therefore Beg leave to submit to your Contemplation the Last Chapter with the Supplement."

At the time of writing this letter to President Washington, Fulton was thirty-one years old. He did not dream that before he was fifty he would himself introduce an improvement in transportation that would help to make useless the proposals that he had worked out; or that the nation's capital, named for Washington, was to become the center of a great railway system.

## 58. Barge Travel on the Hudson River

Before the days of the railroad a journey from the Atlantic seaboard to the Western Reserve, as the section now included in northeastern Ohio was named, called for the expenditure of much time, money, and endurance. Resort was usually made to a slow stage-coach or a private wagon, though many travelers made the long trip on horseback.

*From an old engraving*

A Scene on the Erie Canal

The first great improvement in methods of travel was in 1807, when Robert Fulton's steamboat, the *Clermont*, made the trip from New York to Albany at a speed of five miles an hour. Nearly twenty years later the Erie Canal was opened, and then it became possible for passengers from New York by steamer to continue their journey to Buffalo by water. There a lake boat could be taken and the journey completed in comparative comfort.

There were, however, many people who feared to travel by steamer because they thought the boiler might explode. For this reason, among others, the companies engaged in river transportation announced the departure of safety barges. Each of many river towns had such a barge. The passengers went aboard before the arrival of the steamer which was to take it in tow. Thus, when the steamer reached its destination, or when it left the terminus for the trip to New York or to Albany, there would be a number of these barges. When the home town of a barge was reached, the steamer would leave it at the wharf just as today an express train drops a sleeper at a junction point.

David L. Buckman, in *Old Steamboat Days on the Hudson*, describes these barges as "boats with a main and upper deck almost as long and commodious as a steamer. The main deck was fitted up with a cabin, extending in some instances the whole length of the boat. There was a long saloon, with 'state' or sleeping-rooms arranged along on either side. Windows looked out on the water and doorways opened in on the cabin. There was generally a long table in the saloon at which meals were served for fifty cents each to the passengers. The captain of the barge always sat at the head of the table and helped to make the meal hour quite an event of the trip."

Mr. Buckman says that passengers became quite enthusiastic over the pleasures of the barge mode of river travel. He quotes the following description left

by Thomas L. McKenney, who was one of the commissioners sent from Washington in June, 1826, to negotiate a treaty with the Northwest Indians:

"I left New York, as it was my intention to do, in the *Lady Clinton*, yesterday morning at nine o'clock. It was the first time I had ever seen one of these barges. I must say I was struck with the admirable invention, and with the extent and variety and perfection of the accommodations. You have seen steamboats. This barge, in all respects except breadth of beam and machinery, resembles the finest you ever did see. It took me the first half hour after getting on board to walk through this floating palace. It certainly exceeds anything I have ever yet seen in all that enters into the composition of safety and comfort. . . . I have heard some question the security of this barge, by saying her buoyancy and great elevation above the surface of the water rendered her liable to turn over. But I doubt whether if she or her sister, the *Lady Van Rensselaer*, were to glide up and down the North River for a century, such an occurrence would happen. Were they visitants of the sea the swells of the ocean might rock them over, but never, in my opinion, will the North River roll so as to occasion such a disaster.

"This beautiful barge is towed by the *Commerce*, an unusually fine steamboat, and of great power. The connection is by means of two pieces of timber some six feet long. They are fastened to either side of the bow of the barge, and uniting in the form of a pair of compasses, the upper or joint part receives a bolt of

iron which rises out of the stern of the *Commerce.* The connection parts work on swivels, hence none of the motion of the steamboat is communicated to the barge. Communication is had between the two by means of a movable platform some two-and-a-half feet wide, with hand rails on either side. Openings are made in the stern of the *Commerce* and in the bow of the barge in which the platform rests. . . .

"Some of the advantages which the barge possesses over the steamboat are, in the security from the effects of a bursted boiler, freedom from the heat and steam and from the smell of grease and the kitchen and from the jar occasioned by the machinery, and the enlarged accommodations — the whole being set apart for eating and sleeping and walking. The cabin in which we dined is below and is the same in which the gentlemen sleep; and one hundred and eighty persons can sit down at once and each have elbow room. . . .

"The berths occupy the entire sides of this vast room; they are curtained in such a way as to afford retirement in dressing and undressing; there being brass rods on which curtains are projected and these are thrown out at night. In the day the curtains hang close to the berths as is usual. Next above this are the ladies' cabin and apartments — staterooms, rather — furnished in the most splendid style. . . .

"Upon this middle tier is an apartment where the gentlemen dress, shave, and read. All around this second story, it being, I should judge, not over two-thirds the width of the boat, and resting on the middle

deck, is a fine walk with settees where you can sit when you please and lounge. Then comes, and over all, the grand promenade with an awning when the sun or rain requires it over the whole.

"It is not possible for New York to furnish in her best hotels a better dinner than we sat down to yesterday, nor in a better style of preparation. I suppose our company numbered one hundred. The captain is highly qualified, no less by his masterly knowledge of his duty than by his gentlemanly courtesy, for so splendid a charge; and the attendants appeared to be the best. Taken altogether, I question whether the world ever witnessed anything so perfect in all that relates to the accommodation and comfort and pleasure of passengers."

Because freight as well as passengers was taken on these barges, there were many complaints, especially when the freight consisted of live stock. Frequently sleep was an impossibility because of the noise made by the restless beasts.

Another cause of sleeplessness was the monotonous splashing of the paddle wheels of the steamer so close to the barge. Experiments were made which led to the substitution on some of the boats of screw propellers for the paddle wheels.

Before many years the popularity of the barges waned, and, one after another, they were taken from passenger service and devoted altogether to freight traffic. It is possible to find some of them still in use in this more prosaic occupation.

## 59. Bridging the Mississippi River

Old residents of St. Louis tell with pride of the days when steamboat traffic on the Mississippi River was at its height.

"And why not be proud of it?" an old pilot said to a traveler. "What a pageant the city has seen! There were the early voyagers who went down the river, and others who breasted the current. Gradually traffic increased until 1787, which was called 'the year of the ten boats,' for ten barges arrived together, bearing sugar and spices from New Orleans, and returned with furs, salt, beef, and wheat. In 1815 came the first steamboat, the *Pike*. Gradually traffic grew until what is now known as the golden age of steamboating, from 1845 to 1865, when the river front was one of the famous American scenes. Frequently the steamboats were at the levee three or four deep. Think of nearly three thousand arrivals in a single year! Life was worth living then."

What vigorous protests the river men made against the railroads and the bridges that accompanied them! The first Mississippi bridge project came to nothing. As early as 1840 a wire suspension bridge was proposed. The engineer said he would "cross the great and violent river by the construction of a bridge on the principles of suspension," then little known in America. He said he would have three spans or arches. The structure was to be twenty-seven feet wide, though this width might be changed to thirty-six feet "if

ever the traffic shall be such as to call for the change." It was to be capable of bearing 1675 tons, and there were to be ten cables, which could be cut to eight, if the estimated cost of $737,566 was thought excessive!

Fortunately that bridge was not built; in 1867, however, the construction of a bridge upon a different plan was begun, and was continued in the face of organized opposition from those who made their living on the river. They claimed that the high smokestacks of the steamboats could not pass under the bridge without being lowered, but the real reason was the fear that the river trade would be affected.

The bridge was built by James Buchanan Eads. Not only was he an extraordinarily brilliant engineer, but his whole life seems to have been designed by fate to lead up to the time when he should complete this remarkable bridge and the jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi River.

He had his first experience of riding on a steamboat in 1829, when his family moved from Cincinnati to Louisville. At that time the boy was nine years old. During this trip he spent most of his leisure hours in the engine room, and from that day he could not forget the river and the steamboat. Two years later he had a little workshop at home, in which he made toy steamboats as well as fire engines and sawmills.

At the age of nineteen young Eads was a clerk on a Mississippi River steamboat. While in that position he studied the treacherous river and invented ingenious

methods of raising steamboats and barges that had foundered.

Then he went into the business of recovering wrecks. While engaged in this work, he learned the nature of the Mississippi river bed as perhaps no other man has ever known it. His biographer has told a story of courage and perseverance that dates from this period:

"While his diving-bell boat was building, a barge loaded with pig-lead sank in the rapids at Keokuk, 212 miles from St. Louis. A contract having been made with its owners, Eads hurried up there to rescue the freight from fifteen feet of water. He had no knowledge himself of diving-armor; but he had engaged a skilled diver from the Great Lakes, who brought his own apparatus. They set out in a barge and anchored over the wreck; but, once there, they soon discovered that the current was so exceedingly rapid that the diver could do nothing in it.

"Eads at once returned to Keokuk, and, buying an ordinary whiskey hogshead, took it out to the wreck; and having knocked out one head, he slung pigs of lead round his improvised diving-bell, made a seat inside it, rigged it to his derrick and air pumps, and then asked the diver to go down in it. The diver having very naturally refused, Eads . . . got inside his hogshead and was lowered into the river. His assistants were unused to managing diving-bells, and when they came to haul him up, the derrick got out of order. By main force they were able to raise the hogshead to the surface, but not above it. As the air-

EADS BRIDGE, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI
From the west bank

pump continued to work all the while, Eads though wondering what was amiss, sat patiently in his place, till finally he saw a hand appear under the rim of the hogshead. Seizing this, he ducked under and got out."

He succeeded in saving all of the lost freight.

He himself told of another experiment:

"Five miles below Cairo, I searched the river bottom for the wreck of the *Neptune* for more than sixty days, and in a distance of three miles. My boat was held by a long anchor line, and was swung from side to side of the channel, over a distance of five hundred feet, by side anchor lines, while I walked on the river bottom under the bell across the channel. The boat was then dropped twenty feet farther downstream, and I then walked back again as she was hauled towards the other shore. In this way I walked on the bottom four hours at least every day — Sundays excepted — during that time."

These busy years made Eads a rich man, and in 1857 he retired. But during the Civil War his knowledge of the Mississippi River and its navigation was sought by the Government.

Gunboats were needed for use against the forces of the South, which were holding the river below Cairo. When the bids were opened, Eads promised the quickest work at the lowest price, and so received the contract. Within one hundred days, in spite of the lack of foundries and workmen, he completed seven iron-clad gunboats, with twenty-one engines and thirty-five boilers.

Even after the war was ended, Eads did not return to a quiet life; the Mississippi still called him. In 1867 he began one of the greatest works of his career — the bridge at St. Louis.

This bridge consisted of three steel arches, each about five hundred feet long. These were supported by four huge stone piers, the foundations of which were laid upon the bedrock of the river. All the materials used in construction were tested by experts, and every precaution was taken for the safety of the workmen.

In 1874 the bridge was finished, and was formally opened on the Fourth of July. It was one of the greatest bridges ever built up to that time, and is still strong and beautiful. It was Eads's expressed intention that it should endure "as long as it is useful to man."

This achievement would seem to be enough to accomplish in one lifetime, but there remained the problem of the delta at the mouth of the Mississippi. There the channels were continually being choked with immense quantities of silt carried thither by the river. All Eads's life had been spent making plans to improve the Mississippi, and to increase its usefulness to his fellow-men. It was natural, therefore, that he should be the one to conceive a plan to keep the channel open at the river's mouth.

This plan he completed in the face of persistent opposition. By means of jetties the river was narrowed at its mouth. Thus the stream was forced to flow more swiftly, and by its own action to scour for itself an ever deepening channel.

Even this was not enough to satisfy Eads's tireless brain. To the day of his death, in 1887, he continued to plan great undertakings, and almost his last words were, "I cannot die; I have not finished my work."

But the bridge at St. Louis and the Mississippi River jetties are monuments well worth leaving.

## 60. When America Ruled the Seas

"Oh! California,
That's the land for me!
I'm going to Sacramento
With my washbowl on my knee."

Thus sang the passengers of the bark *Eliza*, as they sailed away from Salem, Massachusetts, late in the year 1848. This refrain was to be sung again and again by the "forty-niners" who swept over the waves from Sandy Hook to the Golden Gate in clipper ships swift as flying clouds.

The word "clipper" was probably derived from the Dutch *kleppen*, "to run swiftly." The ships which bore the name were built with long, sharp lines and a great spread of canvas, with a view to tremendous speed.

The "clipper ship era" really began in 1843, to meet the demands for haste created by competition in the China tea trade. But it was the gold rush to California which increased the popularity of these vessels, and stimulated great rivalry among captains and shipbuilders.

The trip from New York around Cape Horn to San Francisco in an ordinary sailing vessel required from 150 to 180, or even 200, days, but the clipper ships quickly cut down the time to 125 days, then to 120, 115, 110, 100, and finally to 90 days. The record was 89 days.

THE CLIPPER SHIP, *SOVEREIGN OF THE SEAS*

She was dismasted at sea in 1852 and rerigged after fourteen days, during which time she was kept on her course. Her commander, Captain Lauchlan McKay, was presented with a silver dinner service for this achievement.

A writer of that period has said that the California passage was "a great race-course, upon which some of the most beautiful trials of speed the world ever saw have come off."

Early in 1852 there was a great race to San Francisco between the *Sword Fish* and the *Flying Fish.* The ships sailed on the same day — the former from

New York, the latter from Boston. At the equator the *Flying Fish* was four days ahead. The parallel of 50° south in the Atlantic was passed by both boats on the same day. Around Cape Horn they were part of the time side by side, though the parallel of 50° south in the Pacific was reached by the *Sword Fish* one day late. In the race to the equator the *Sword Fish* overhauled and passed the *Flying Fish*, reaching San Francisco in 90 days, 16 hours — nearly eight days ahead of her rival.

On October 29, 1852, the *John Gilpin* sailed past Sandy Hook. On November 1 the *Flying Fish* began her voyage at the same place. At the equator the *Flying Fish* was one day ahead of her rival. Between the equator and line of 50° south in the Atlantic, the *John Gilpin* overtook the *Flying Fish*, and led her by two days. The position of the ships was reversed at 50° south in the Pacific. The *John Gilpin* reached San Francisco in 93 days from Sandy Hook, while the time of the *Flying Fish* was 92 days.

Fifteen thousand miles and a difference of but twenty-four hours! One who has written of the race remarks with wonder that "the average difference of sailing between these two ships was less than six seconds per mile over the entire distance."

In 1852 the *Sovereign of the Seas* was launched, and made the voyage from New York to San Francisco. Thousands of people were assembled to greet her as she glided through the Golden Gate, and the hills reëchoed to the song roared out by her crew:

"Oh! Susannah darling, take our ease,
For we have beat the clipper fleet —
The Sovereign of the Seas!"

The *Sovereign of the Seas* was a matchless beauty. Just after her launching she sold for the record price of $150,000. She proved her worth by earning nearly that amount on her first round trip. From San Francisco she cleared for Honolulu, where she took on a cargo of sperm oil, and sailed for New York. She made the distance from Honolulu to New York in 82 days. In four successive days she made a total of 1478 miles. In eleven successive days she made 3562 miles. Her greatest day's run was 424 miles. At times her speed must have been nearly or quite twenty knots an hour. There were other times when the wind was not quite so fresh, but the average was more than seventeen knots.

The clipper ships were the admiration and envy of the British, who tried in vain to learn the secret of their construction. British builders would visit American ships anchored in the Mersey or the Thames River, in England, and would carefully copy their lines. Yet somehow the British were never able to produce such marvels of speed as came from the shipyards of New England.

Part of the superiority of the American ships was due to the captains and mates who held a stern, unyielding hand over their crews. Under this rigid discipline the rough, drunken fellows who were taken aboard became trained seamen who brought their ship trium-

phantly into port. Also the American captains were more daring than the British. When the British would have shortened sail, the Americans kept all sails set. Log-books told of voyage after voyage when, in spite of gales, some of the sails were never furled.

The record day's run was made in 1854 by the *Lightning*, while on the way from New York to Liverpool. The passage required nearly fourteen days. On the tenth day out from New York the log recorded 436 miles, in heavy weather. This was an average of eighteen and one half knots, which, according to one historian, "entitles the *Lightning* to the proud distinction of being the swiftest ship that ever sailed the seas. There was no ocean steamship of her day that approached her record by less than one hundred miles, and another five-and-twenty years passed away before the Atlantic greyhound, the *Arizona*, made eighteen knots for a single hour on her trial trip." Fifty years later not more than thirty ocean-going mail steamships afloat could steam more than eighteen knots. To maintain such an average speed the vessel must sometimes have made as much as twenty knots an hour, which is equal to twenty-three miles on land.

There never was a good race between a British and an American clipper ship; but there was a race between the British *Lord of the Isles*, an iron clipper ship, and the American clipper bark *Maury*. In 1856 these two vessels sailed from Foochow to London, carrying tea. London merchants had offered a premium for each ton of cargo to the vessel which first reached the

market, after the opening of the season. The *Lord of the Isles* sailed four days ahead of the *Maury*. It is recorded that both vessels arrived in the Downs off the English coast on the same morning, and passed Gravesend, on the Thames River, within ten minutes of each other, the *Maury* leading. But the *Lord of the Isles* reached the dock first and won the prize.

The first clipper ships were succeeded by others built to carry large cargoes rather than for speed. As the years went on, steam came to replace sails, and the clipper ship era ended with the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. One by one the famous clipper ships had met their fate. The *Flying Fish* went down in the China Sea; the *John Gilpin* struck an iceberg off Cape Horn and foundered; the *Sovereign of the Seas* was wrecked on the Pyramid Shoal in the Straits of Malacca.

But the romance of the white-winged ships which raced around the Horn can never die. Down through the years still rings the refrain:

> Oh! California
> We'll see you by and by,
> If we've good luck, and if we don't,
> Why, bless you, don't you cry.

## 61. The Starting-Point of the First Transatlantic Steamship

According to an article in *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1877, Captain Moses Rogers "commanded the first steamboat on the Hudson, the first steamboat on the Delaware, the first steamboat on the Chesa-

peake, the first steamboat between Charleston and Savannah, and the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic."

Crossing the Atlantic, the greatest test of his skill and courage, was successfully accomplished in 1819. For his purpose he chose a three-hundred-and-fifty-ton sailing vessel which had recently been launched in New York.

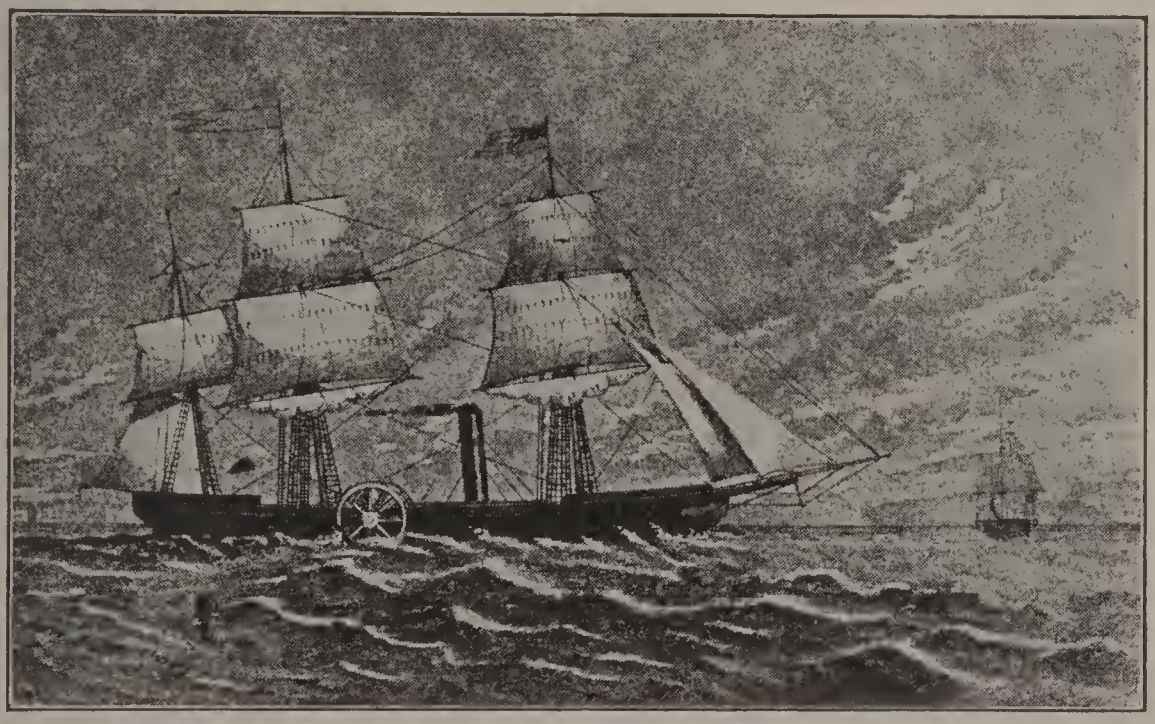
At his suggestion it was bought by Savannah ship merchants, who were eager not only for profit, but for the distinction of having their city win first honors in navigation. They fitted up the vessel with steam machinery, engine and boiler, and paddle wheels, and named her *Savannah*.

In the spring of 1819 the *Savannah* made a trial trip from New York to Savannah. All went well, and toward the end of May the little vessel, flying the American colors, sailed for Liverpool. In August she went on to St. Petersburg, and in November returned safely to Savannah.

An account of the voyage was given under oath by the sailing master:

"We made the port of Liverpool in twenty-two days after leaving Savannah, fourteen of the twenty-two under steam. The only reason why the whole voyage was not performed by steam was the fear of the fuel giving out. Off Cape Clear, the admiral at Cork dispatched a ship to our relief, supposing we were on fire. At Liverpool we caused a great deal of excitement, and some suspicion, as having some design to release Napoleon from St. Helena.

"From Liverpool we proceeded to Copenhagen, and from there to Stockholm. At both places she excited great curiosity; at the latter place she was visited by the royal family, Mr. Hughes (our minister), and Lord Lyndoch. Lord L. went with us to St. Petersburg. On the passage he desired us to bring the vessel from steam to canvas. He held his watch and noted



THE *SAVANNAH*, THE FIRST OCEAN STEAMSHIP

the time, fifteen minutes. So delighted was he that he exclaimed, 'I blame no man born in the United States for being proud of his country; and were I a young man I'd go there myself.' The Emperor of Russia came on board at Cronstadt, and was much pleased with the vessel."

Apparently the ship was one with which any one might well have been pleased. The newspapers of the time referred to her as "elegant," of "most majestic appearance," and able to make "most astonishing

progress." She was described as "full rigged for mast and sail, and propelled by one inclined, direct-action, low-pressure engine. . . . The size of her cylinder was forty inches diameter, with six-feet stroke. The water wheels were of wrought iron, with only one flange, and entirely uncovered, while so attached that their removal and shipment on deck were attended with scarcely any inconvenience or delay." That the ship was seaworthy is evidenced not only by her journey to St. Petersburg and back, but also by the fact that, to use Captain Rogers' own phrase, "neither a screw, bolt, nor ropeyarn parted, although she experienced very rough weather."

So Captain Rogers succeeded in his experiment. But he must have been disappointed that it was only an experiment. The bold little vessel failed to arouse anything more than admiration, and neither the Russian nor the American Government decided to purchase her, although she sailed to Washington for inspection. Finally she was sold at auction and reduced once more to a sailing packet. For a time she traveled back and forth between New York and Savannah. In 1822 she ended her career completely by being wrecked on Long Island.

The *Savannah* was what might be termed an "auxiliary steamer." She used wind when she could, and steam only when wind did not serve. The chief difficulty was the necessity of fuel-saving. The wood which was used occupied so much space on the vessel that an amount sufficient for an extended voyage could scarcely be carried.

# CHAPTER VIII

## PROGRESS ON LAND

### 62. Where the First Bank of North America Transacted Business

ROBERT MORRIS, who showed Congress how to raise money for the heavy expenses of the later years of the Revolutionary War, was one of the first men who suggested that there ought to be a bank in Philadelphia, so as to have a satisfactory method of conducting both private and public business.

His suggestion, made long before the Revolution, was not carried out. But in 1780 financial difficulties became so great that, on June 8, Morris, together with a number of patriotic Philadelphians, as well as men from other colonies, met and decided that a bank must be organized. The result was the founding of The Pennsylvania Bank.

The stock subscription list which was begun at this meeting was presented to others, and by June 17 £400 had been subscribed and paid in, as well as £101,360 in continental currency, the actual value of which was much less. Later it was decided to have £300,000 in Pennsylvania currency, not continental, as capital. Ninety-two names were affixed to this revised stock list.

The directors of the new bank were instructed to borrow money at six per cent interest, most of which was to be used for the purchase of provisions for the Continental Army, and for the army's other expenses.

When the Continental Congress learned of the organization, the members were pleased and acknowledged their satisfaction at this new proof of patriotism.

The bank's life was brief, but it was helpful at a time of great distress. When its usefulness ceased, Morris, in response to the request of Congress to help solve the country's financial problems, suggested the organization of The Bank of North America, with a capital stock of $400,000, in shares of $400 each, hard money.

Congress approved the plan, and so did most of the states. But the chief dependence of the bank proved to be the men from Pennsylvania who had been interested in the earlier institution. As there was some doubt about the power of Continental Congress to charter the bank, a charter was also obtained from the state of Pennsylvania.

The first large deposit was $470,000, received from France by the United States for the conduct of the Revolutionary War, which was not yet over. The first president was Thomas Willing, while Tench Francis became cashier.

At first the conduct of the bank — which began business on January 7, 1782 — was difficult, but gradually it won the confidence and applause of the people,

so that by June, 1784, the capital paid in was $830,000. It operated under the state charter until 1863.

The success of The Bank of North America was so great that, when the infant government of the United States faced its financial problems, many statesmen urged the establishment of The Bank of the United States for the purpose of regulating the currency, issuing national paper currency, and acting as financial agent of the United States. Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary of the Treasury, favored the plan, but others, among them Thomas Jefferson, opposed it. He objected because he interpreted the Constitution to mean that the chartering of corporations should be done by the states. But the plan proposed was approved by Congress and the act was signed by George Washington in 1791.

The capital of the new bank was not to exceed $10,000,000, no one was to be allowed to subscribe for more than one thousand shares at $400 each, and the life of the charter was limited to twenty years.

All the stock was subscribed for on July 4, 1791, and there was so much interest in the venture that the receipts for $25 a share, paid or accrued, were eagerly bought for $50, $75, and — finally — $250.

The bank was opened in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, late in 1791. Thomas Willing was the first president, just as he had been first president of The Bank of North America.

For six years historic Carpenters' Hall continued to be the home of the bank, but on July 24, 1797, the

stately marble building erected for its use on the west side of Third Street below Chestnut Street was occupied. This building is still one of the most substantial and beautiful banking buildings in the city. Its proportions and the general effect have been much admired. Across the front, which is ninety-six feet

First Bank of the United States, Philadelphia

wide, is a portico with Corinthian columns. The architect planned to reproduce the Dublin Exchange, at that time considered one of the most beautiful buildings of its kind in Europe.

When Thomas Jefferson became President of the United States, his opposition to the bank influenced many people who urged that the charter, when it ex-

pired, should not be renewed. The newspapers of the day were full of arguments for and against its continuance. Many delegations went to Washington to plead for a new charter. Pamphlets were written on both sides of the question. One of these, which was published in May, 1810, said:

"To the distractions and derangements of our affairs with the European world we are, with almost incredible folly, preparing, by allowing the charter of the Bank of the United States to expire, to add an awful scene of internal disorder and confusion, of private and public bankruptcy."

The fears of those who predicted panic should the bank be discontinued, did not prevent the House of Representatives from postponing indefinitely the bill to recharter the bank. This action was taken on January 24, 1811, by a majority of one vote. Later, in the Senate, an attempt to introduce a similar bill led to a tie vote; this Vice-President George Clinton broke by voting against the desire of those who wished the bank to go on. The opposition of the state banks, which felt that the competition of The Bank of the United States was unfair, had succeeded.

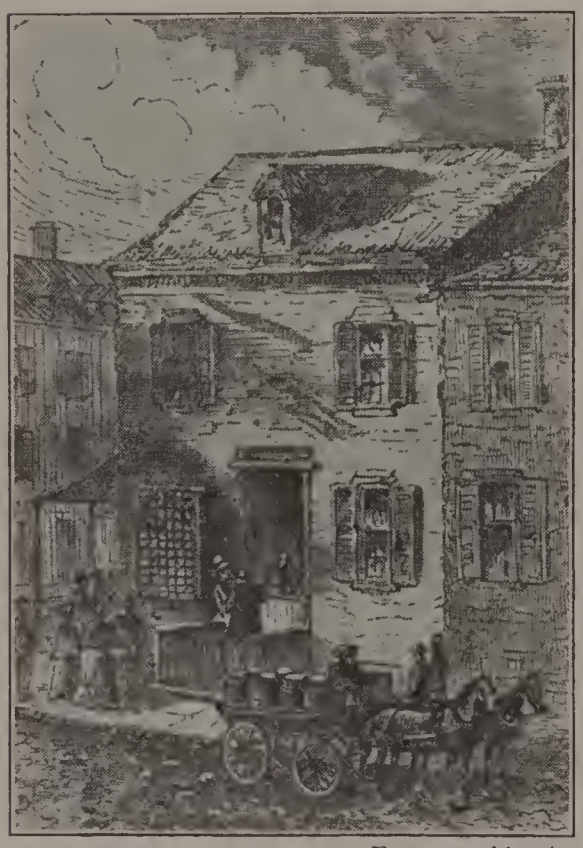
So the affairs of the bank were settled as quickly as possible. In 1812 most of the money was repaid to stockholders, and in 1817 the balance was paid.

Stephen Girard, who had owned much of the stock of the bank, bought the building. There he carried on his private bank, which fell heir to much of the business of its predecessor. At his death the Girard

Bank was organized. It is still doing business there as the Girard National Bank.

### 63. Early Days of the Post Office Department

In these days, when the movement of mails is so rapid, it is not easy to realize the difficulties of transporting letters and packages during the years following the Revolution, when pioneers were pushing their way beyond the Alleghenies, and the army was engaged in curbing the Indians in the West.



*From an old print*

AN EARLY POST OFFICE IN NEW YORK CITY

Pittsburgh had her first post office in 1786, but not until 1794 was a regular western mail route established. From Washington to Pittsburgh the mail was carried on horseback or by stage. From Pittsburgh to Wheeling horses were used.

Every two weeks a mail boat went from Wheeling to Limestone, Kentucky, the river port for the Kentucky settlements of Daniel Boone and his fellow-pioneers. When the boat line was established, Timothy Pickering was Postmaster General. Letters from him show how simple was the operation of the department of which he was head. Think of a Postmaster

General today giving attention to such details as are included in these letters!

On April 26, 1794, he wrote from the General Post Office, in New York City, to Major Isaac Craig, in Pittsburgh, suggesting that it would be better to give up the idea of carrying passengers on the mail boats; the expense would be too great, and passengers would be few. So he proposed light boats, four in number, each to be operated by five men.

With his letter he sent an estimate of the cost of the service for nine months. During the three winter months the boats could not be used and it would be necessary to carry the mail overland "through the wilderness." Each river man was to receive twelve dollars per month, and his food was to cost fifteen cents per day. Each boat would cost twenty-five dollars.

Then the estimate of cost was set down:

| | |
|---|---|
| Five hands for boats . . . . | $2,160 |
| Subsistence for 365 days . . | 1,095 |
| Four boats . . . . . | 100 |
| | $3,355 |

It was thought that the estimate might be too large, since the boats might last two or three years, with repairs, especially if the boats were "pretty high sided, that they may be more secure from taking in water by the dashing of the waves in windy times."

Later it was decided to have but three boats. Since mails would be sent overland from Limestone to Fort Washington (Cincinnati), it seemed that the smaller

service would be sufficient. It was suggested that "the space from Wheeling to Limestone be divided into three parts in the most convenient and equal manner that the settlements and states on the river will admit of."

The boxes for the mails, the Postmaster General suggested, had best be entirely "covered with oil-cloths, so as to be perfectly secure from water." Then he asked, "Will it not be prudent to have some contrivance for fastening the boxes to the boats; so that if a boat oversets, without sinking, the mail may not be separated and lost?"

On May 24, 1794, this same shrewd official wrote:

"As some doubts are entertained of the practicability of carrying the mail by the Ohio with due regularity and dispatch, it will be proper to have the first arrangements *temporary*. For which reason I request you to engage the boatmen on the condition that they may be discharged, upon one or two months' notice, in case this mode of carrying the mail to Kentucky and the army shall not answer the public expectation concerning it, and then I should be inclined to abandon it."

On June 7, 1794, a letter was sent as follows:

"I now write to General Putnam of Marietta, informing him of the steps you have taken to raise a boat's crew at that place, and advising him to have a second crew raised at Gallipolis, as Captain Mills advises, or at Marietta, and to advise you when they will be ready. How will you send the two boats to

their station at Marietta and Gallipolis? I presume that soldiers or others going down the river will conveniently do it.

"I am sorry to learn that the expenses of this expensive undertaking will be increased by an advance price to the hands. It will make an addition of between four and five hundred dollars a year.

"I send to your care the letter for General Putnam and four packages, one for a Postmaster at Washington, one for a Postmaster at Wheeling, a third for a Postmaster at Fort Washington, or Cincinnati, and a fourth for a Postmaster in West Liberty in Virginia, which I request you to forward, as good conveyance shall permit."

A letter of June 21 shows that, even in 1794, officials of the Government had their annoyances because of office-seekers:

"You manifest so much solicitude to obtain the Post Office at Wheeling for Major Finley that I consent to make the change and let him take it. But if he expects any material benefit from it he will be disappointed.

"I have sent the form of the oath to be taken and subscribed to by all persons to whose charge a public mail is committed."

On June 19, 1795, Major Craig wrote to Colonel Pickering, who was the Secretary of War:

"John Denny reports that on the 27th ultimo, on his way up the Ohio at Graham's Station, he fell in with the Mail Boat No. 3, some of the crew of which

informed him that on the 23d as they were ascending the Ohio between Big and Little Sandy Creeks, they were without any previous notice fired upon from the Kentucky shore by between twenty and thirty Indians, that a Mr. Stout who commanded the boat was killed, and two others mortally wounded."

Delivering mail was not an easy task in 1795!

## 64. Curious Facts about Early Railroads

It is not generally known that, just as the Scotchman McAdam is remembered by the macadam road of which he was the originator, so Benjamin Outram, an Englishman, gave his name to the tramway, the predecessor of the railway. He introduced the use of stone props, instead of timbers, for supporting the ends or joining of the rails employed in coal mine transportation. The name "Outram railway" soon became too long and was shortened to "tramway."

Outram had a neighbor who devised a curious engine. "The contrivance had two legs at the back which, being moved alternately by the engine, pushed it along. These legs or propellers imitated the legs of a man, or forelegs of a horse, and when worked by the machine alternately lifted and then pressed against the ground, propelling the machine forward, and in appearance resembled a mammoth grasshopper." It moved on a railway at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, but on one of its trials it blew up.

One of the first engines built in the United States was the "Western Star," made by mechanics in Lex-

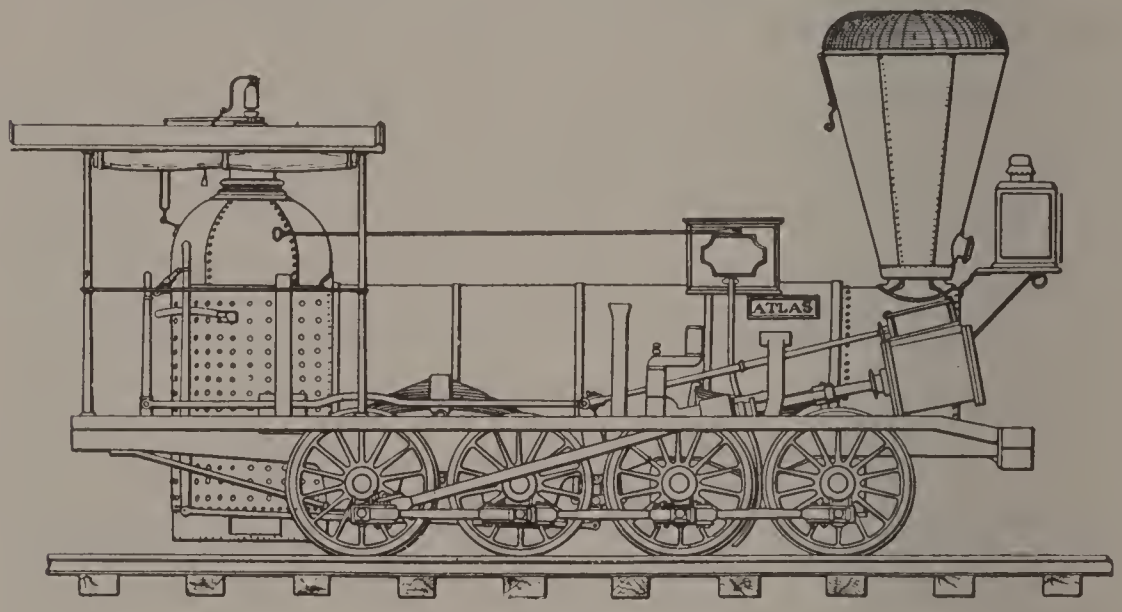
ington, Kentucky, in 1830. This was able to draw one car, containing four persons, at the rate of eight miles an hour. It was really only a model and could be exhibited indoors, as was done when it was taken to Buffalo, New York. Then a writer in a local paper said: "We never expected to travel about by aid of steam — but so it is. This carriage is decidedly a steam engine, which needs no bridle nor spurs, and behaves better than any pony we ever drove."

In 1827, when a railroad from Boston to Albany was first talked of, the project was ridiculed. It was spoken of as a plan "which every one knows, who knows the simplest rules in arithmetic, to be impracticable." Even if practicable, "every person of common sense" would realize that such a railroad would be "as useless as a railroad from Boston to the moon." In fact, a railroad from Boston to the moon would, it was felt, be of greater service, for the railway fanatics could then "be persuaded to pay a visit to their proper country."

When the "Best Friend" was tested in 1830 on the South Carolina Railroad, it carried 141 persons. One of these passengers told of his experience behind the horse that "eats fire, breathes steam, and feeds upon light wood." He said: "We flew on the wings of the wind at the varied speed of fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour. . . . We darted forth like a live rocket, scattering sparks and flames on either side."

When the "DeWitt Clinton" was tried on the Hudson and Mohawk Railway in 1831, a passenger

was much impressed by the make-up of the train. This was "composed of coach bodies, mostly from stage-coaches, placed upon trucks. The trucks were coupled together with chains or chain links, leaving from two to three feet slack, and when the locomotive started it took up the slack by jerks, with sufficient force to jerk the passengers, who sat on seats, across the top of the coaches, out from under their hats, and in stop-




Locomotive of 1846

ping they came together with such force as to send them flying from their seats."

The fuel was dry pitch pine, and the smoke and sparks, coal and cinders poured out upon the passengers. "Each of the tossed passengers who had an umbrella raised it as a protection against the smoke and fire. They were found to be but a momentary protection, for in the first mile the last one went overboard, all having their covers burnt off from the frames, when a general mêlée took place among the passengers, each whipping his neighbor to put out the fire."

An attempt was soon made to remedy the unpleasant jerks. "The three links in the couplings of the cars were stretched to their utmost tension, and a rail from a fence near the road was placed between each car, and made fast by means of the packing yarn for the cylinders." The improvement worked, and passengers were made more comfortable.

It is of interest to note that only ten years after the Boston doubters said that a railroad could not be built from their town to Albany, a New York editor dared to say that there was no insurmountable barrier to the construction of a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific. "And the work will be accomplished," he wrote. "Let this prediction be marked. This great chain of communication will be made with links of iron. The treasures of the earth in that wide region are not destined to be lost. . . . The reader is now living who will make a railroad trip across the vast continent."

The prediction was noted by the editors of other papers, but the building of a transcontinental railroad was generally spoken of as visionary and absurd.

## 65. The Predecessor of a Great Railroad

In the early days of railroading in America a railway was thought of as a public highway on which one man had as good right as another to the use of the tracks.

Perhaps the best example of such a highway was the Portage Railroad, built across the Allegheny Moun-

tains in Pennsylvania, to be used in connection with the canals on either side of the mountains. Between Johnstown and Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, a mountain was crossed by means of ten inclined planes. At the head of each of these planes there were two stationary engines of about thirty-five horse power each.

Summit Level of Old Portage Railroad, Near Cresson, Pennsylvania

One engine only was used at a time, but two were provided for greater security. Wagons were drawn up the plane by means of hemp ropes.

The first trip over the mountains was made in November, 1833, but it was not until March, 1834, when canal navigation began, that the Portage Railroad was opened for use as a public highway. The state furnished the motive power for the inclined planes; power elsewhere was furnished by the users of the road.

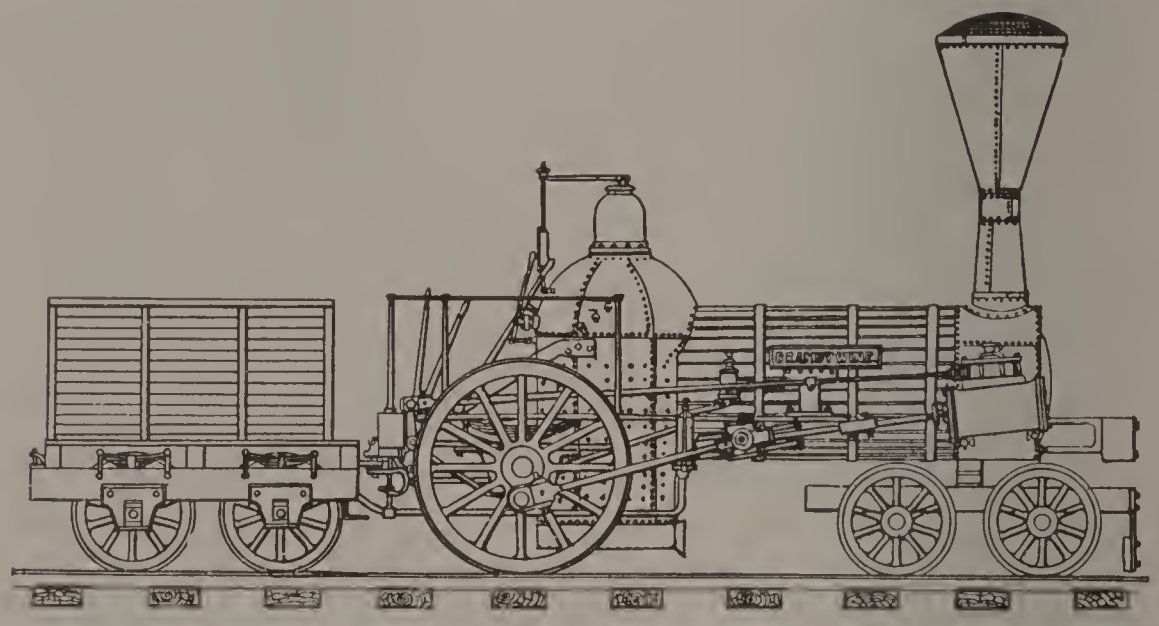
When the canals closed for the winter, the railway was shut down.

As might have been expected, the experiment of using the road as a public highway was very unsatisfactory. One historian of the road has told of what happened: "Individuals and firms employed their own drivers, with their own horses and cars. The cars were small, had four wheels, and each car would carry about seven thousand pounds of freight. Usually four cars made a train, and that number could be taken up, and as many let down, an inclined plane at one time, and from six to ten such trips could be made in an hour. The drivers were a rough set of fellows, and sometimes very stubborn and unmanageable. It was not practical to make them work by a time-table, and the officers of the railroad had no power to discharge them."

During the first year of its operation the road had but one track between turnouts. A large post, called a center post, was set up halfway between two turnouts. "The rule was made that when two drivers met on the single track, with their cars, the one that had gone beyond the center post had the right to go on, and the other that had not reached it must go back to the turnout which he had left. The road was in many places very crooked, and a man could not see far ahead. The way the rule worked was thus: When a man left a turnout, he would drive very slowly, fearing that he might have to turn back, and, as he approached the center post, he would drive faster and

faster to try to get beyond it, and thus to drive back any cars that he might meet. In this way cars have been driven together, and men killed by being crushed between them."

An effort was made to improve the system by state law, but the legislators were afraid the people would not welcome a suggestion of change in a method of



Locomotive of 1835

railway management that seemed to give everybody equal rights.

There was great excitement over the proposition to buy engines for the entire road and forbid private shippers to use horses. On one occasion a passenger in a horse car was heard to say that the people were taxed to make the railroad, and that the farmers along the line should have the right to drive their own horses and cars on the railroad, as they did their wagons on the turnpike; and that if they were not permitted to do it, the railroad would be a nuisance.

The law authorizing the change was finally passed,

and locomotives were bought. The first locomotive was called the "Boston," because it was built in that city, in 1834. It was described as a light engine, with one pair of driving wheels, which were made of wood, with iron hubs and tires. The front end of the frame rested on a truck, which had very elastic steel springs. The fuel used was wood, and the engine ran readily around short curves. The power was not great, but it gave complete satisfaction.

But until more engines were secured, some horses were allowed to draw cars. It was not until May 11, 1835, that the state was able to use locomotives for all traffic. Late that year Henry Clay was a passenger, on his way to attend Congress in Washington.

One of the most curious things about the Portage Railway was that it was made a carrier of canal boats across the mountains. Sometimes canal boats were built in sections and carried on trucks over the railroad. Others tried the plan of packing their freight in movable car bodies which could be placed on canal boats or lifted on wheels. Both methods proved unsatisfactory, for the sectional boats wore out easily, and the movable car bodies were just so much dead weight when carried on the canal boats.

The day came when another road was constructed to avoid the inclined planes. Then the Portage Railroad became history.

# CHAPTER IX

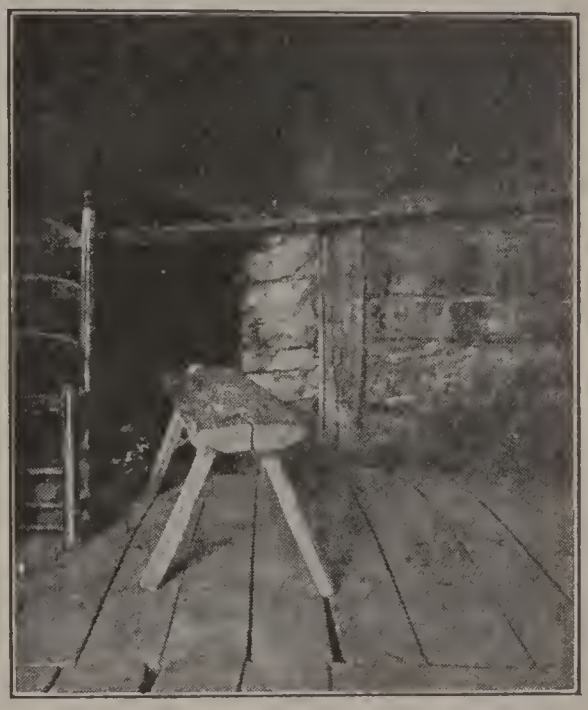
## MAKING READY FOR EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS

### 66. Teaching School in Ohio in 1814

A RELIC from pioneer days in Ohio is a contract between a teacher and a group of parents for the teaching and regulation of a private school, and for the payment of the teacher. This was in 1814, long before the establishment of a public school system. The agreement read:

We, the subscribers, do hereby mutually agree to hire Miss Sally Rice to teach a school in the schoolhouse near Mr. William Smith's, for the term of three months, to commence on the 9th day of June, instant. She is to commence her school at the hour of 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and keep until 12; and at the hour of 1, and continue until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. She is to teach reading, and to instruct the young misses in the art of sewing; and to keep all necessary regulation as is usual in schools, for which we agree to pay her the sum of one dollar and twenty-five cents per week during the said term, which sum shall be assessed in proportion to the number of scholars we have set to our names. Provided, also, that in case more are sent by any individual than he has subscribed for, or any persons send who do not subscribe, they shall be assessed in proportion to the number they send; the money to be assessed and collected by a committee to be appointed for that purpose. And for the performance of the foregoing, we hold ourselves bound.

To this document were signed the names of nineteen parents who agreed to pay for twenty-eight and one half scholars, five parents indicating that funds for half a scholar would be supplied by each. The modern reader cannot help wondering whether these particular parents were to receive half rates for a single child. If not, how is this curious provision to be accounted for? And how would it be possible to accept half a scholar for teaching, unless, of course, some one else paid for the other half!



Interior of a Primitive Schoolroom

The teacher of one such pioneer school had a startling adventure that nearly cost him his life. After the performance of his contract for teaching, he joined a party of surveyors. One day, with a comrade, he went out in search of game for the camp. Somehow he became separated from his companion. "Not being accustomed to the woods he could not regain the trail," the local historian wrote in telling the story. "Toward night he shot and wounded a bear, which escaped him. Finding himself actually lost, he fired his gun several times in the vain hope of hearing a response from the party. Night coming on, he built a fire at the roots of a dry beech tree, and, being very tired, was soon asleep. The fire ran up

the tree, and a piece of ignited wood fell on his clothing and burned him severely before he could extinguish the flame.

"By daylight the next morning he started east in hope of reaching the river, which he knew was in that direction, but the day closed and he had not found it. He lay down near a small stream of water, without food or fire, with his little dog curled up at his feet. The third morning he started early, saw many signs of buffaloes, but found none, or indeed any other game. His faithful dog, as if aware of his necessities, sought as eagerly as himself for game, and toward night discovered a little, half-starved opossum. Regarding this as better than no food, he killed and roasted it by his camp fire and offered a portion to his dog, who, however, declined to partake of such poor fare; but he, having now been three days without food, ate it with relish and felt refreshed.

"He arose on the fourth morning, after a good night's sleep, and pursued his eastward course with renewed vigor, though probably often deviating from it. Soon his dog started up a flock of turkeys; at this animating sight he leveled his gun at one of the largest birds, not thirty feet distant, and in his agitation and eagerness missed his mark, and it flew away unharmed. He thought his gun must have been bent or injured, and would no longer shoot with any accuracy. He was filled with despair, and believed he must starve before he could escape from the dreary woods. After shedding a few tears over his hopeless condition, he

examined his gun, wiped it out, and loaded it with great care. A solitary turkey was still visible, perched on the top of a high tree. Resting his gun, he took aim, fired, and it fell to the ground. A fire was made, the turkey prepared, and roasted on the coals; he thought he never tasted sweeter food — an opinion in which his little dog evidently coincided. Not long after, a deer came in sight, which he shot.

"That night he supped on roasted venison, slept soundly by a cheerful fire, and rose with renewed strength and spirits to begin the fifth day of his wanderings. A little before noon he came to the river at a place he recognized, near where the surveying party began their work. He now knew where he was, but instead of returning to the settlement he determined to follow the line of surveyors, which he could readily do by the blazes on the trees, until he found them. Game was abundant; he was no longer harassed by feeling that he was lost. He started with fresh vigor on the trace, and came up to the surveyors the eighth day of his solitary ramble."

The members of the surveying party had taken it for granted that the young man who had been in such grave danger had grown tired of the work and had returned home.

## 67. Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia

In 1785 Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, wrote to Washington that the General Assembly of the state

had voted to give him one hundred shares in the James River Canal Company, "it being their wish, in particular, that those great works of improvement, which, both as springing from the liberty which he has been so instrumental in establishing, and as encouraged by his patronage, will be durable monuments of his glory, may be made monuments also of the gratitude of his country."

Washington replied that he could not accept money for his services to his country. Then he added: "But if it should please the General Assembly to permit me to turn the destination of the fund vested in me, from my private emolument, to objects of a public nature, it will be my study, in selecting these, to prove the sincerity of my gratitude for the honor conferred on me, by preferring such as may appear most subservient to the enlightened and patriotic views of the legislature."

Of course the legislature granted the desired permission, indicating that the gifts might be made either during Washington's life, or by bequest.

Some years passed before Washington decided just what it was best to do with the canal shares. At last, however, he gave them to the trustees of Liberty Academy, at Lexington, Virginia, which had been incorporated in 1782. In recognition of the gift the name of the school was changed, in 1798, to Washington Academy. In 1813 the name was once more changed to Washington College.

This was the first large gift received by the institu-

Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia

tion. It is still yielding an income of $3000. During many times of crisis the income provided in this way has been of signal use to the institution, notably in 1824, when the Washington College building was begun. This structure is two hundred and fifty feet long, is built of brick, and each of its three porticoes is supported by white colonial columns.

For more than seventy-five years after Washington turned over the canal shares, the institution's sole endowment amounted to only about $120,000. The $70,000 added to the canal shares came from sources that were influenced by Washington's confidence in the institution.

The larger life of the college began with the election of General Robert E. Lee as president. The keynote of his service was sounded in the letter which he wrote to the trustees on receiving notification of his election. He feared that, in view of his military history, he might cause harm to the college. He was never greater than when he said:

"I think it is the duty of every citizen, in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony, and in no way to oppose the policy of the state or general government directed to that object. It is particularly incumbent upon those charged with the instruction of the young to set them an example of submission to authority, and I would not consent to be the cause of animadversion on the college."

During the five years of Lee's presidency the college

had a remarkable development. He died in 1870 and was buried in the chapel, and in 1871 the name of Washington College was changed to Washington and Lee University, that it might forever continue to be a memorial to its two greatest benefactors.

### 68. The University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia

Three years before his death Thomas Jefferson wrote to his friend, John Adams, and told him that he was riding a hobby. His hobby was the building of a university, and he had been devoted to it for many years. He had always been interested in education; he longed to see free schools provided for all the children of Virginia, and he was determined that the legislature of Virginia should make an appropriation for the great school that was so near his heart.

At last he succeeded, and it became his pleasure to oversee the construction of the buildings. The site chosen was close to his own home at Monticello, so that — through a telescope — he was able to watch the workmen on the grounds and buildings.

The overseer at Monticello wrote a humorous account of the early days of the project:

"The act of the legislature made it the duty of the commissioners to establish the university within one mile of the courthouse at Charlottesville. They advertised for proposals for a site. Three men offered sites. The commissioners had a meeting at Monticello, and then went and looked at all these sites.

After they had made their examination, Mr. Jefferson sent me to each of them, to request them to send by me their price, which was to be sealed up. Lewis and Craven each asked $17 per acre, and Perry, $12. That was a mighty big price in those days. . . . They took Perry's forty acres, at $12 per acre. It was a poor old turned-out field, though it was finely situated. Mr. Jefferson wrote the deed himself. Afterwards Mr. Jefferson bought a large tract near it. It had a great deal of timber and rock on it, which was used in building the university.

"My next instruction was to get ten able-bodied hands to commence the work. . . . Mr. Jefferson started from Monticello to lay off the foundation, and see the work commenced. An Irishman named Dinsmore and I went along with him. As we passed through Charlottesville, I . . . got a ball of twine, and Dinsmore found some shingles and made some pegs. . . . Mr. Jefferson looked over the ground some time, and then stuck down a peg. . . . He carried one end of the line, and I the other, in laying off the foundation of the university. He had a little ruler in his pocket that he always carried with him, and with this he measured off the ground, and laid off the entire foundation, and then set the men at work."

This foot-rule, when shown by the overseer, was explained as follows:

"Mr. Jefferson and I were once going along the bank of the canal, and in crawling through some bushes and vines it [the ruler] fell out of his pocket and

slid down the bank into the river. Some time after that, when the water had fallen, I went and found it, and carried it to Mr. Jefferson. He told me I . . . could keep it. . . . When I die, that rule can be found locked up in that drawer.

"After the foundations were nearly completed, they had a great time laying the corner stone. The old

Main Building, University of Virginia

field was covered with carriages and people. There was an immense crowd there. Mr. Monroe laid the corner stone. He was President at that time. . . . He held the instruments, and pronounced it square. I can see Mr. Jefferson's white head just as he stood there and looked on.

"After this he rode there from Monticello every day while the university was building, unless the weather was very stormy. . . . He looked after all

the materials, and would not allow any poor materials to go into the building if he could help it."

The university was opened in March, 1825. Forty students were in attendance, but at the beginning of the second year the number was increased to one hundred and seventy-seven.

The central feature of the collection of buildings, the wonderful Rotunda, was badly injured in the fire of 1895, which destroyed the Annex. The Rotunda was soon rebuilt according to Jefferson's original plan, and the group of buildings is more beautiful than ever.

### 69. Girard College, Philadelphia

Stephen Girard was born in France in 1750. From the time he was fourteen years old he followed the sea. At the early age of twenty-three he was granted a license "to act as Captain, Master, and Patron of a Merchant Vessel."

His first visit to the United States was in 1774. After that time he traded between New York, New Orleans, and Port-au-Prince, Haiti. In May, 1776, a storm and fog drove him to take refuge in Delaware Bay. The vessel reached safety just in time to escape a British fleet. Thus Girard arrived in Philadelphia, which was to become his home.

In June, 1777, he married Miss Mary Lum of Philadelphia. On the approach of the British to take possession of the city, the young couple went to live in Mount Holly, New Jersey, returning to Philadelphia when the British had withdrawn. Girard's sympa-

thies were with the colonies in their struggle with Great Britain, and in October, 1778, he took the oath of allegiance.

After the war he built many ships and sent them on voyages to distant ports. One of those who told the story of Girard's life wrote thus of the extent of his ventures:

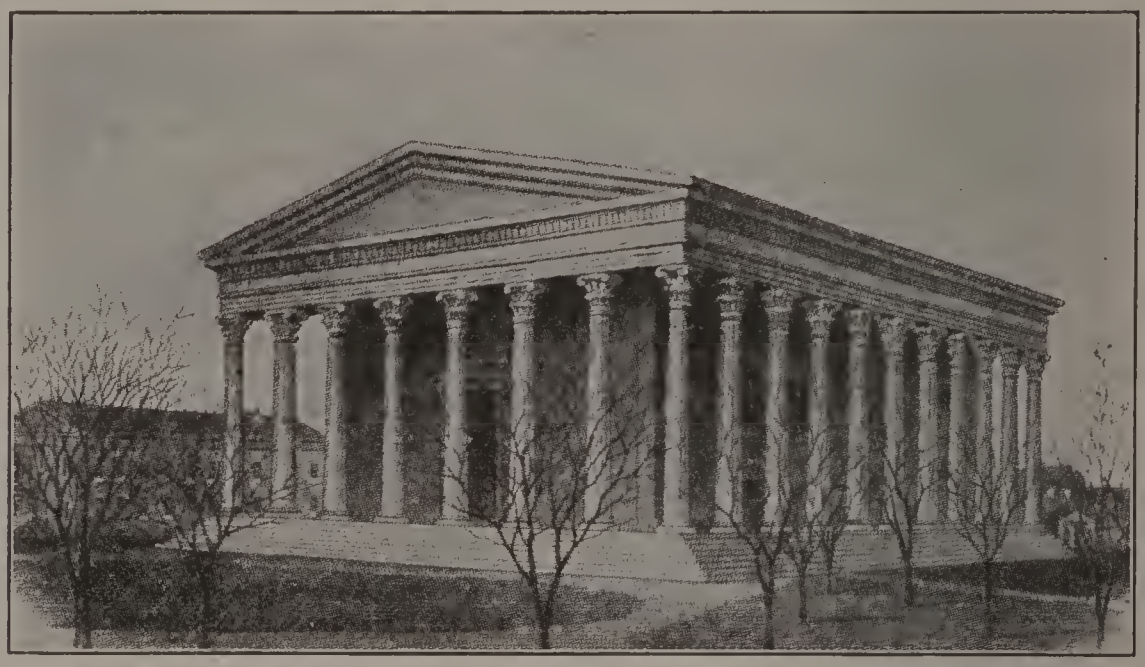
"A ship would sail with a cargo of cotton and grain for Bordeaux, where it would reload with fruit and wine for St. Petersburg, and there discharge this cargo, replacing it with hemp and iron. In turn these would be sold in Amsterdam for specie, laden with which the ship would sail for Calcutta and Canton, where tea, silks, and East India goods would be bought for the return voyage to Philadelphia."

Girard became wealthy, but he was always ready to use his wealth for his fellows. He was a great banker and helped the Government obtain the money for the expenses of the War of 1812.

The noblest service rendered by Girard, however, was during the fearful epidemic of yellow fever in Philadelphia, in 1793. When others were rushing to the country to find safety, he stayed behind and assumed the management of the hospital. He wrote to a friend, "The mortality is so great, and the fear so general, that it is no longer possible to find nurses for the sick, or men to bury the dead." Yet for nearly two months he remained at his post, until the terrific wave of disease had passed.

He made many gifts to Philadelphia, but he was not

satisfied with these. At his death almost his entire fortune, amounting to seven million dollars, was left to the city and the state. Two million dollars were given for the erection of a college for orphan boys, and a large additional sum was provided for its maintenance. He had always loved children; it had been one of the greatest sorrows of his life that his only child had died in infancy; and his heart had gone out to



Main Building, Girard College

orphan children at the time of the yellow fever epidemic.

The college was opened in 1848, on the completion of the original buildings, near the heart of the present city of Philadelphia. One hundred orphans were admitted at the start. This number has been gradually increased till now more than two thousand boys are provided for. The original endowment of the school, as well as the entire Girard trust, all administered by the city, has increased to several times its first value.

The college is open to orphan white boys, between six and ten years of age. Preference is given first to orphans in the city of Philadelphia, secondly to those born in other parts of Pennsylvania, thirdly to those born in the city of New York, and lastly to those born in New Orleans. Every orphan admitted is in charge of the city as trustee until he is twenty-one years of age, his entire care and education to be paid for by the college. No boy is permitted to remain in the institution after he is eighteen, but is then, if not before, apprenticed to learn a trade.

Thus, even today, the influence of Stephen Girard is felt, and his good-will toward his fellow-men is expressed in the lives of useful citizens.

# CHAPTER X

## WHERE THEY LIVED

### 70. The Harrison House, Vincennes, Indiana

When Thomas Jefferson appointed William Henry Harrison Governor of Indiana Territory, Harrison was only twenty-seven years old. The territory he was to direct included what is now Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin.

Vincennes, one of the three white settlements in all that vast territory, became the seat of government. It was an old town when Harrison went there. Fort Sackville, around which the settlement clustered, was taken from the British by George Rogers Clark, after his march across what is now Illinois and through the flooded valley of the Wabash; and before the British held it, the French had a famous fort there.

One of the most notable events of Governor Harrison's career took place before his house at Vincennes. The Indian warrior, Tecumseh, claiming that lands ceded by other tribes belonged to his own tribe, threatened vengeance on any who should attempt to settle on these lands. General Harrison sent for him, promising to give him a careful hearing and full justice. Accordingly, in August, 1810, Tecumseh came to Vincennes, accompanied by several hundred warriors.

The meeting of the Governor and the Indians took place in front of the Governor's official residence. At one point in the conference, Tecumseh, becoming angry, gave a signal to his warriors, who seized their knives, tomahawks, and war clubs, and sprang to their feet.

GOVERNOR HARRISON'S HOUSE, VINCENNES, INDIANA

The Governor rose calmly from his armchair, drew his sword, and faced the savages. His bearing overawed the Indians, and when he told Tecumseh that he could have no further conference with such a bad man, the chief and his supporters returned to their camp.

The house that looked down on this scene was probably the first house of burned brick built west of the

Alleghenies. It was completed in 1806, at a cost of about $20,000.

The walls of the basement are twenty-four inches thick; the upper walls are eighteen inches thick. The outer walls are of hard red brick. The doors, sashes, mantels, and stairs are of black walnut, and are said to have been made in Pittsburgh.

The basement contains the dining-room, the kitchen, in which hangs the old-fashioned crane, a storeroom, and four servants' bedrooms. At one side of the large cellar was said to be an entrance to a tunnel which led to the banks of the Wabash, some six hundred feet distant. This tunnel was built, so tradition says, that the Governor and his family, if too closely pressed by Indians, might escape to the river and continue their flight in canoes. This would be useful also for the carrying in of water and food during a siege.

The old mansion has been saved from destruction by the Francis Vigo Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and is open to visitors. It is the intention of the organization to maintain it for the inspiration of those who visit Vincennes to look on the scene of the wise labors of the first Governor of the Indiana Territory.

### 71. Monticello, Virginia

Like George Washington, Thomas Jefferson wanted to remain on his plantation in Virginia; he responded to the calls that took him away from there only because he thought it was his duty to go.

At Monticello, near Charlottesville, he had a most comfortable home. The house had been built according to his own design. Edmund Bacon, who was Jefferson's overseer for twenty years, described the estate in vivid words:

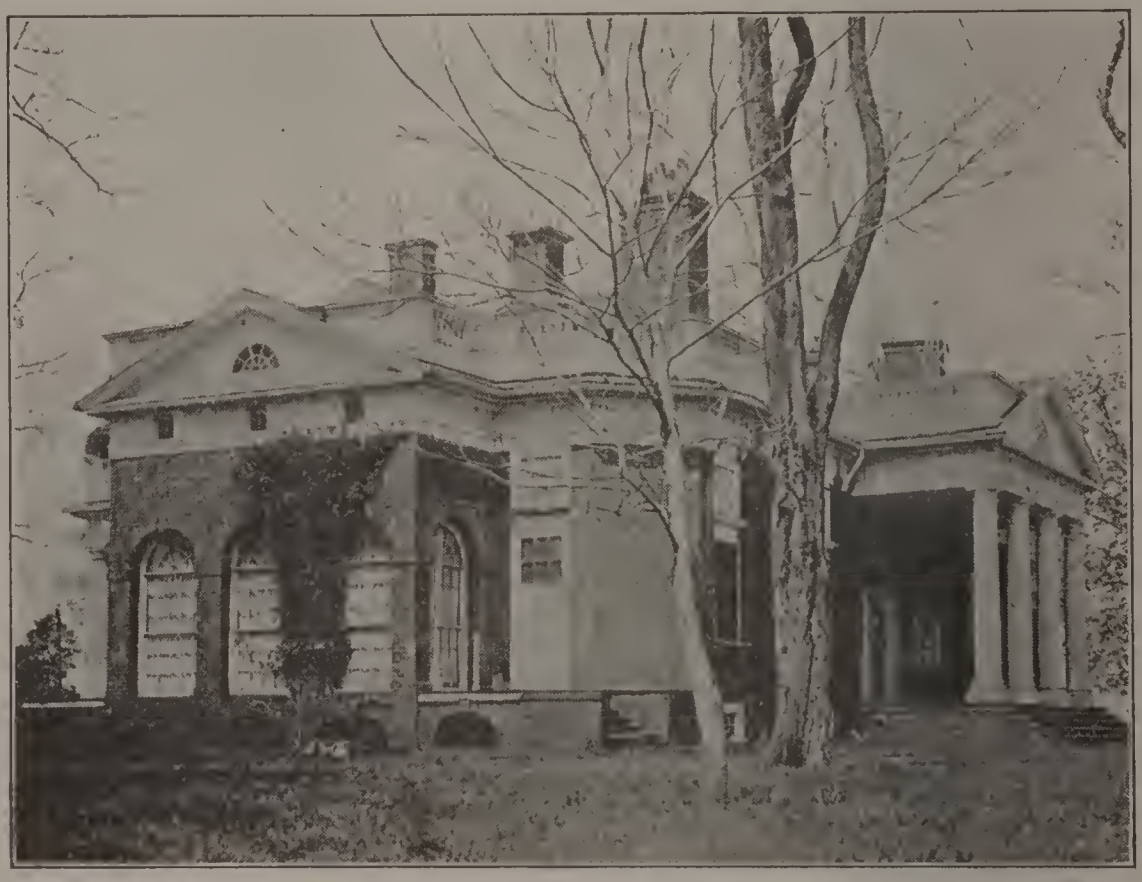
"Monticello is quite a high mountain, in the shape of a sugar-loaf. A winding road led up to the mansion. On the very top of the mountain the forest trees were cut down, and ten acres were cleared and leveled off. . . . I knew every room in that house. Under the house and the terraces that surrounded it, were his cisterns, ice house, cellar, kitchen, and rooms for all sorts of purposes. His servants' rooms were on one side. . . . There were no negro and other outhouses around the mansion, as you generally see on plantations.

"The grounds around the house were beautifully ornamented with flowers and shrubbery. . . . Back of the house was a beautiful lawn of two or three acres, where his grandchildren used to play. His garden was on the side of the mountain. I had it built while he was President. It took a great deal of labor. We had to blow out the rock for the walls for the different terraces, and then make the soil. . . . Mr. Jefferson sent home a great many kinds of trees and shrubbery from Washington. I used to send a servant there with a great many fine things for his table, and he would send back the cart loaded with shrubbery."

Monticello was Jefferson's home for fifty-six years.

It was first occupied in 1770, and there, in 1772, he brought his bride.

Nine years after his marriage the British approached Monticello. There was a panic among the servants. Because Jefferson was Governor of Virginia, it was thought that of course the mansion would be pillaged.



Monticello, the Home of Thomas Jefferson

Mrs. Jefferson was put in the carriage and sent to a place of safety, while Mr. Jefferson remained at home, collecting his most valuable papers. Later he followed his family. When the soldiers reached the estate, the first inquiry of the leader of the party was for the master of the house. Learning that Jefferson had escaped, he asked for the owner's private rooms, and on being shown the door which led to them, he

turned the key in the lock. This, it was explained, was in strict accordance with the orders that had been given by the British leader, General Tarleton. The soldiers' duty was to seize the Governor; nothing in his house was to be touched.

A year later, when a nobleman from France visited Monticello, he was charmed with the house of which Mr. Jefferson was not only the architect, but in the building of which he was often one of the workmen. He said it was "rather elegant, and in the Italian taste, though not without fault; it consists of one large, square pavilion, the entrance to which is by two porticoes ornamented with pillars. The ground floor consists of a very large, lofty saloon, which is to be decorated entirely in the antique style; above it is a library of the same size; two small wings, with only a ground floor and attic story, are joined to this pavilion, and communicate with the kitchen, offices, etc., which will form a kind of basement story, over which runs a terrace."

An attractive picture was also given by another French nobleman, after his visit to Monticello in 1796. He noted the fact that Jefferson owned five thousand acres, of which but eleven hundred were cultivated.

"I found him in the midst of the harvest," he wrote, "from which the scorching heat of the sun does not prevent his attendance. . . . Every article is made on his farm; his negroes are cabinet-makers, carpenters, masons, bricklayers, smiths, etc. The children

he employs in a nail factory, which yields already a considerable profit. . . . His superior mind directs the management of his domestic concerns with the same abilities, activity, and regularity which he evinced in the conduct of public affairs."

Long absence from home and lavish hospitality wrecked the Jefferson fortune, and when the owner of Monticello finally returned after his eight years as President, he was compelled to curtail his expenses. But still he made guests welcome. It is said that at times there were as many as fifty guests in the house at once.

July 4, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, was the day of Jefferson's death. The sale of his estate was sufficient to pay all his debts. To his daughter, who was thus made homeless, the legislatures of South Carolina and Virginia each voted as a gift $10,000.

On the stone placed over the grave of the "Sage of Monticello" was carved the inscription which he himself had asked for:

Here Was Buried
Thomas Jefferson
Author
Of the Declaration of
American Independence
Of
The Statute of Virginia
For Religious Freedom, and
Father of the University
Of Virginia

## 72. The Old House at Whitley's Fort, Kentucky

One day in 1775 William Whitley, of Augusta, Virginia, told his wife Esther about the fine new country, Kentucky, where land was plentiful, and a home could be made by any one who cared to be a pioneer.

"Then, Billy, if I were you, I would go and see," was her reply.

So two days later he was on his way over the mountains. Daniel Boone had not yet marked out the Wilderness Road that was to become the great highway of emigration from Virginia to Kentucky. That work began later in the year of Whitley's expedition.

During the next six years Whitley was one of the trusted pioneers at Boonesborough and Harrod's Fort, two stations on the Wilderness Road. When he had a house ready for his wife, he returned to Virginia and brought her to Kentucky. It is said that she was the third white woman to cross the Cumberland Mountains, Daniel Boone's wife and daughter being the first and second. The claim has been made that their daughter, Louisa Whitley, who was born in Boonesborough, was the first white child born within the present limits of Kentucky.

Louisa was perhaps four years old when Whitley removed to the vicinity of Crab Orchard, the famous assembling-place for parties about to take the dangerous journey back to Virginia. Two miles from this settlement he built Whitley's Fort. In 1788 he erected for his growing family the first brick house in

Kentucky. The bricks were brought from Virginia, and the man who laid them was given a farm of five hundred acres for his services. The windows were placed high above the ground, to prevent the Indians from shooting in at the occupants. The window glass was carried across the mountains in packsaddles. The stairway had twenty-one steps and on these steps were carved the heads of thirteen eagles, to represent the original thirteen colonies. The doors were made of wood, elaborately carved, and were in two layers, a heavy sheet of iron being placed between the layers. The old-time leather hinges are still in use.

The owner laid out on his property the first race track in Kentucky, and he called his house Sportsman's Hall. Within its walls scores of settlers found refuge in time of danger. Famous men sat with Mr. and Mrs. Whitley at their hospitable table, among these being Daniel Boone, George Rogers Clark, and General Harrison.

One day in 1785 a messenger came to Whitley's Fort with the tidings that Indians had taken captive a woman and her baby, after killing three older children. Mr. Whitley was not at home, but Mrs. Whitley sent for him. In the meantime she collected a company of twenty rescuers. On his return Whitley placed himself at their head, pursued the Indians, and saved the prisoners.

The title of colonel was given to Whitley in 1794, when he commanded an expedition against the Tennessee Indians, who had been making foraging

expeditions into Kentucky. The march of Colonel Whitley and his men was conducted with such secrecy and dispatch that the enemy were taken by surprise, and were completely routed.

The last campaign in which he fought took place in Canada against the British and their Indian allies, in 1813. Many claim that before he received his

House Built by William Whitley in Kentucky in 1788

mortal wound in the Battle of the Thames, he fired the shot that killed Tecumseh, the chief who had given so much trouble to the settlers of Kentucky and Indiana. Others say that the shot was fired by a Colonel Johnson.

The body of William Whitley rests in an unknown grave hundreds of miles from the territory he helped

to wrest from the Indians, but the brick house he built near Crab Orchard is still one of the historic buildings of Kentucky.

## 73. Abraham Lincoln's House, Springfield, Illinois

For many years after Abraham Lincoln began to practice law in Springfield, Illinois, he could not afford even the most modest home. But at last he had the joy of welcoming his wife, who was Miss Mary Todd, to a modest one-story house — his own! Later a second story was added, under the direction of Mr. Lincoln.

J. G. Holland's pleasing picture of life in the Lincoln home on Eighth Street during the years from 1850 to 1860 should be remembered:

"It was to him a time of rest, of reading, of social happiness, and of professional prosperity. He was already a father, and took an almost unbounded delight in his children. The most that he could say to any little rebel in his household was, 'You break my heart, when you act like this.' . . . A young man bred in Springfield speaks of a vision that has clung to his memory very vividly. . . . His way to school led by the lawyer's door. On almost any fair summer morning, he could find Mr. Lincoln on the sidewalk, in front of his house, drawing a child backward and forward, in a child's gig. Without hat or coat, and wearing a pair of rough shoes, his hands behind him holding to the tongue of the gig, and his tall form

bent forward to accommodate himself to the service, he paced up and down the walk, forgetful of everything around him. . . . The young man says he remembers wondering . . . how so rough and plain a man should happen to live in so respectable a house."

Once Lincoln was sitting on the porch when three-

THE HOUSE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

year-old Willie escaped from the bathtub, ran out of the house and the gate, up the street, and into a field. There his father caught him, and carried him home on his shoulder.

The children liked to ride on his shoulder, and they clamored for the position. If they could not get there, they contented themselves with hanging to his coat tails. One day a neighbor heard the two boys crying, and

asked what was the matter. "Just what's the matter with the whole world," was Lincoln's reply. "I've got three walnuts, and each wants two."

During the last day of the Republican Convention of 1860, which was in session in Chicago, Lincoln was in the office of the *Springfield Journal*, receiving word of the progress of events. A messenger came in and said to him, "The Convention has made a nomination, and Mr. Seward is — the second man on the list!"

After reading the telegram announcing his own nomination for the presidency, and receiving the congratulations of all in the office, Lincoln went home to tell the news. The citizens of Springfield soon followed him. In the evening, after a meeting in the State House, the Republicans present marched to Eighth Street. Lincoln made a speech, and invited as many as could get in to enter the house. "After the fourth of March we will give you a larger house," came the laughing response.

When Lincoln had closed the house which he was never to enter again, he said to his friends, who had gathered at the train to say good-by:

"My friends, no one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of loneliness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which

rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me, and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

When the body of the martyred President was brought back to Springfield on May 3, 1865, it was not taken to the old home on Eighth Street, but to the State Capitol, and from there to Oak Ridge Cemetery.

The house is now the property of the state of Illinois, the gift of Robert T. Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln's son.

## 74. When Abraham Lincoln Debated with Douglas

In 1858 Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln were rival candidates for the office of United States Senator from Illinois. Soon after the beginning of the political campaign of this year, the suggestion was made that the opponents meet in public debate in seven of the Congressional Districts of Illinois. The proposition appealed to the two men, and debates were arranged for in Ottawa, Freeport, Jonesboro, Charleston, Galesburg, Quincy, and Alton.

There was intense excitement among the people of the state. Great crowds thronged to hear the "Little Giant," as Douglas was called, debate with the tall man from Springfield. The railroads announced ex-

cursions. Sometimes buildings proved too small for the crowds, and it became necessary to make arrangements for speaking out of doors.

At Ottawa, on August 21, 1858, twelve thousand people were present; the railroad brought seventeen cars filled with excursionists. The stand for the speakers was in the public square. The arrangement was made that Douglas was to open the debate for an hour, Lincoln was to reply for the same length of time, while Douglas was to have half an hour more for rebuttal.

The judgment of those who heard the Ottawa debate was that Douglas had the better argument. In closing he asked the question, "What does Mr. Lincoln propose? He says that the Union cannot exist divided into free and slave states. If it cannot endure thus divided, then he must strive to make them all free or all slave, which will inevitably bring about a dissolution of the Union."

Three days later the *Illinois State Register* said:

"The result of the debate at Ottawa was a most overwhelming overthrow of Mr. Lincoln. It placed him in his true attitude before the people of the state which no slippery or pettifogging dodging can get him out of. He will be forced to stand square up to his abolition platform or back clear down. At Ottawa he beat an inglorious retreat."

A Philadelphia paper declared that, after Ottawa, Lincoln was "the worst used up man in the United States," and that he was "driven almost to despera-

tion." The editor made the prophecy that before he reached the end of the series of debates there would be "nothing left of him. . . . He has six appointments to meet Judge Douglas yet. I don't believe he will fill them."

On another occasion a St. Louis editor stated that

ORIGINAL LOGAN COUNTY COURTHOUSE, LINCOLN, ILLINOIS
Abraham Lincoln appeared as attorney in many cases tried in this old courthouse.

Lincoln might as well "hang up his hat, take a back seat, and wait until 1860, as Douglas will then be President; then Mr. Lincoln may make another effort for elevation to the United States Senate without having a Douglas to contend with."

But Abraham Lincoln went on his way serenely. He was willing to appear to be beaten by the brilliant speaker who opposed him. But in every speech he managed to get in some word that was unanswerable.

At the time the people believed he was defeated, but many of them, when they thought over what had been said, were not so sure.

As the debates continued, Lincoln won his way with many people. Within a few days after the final debate Douglas was victorious at the polls. But Lincoln, though defeated for the Senate, had made an impression that could not be forgotten. From all over the country came suggestions that he should be the Republican nominee for President in 1860, and when the Republican Convention was held, he was asked to begin what proved to be the final chapter in his glorious career.

Douglas, who was thought by many to have won the long-drawn-out debate, soon learned that he had really lost, and that Lincoln's fearless stand for freedom had made him leader in the contest that could no longer be postponed — the contest between slavery and freedom.

At Freeport, where Lincoln spoke in a grove, he made his declaration, "This Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." The place where he uttered these great words was marked on June 3, 1903, and Theodore Roosevelt dedicated the marker.

One of Lincoln's biographers has said: "He took his stand for a clear principle, for a lofty ideal of human rights, and the eternal years are his. The speeches he delivered in that campaign have taken their place among the masterpieces of political oratory, and retain the power to thrill and inspire a generation un-

born when he grappled with the 'Little Giant' on the plains of Illinois."

## 75. Ashland, Lexington, Kentucky

Henry Clay was a young man when, after a rough journey over the mountains from Virginia, and a pleasant trip through the hills and the blue grass of Kentucky, he found his way to Lexington, where he planned to make his home. This was in November, 1797. Two years later he was married to Lavinia Hart, and about 1800 he had saved enough money to buy a tract of land near Lexington.

He was eager to spend much time on his farm, but the country needed him for service in Washington, and for many years he had little chance for country life. During his absences his wife looked after the estate, which was called Ashland.

There were many slaves at Ashland, and they were all attached to their master. His will provided for their emancipation, under wise conditions. Once, when a friend bequeathed him twenty-five slaves, he sent them to Liberia by way of New Orleans.

Harriet Martineau, who visited Ashland in 1835, told of her pleasant impression of the place and its owner.

"I stayed some weeks in the house of a wealthy land-owner in Kentucky. Our days were passed in great luxury, and the hottest of them very idly. The house was in the midst of grounds gay with verdure and flowers, in the opening month of June, and our favorite seats were the steps of the hall and chairs

Ashland, the Home of Henry Clay

under the trees. From there we could watch the play of the children on the grass plot, and some of the drolleries of the little negroes. . . . There were thirty-three horses in the stables, and we roved about the neighboring country accordingly. . . ."

Not until 1844, when he was defeated in the presidential election, was Mr. Clay able to enjoy life at Ashland with his family and with the many guests who came to the hospitable home. He thought he was to spend the rest of his days there, but in 1848 he was reëlected to the United States Senate, because the legislature of Kentucky felt that he was needed to help in the solution of questions raised by the Mexican War. He spent three years in Washington, then died in the midst of his work. After a journey that showed what a place he had won in the hearts of the people, his body reached Lexington. It lay in state in Ashland over one night, and next day was buried near Lexington.

Henry Clay's son, James B. Clay, who purchased the estate at auction, tore down the house because of its weakened foundations, but rebuilt it of the same materials, on the old site, and on almost the identical plans. Both outside and inside the mansion has practically the appearance of the original.

## 76. John Tyler's Two Homes in Virginia

John Tyler was born at Greenway, a beautiful estate, on the James River below Richmond, Virginia, March 29, 1790. He was a slender, delicate-looking lad, but he was not afraid to stand up for himself when

he felt he was being abused. His first schoolmaster, a Mr. McMurdo, who taught across the road from Greenway, thought that it was impossible to instruct unless the rod was in daily use. "It was a wonder that he did not whip all the sense out of his scholars," Tyler said once, years later. But one day the pupils rebelled. "John and some of the larger boys tripped

GREENWAY, VIRGINIA, THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN TYLER

him up, and began to tie his hands and feet," the Tyler family biographer tells the story. "McMurdo scuffled bravely, but upon little William Tyler, the smallest boy in school, throwing himself upon him, he . . . ceased to resist. The boys firmly secured him, locked him up in the schoolhouse, and left with cheers of triumph and derision."

Hours later the schoolmaster was released by a passing traveler, who heard his cries. At once the enraged

man hastened to Judge Tyler and told his story. "But the Judge, born and bred in the Revolutionary school, hated tyranny in any shape, and as he drew himself up to his full stature, he . . . replied, in the language of Virginia's motto, '*Sic Semper Tyrannis!*' [Ever thus to tyrants!]"

At the age of twelve John entered the grammar school of William and Mary College at Williamsburg. There he had a good time, and he made a creditable showing in his classes. Yet he did not advance in at least one study, as is evident from a letter written by his father in 1807. Judge Tyler said:

"I can't help telling you how much I am mortified to find no improvement in your handwriting; neither do you conduct your lines straight, which makes your letters look too abominable. It is an easy thing to correct this fault, and unless you do so, how can you be fit for law business?"

Some years later, when Judge Tyler was Governor of Virginia, he announced impressively to John that Thomas Jefferson would be among the dinner guests on a certain day. "Be sure to have a good dinner," the Governor added; for John was at the time in charge of the establishment. The future President asked himself, "What is the best thing for dinner?" "Plum pudding!" was the answer; for plum pudding was his favorite dish.

The appointed time came. The company was seated at table. The first course was served. Then came a long wait.

"Suddenly a door flew open, and a negro servant appeared bearing, with both hands raised high above his head, a smoking dish of plum pudding. Making a grand flourish, the servant deposited it before Governor Tyler. Scarcely had he withdrawn before another door flew open, and an attendant, dressed exactly like the first, was seen bearing another plum pudding, equally hot, which at a grave nod from John, he placed before Mr. Jefferson. The Governor, who expected a little more variety, turned to his son, who sat surveying the puddings with tender interest, and exclaimed in accents of astonishment, '*Two* plum puddings, John, *two* plum puddings! Why, this is rather extraordinary!' 'Yes, sir,' said the enterprising son, 'it is extraordinary; but' (and here he rose and bowed deferentially to Mr. Jefferson) 'it is an extraordinary occasion.'"

In 1813 John Tyler married Letitia Christian. They did not make their home at Greenway, however. On the death of Judge Tyler the old house was sold, but it became the property of John Tyler in 1821. There he retired for the season of rest which he sorely needed after his strenuous years as member of the House of Delegates and as Representative in Congress.

Years passed. Tyler became President of the United States. The old home was sold, and a new home was bought, close to Greenway, on the banks of the James. He called the new place Sherwood Forest, because he felt that he was an outlaw — at least, the Whigs thought so — and that he could not do better

than give to his home a name that would be a reminder of Robin Hood, the great outlaw.

One incident of his life at Sherwood Forest should be known to every American. At one time he was appointed overseer of the road near his estate. Some said that his enemies, the Whigs, had secured the appointment, because in their opinion a man who had been President of the United States would be humiliated by such a lowly position. But he refused to be humiliated. Instead, he determined to be a good overseer and make the road the best in the state. All the men in the township were called, and they were kept at work day after day, as, according to law, he had a right to keep them. But it was harvest time, and the wheat was dead ripe. "The smiles that lately illuminated the countenances of the Whigs turned to dismay. The august justices who had made the appointment repaired to Mr. Tyler's house, and represented to him the state of things. Mr. Tyler replied that the law made it his duty to put the road in good order, and to keep it so. The Whigs expostulated. Mr. Tyler was firm. Then the justices begged him to resign, and let the hands go home. The ex-President said, 'Offices are hard to obtain in these times, and having no assurance that I can ever get another, I cannot think, under the circumstances, of resigning.'"

One of the statesman's valued companions during these early years at Sherwood Forest was "General," the old horse which he had owned for many years. At length the horse died, and was buried at Sherwood

Forest. On a wooden slab at the head of the grave the owner wrote:

Here lie the bones of my old horse General,
Who served his master faithfully for twenty-one years,
And never blundered but once —
Would that his master could say the same!

The last years of John Tyler's life witnessed the return of his popularity. Enemies became friends, and all rejoiced to do him honor. He was called to a number of honorable posts, and he was about to take his seat as a member of the House of Representatives of the Confederate Congress when he died, in Richmond, on January 18, 1862.

## 77. The Hermitage, Nashville, Tennessee

When Colonel John Donelson led his party of pioneers to the site of Nashville, Tennessee, one of the boats was steered by his daughter Rachel.

Rachel Donelson later became the wife of Andrew Jackson, a young man from North Carolina, who began to practice law in Nashville in 1788.

In 1804 Jackson thought he would have a farm as well as a law office. He therefore bought the land which became known as The Hermitage plantation. Soon he was the wealthiest man in all that country.

For fifteen years Andrew Jackson and his wife lived in a log cabin. But they maintained a large establishment. They had slaves, and they drove in a carriage drawn by four horses. They entertained royally. Jackson's biographer, James Parton, tells of a Nash-

The Hermitage, Nashville, Tennessee

ville lady who said that she had often been at The Hermitage "when there were in each of the four available rooms not a guest merely, but a family, while the young men and solitary travelers who chanced to drop in dispersed themselves on the piazza, or under any other shelter about the house."

The log house was still the plantation house when General Jackson's neighbors gathered to welcome him home as the victor of New Orleans. In the response he gave to their greeting he made a prophecy:

"Years will continue to develop our inherent qualities, until, from being the youngest and the weakest, we shall become the most powerful nation in the universe."

That there might be more room for entertaining passing strangers, as well as hosts of friends, Jackson began, in 1819, to build a new house of brick made on the plantation. When this house was burned in 1834, another was built on the old foundation, and after the same general plan. This is still standing. It has the rather unusual length of 104 feet. Six pillars support the roof in front and in the rear.

Between the building of the first brick house and its successor occurred most of Jackson's political career. During this period also General Lafayette made his visit. On this occasion the Frenchman, recognizing a pair of pistols which he had given to Washington in 1778, said that he had a real satisfaction in finding them in the hands of one so worthy of possessing them. "Yes, I believe myself to be worthy of them," Jackson began his reply, in words that seemed far less modest

than the conclusion proved them; for he added: "if not for what I have done, at least for what I wished to do, for my country."

On December 22, 1828, only a few days after Jackson's first election to the presidency, Mrs. Jackson died. The Hermitage never seemed the same to her husband after that. On June 8, 1845, Jackson himself died, and at his own request was buried by the side of his wife in the garden of The Hermitage.

In 1856 their adopted son, Andrew Jackson, Jr., sold The Hermitage farm of five hundred acres to the state of Tennessee, for $48,000. He and his family then left their home. But in 1860 they returned, at the invitation of the governor, as caretakers of the estate. Mr. Jackson died in 1865, and his widow continued to live in the house until her death in 1888.

Since 1889 the mansion and twenty-five acres of ground have been cared for by the Ladies' Hermitage Association. In 1923 the General Assembly of the state of Tennessee conveyed to the association 232½ acres of The Hermitage farm, "to the end that said Ladies' Hermitage Association be permitted and encouraged to preserve and beautify same, so as to display the respect, love, and affection which a grateful state and people cherish for their illustrious hero and statesman, Andrew Jackson."

## 78. White Haven, St. Louis, Missouri

A few miles west of St. Louis on the Gravois Road is White Haven, the old Dent homestead, a house built

in 1808, near which may still be seen the quarters which at one time housed ninety slaves. The modest house tells of the days when Ulysses S. Grant courted Julia Dent, and of his later years of struggle on the estate on which the house stood.

Grant's West Point classmate, Fred Dent, who was

White Haven, St. Louis, Missouri

with him at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, invited the young lieutenant to his home. There Grant met seventeen-year-old Julia.

The young people became engaged before Grant was ordered to the Mexican Border, though the fact was not announced until his return to St. Louis in May, 1845. The marriage took place in August, 1848, after the close of the Mexican War.

In 1854 Grant resigned from the army and retired with his family to White Haven. There for a time he worked as a farm laborer. In 1855 he built a house on the sixty acres which Mrs. Grant's father had given to her. It was a four-room log cabin, which he called "Hardscrabble."

Ready money was scarce, but the father of a growing family felt the necessity of providing for their wants. "If nothing else could be done, I would load a cord of wood on a wagon and take it to the city for sale," he wrote in his *Memoirs*. "I managed to keep along very well until 1858, when I was attacked by fever and ague. I had suffered very severely and for a long time from the disease while a boy in Ohio. It lasted now over a year, and, while it did not keep me in the house, it did interfere greatly with the amount of work I was able to perform. In the fall of 1858 I sold out my stock, crops, and farming utensils at auction, and gave up farming."

The family remained at White Haven for a time, and Grant tried to make a living in the real estate business in St. Louis. His partner was a cousin of Mrs. Grant. The income from the business was not sufficient for two families, so Grant gave up the attempt. "He doesn't seem to be just calculated for business, but an honester, more generous man never lived," was the remark of one who knew him at this time.

In the meantime he had taken his family to St. Louis. Learning that there was a vacancy in the office of county engineer, he applied for the position; but the appoint-

ment was to be made by the members of the county court, and he did not have sufficient influence to secure it. So the move to Galena, Illinois, in May, 1860, became necessary. There, as a clerk in his father's store, he earned but $600 a year. And he had a family of six to feed.

A year later he responded to the call of President Lincoln, and began the army service that made him famous.

## 79. In Richmond, Capital of the Confederacy

John Fiske called Richmond, Virginia, the most historic city in the United States. Captain John Smith landed on its site in 1607, and a town was laid out there in 1733. During the Revolution it was a center of patriotic interest, from the days when Patrick Henry made his memorable oration in St. John's Church, to 1781, when Benedict Arnold led troops into the city and destroyed much of the wonderful new Capitol building.

Memorials of historic events are located in many parts of this old city by the Falls of the James. But those on and about Capitol Square are in themselves enough to make any city famous.

There is the Capitol, the central portion of which is almost as it was when it was built in accordance with the spirited design of Thomas Jefferson. For it was he who, in 1785, at the request of those appointed to superintend the building, sent from Paris a stucco model of the ancient Roman temple, the Maison Carrée of

Nîmes. This model may still be seen in the State Library.

Many events of importance in the history of the country took place within its walls, including the Constitutional Convention of 1829–1830, and the convention which declared the right of secession, in 1861.

The White House of the Confederacy, Richmond, Virginia

And when Richmond, instead of Montgomery, Alabama, was made the capital of the Confederacy, Congress began its sessions there.

In the rotunda of what in 1900 became the central building of the Capitol group is the marble statue of Washington. This was made by the French sculptor, Houdon, who spent the last three months of 1785 at

Mt. Vernon, that he might have Washington sit for him. Though it was completed in 1788, it was not taken to Richmond until the Capitol was ready in 1796. Rembrandt Peale, whose portraits of Washington are so well known, said, after visiting Richmond in 1855, "If you will stand in the southeast corner of the rotunda and look at this statue, on a level with it, you may well think you are beholding Washington himself. That is the man, sir, exactly."

Close to the statue of Washington are busts of Generals J. E. B. Stuart and Fitzhugh Lee, soldiers whom Richmond delights to honor, as well as of John Marshall, the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Surrounding the Capitol are the grounds of Capitol Square, on Shockoe Hill, set apart by act of the assembly in 1779. Memorials to Washington, Henry Clay, and Stonewall Jackson are among the statues on the grounds. The governor's mansion is also there, as well as the State Library.

Though this library was not founded until 1823, Virginia likes to think of the public library — the first in America — given to Henrico College in 1621 as its ancestor. Even if the present library has no connection with that earlier collection of books, the spirit back of the more modern institution is the same.

In the manuscript division of the State Library may be seen the parole signed by Lord Cornwallis after the surrender at Yorktown, the last dispatch written by Stonewall Jackson, as well as letters from Jefferson,

Lafayette, Washington, Robert E. Lee, and Jefferson Davis.

Close to Capitol Square is the White House of the Confederacy, a stately old three-story house with square cupola and six great white columns which lift the roof of the hospitable portico nearly to the eaves. In 1862 this residence was bought by the city of Richmond and offered to Jefferson Davis as a gift. When he refused to accept it, the Confederate Government asked to pay rent for it, that the President might use it as the Executive Mansion.

For nearly four years, then, it became the home of the Davis family and the meeting-place for leaders of state and army who desired to confer with the President of the Confederacy. Many of these conferences were held in the Mississippi Room, which was used as a study. There General Robert E. Lee was many times entertained.

Next came the years of Federal occupation. After the surrender of General Lee, General Wetzel, the commander of the Federal troops, made his headquarters in the old mansion. For five years its halls echoed to the tread of Federal officials, of whom the most noted was Abraham Lincoln. He was received in the Georgian Room a few days after the Federal forces took possession.

Twenty years of use as a school building followed before the Confederate Memorial Literary Society secured title from the city in 1884. The funds needed for the purchase were secured by a memorial bazaar.

Half of the receipts of more than $31,000 were used for the Soldiers and Sailors Monument, which was unveiled in 1894, in honor of the men who gave their lives for the Confederacy. The other half of the receipts were devoted to the purchase and repair of the mansion, which was opened as the Confederate Museum in 1896.

To each of the former Confederate States was assigned a room of its own, and in these rooms relics of the heroic days of 1861–1865 are displayed.

Among the remarkable things in the Museum are Chapman's pictures, which show most realistically the defense of Charleston, and the pictures by Sheppard, who succeeded remarkably in transferring to canvas incidents in the life of the Confederate soldier, in camp, on the march, and in battle.

Fit companion to the Confederate Museum is the building occupied by the Virginia Historical Society. There General Lee lived during the war. The room he used as a study, as well as Mrs. Lee's bedroom, are pointed out to visitors. Before they leave they are invited to look at the table on which George Mason wrote the Bill of Rights, and at the chair of John Randolph.

# CHAPTER XI

## IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL

### 80. The Story of the Capitol

During the Revolutionary War, the Continental Congress held most of its meetings in Philadelphia. But in 1783, at the close of the war, an uncomfortable incident occurred which led to a change in the seat of government. Some dissatisfied Pennsylvania troops marched on Philadelphia and demanded from Congress the pay that was due them. Nothing serious resulted, but Congress was so alarmed by their "disorderly and menacing appearance," that it beat a hasty, though dignified, retreat to Princeton, New Jersey.

Although Philadelphia besought Congress to return, and did all in its power to make amends for the unfortunate occurrence, Congress felt that the time had come to consider establishing a permanent capital. The matter was duly considered over a period of several years; meanwhile the sessions were held in Princeton, or Annapolis, or Trenton, or New York, wherever it appeared to be most convenient at the moment.

Naturally there was great rivalry among the states for the honor of possessing the capital city. Princeton, New Jersey; Kingston, New York; Annapolis, Maryland; Nottingham, New Jersey; Williamsburg, Vir-

ginia, all were considered. In all, more than twenty places applied for the privilege. At one time it was suggested that there be two capitals, one near Trenton and the other on the Potomac, Congress to alternate between the two locations. When this solution did not satisfy, one house of Congress fixed on the Falls of the Susquehanna in Pennsylvania as the permanent site. An amendment to this proposal suggested Germantown, Pennsylvania.

This action was reconsidered, and a long dispute followed. Finally, in 1790, the site on the Potomac favored by Washington was selected. Land for the national capital was ceded by Virginia and Maryland — a hundred square miles in all, forming the Federal District of Columbia.

Washington appointed Andrew Ellicott to survey the land, and Pierre Charles L'Enfant to draw up a plan of the city. A gigantic task, indeed, it was, to transform the rough wilderness into a city that was destined to be the finest in all the land. But Washington and Jefferson never faltered in their purpose to make the new capital worthy of their country's future greatness.

President Washington and Vice-President Adams disagreed as to the location of the Capitol building. John Adams wished to see it the center of a quadrangle of other public buildings, but Washington urged that Congress should meet at a distance from the President's house and all other public offices, that the lawmakers might carry on their work undisturbed.

The invitation to architects to present plans for the Capitol was given in March, 1792, five hundred dollars or a building lot being promised for the best plan. Not one of the sixteen designs submitted was approved. Later two men, Stephen L. Hallet and Dr. William Thornton, offered such good plans that it was not easy to decide between them. The difficulty was solved by the acceptance of Thornton's design and the engagement of Hallet as supervising architect. This arrangement was not satisfactory; it became necessary to replace Hallet, first by George Hadfield, then by James Hoban, the architect of the White House. Under the latter's charge the north wing was completed in 1800.

Washington laid the corner stone of the Capitol September 18, 1793; Congress was called to hold its first meeting in the north wing on November 17, 1800.

At that time the foundation for the dome had been laid, and the walls of the south wing had been begun. Later a temporary brick building was erected for the House of Representatives, on a portion of the site of the south wing. The legislators called the building "The Oven."

The south wing was completed under the guidance of Benjamin Henry Latrobe, who also reconstructed the north wing and connected the two wings by a wooden bridge. That the building was far from satisfactory is evident from an article in the *National Intelligencer* of December 2, 1813, which spoke with disgust of the wooden passageway as well as of the piles of débris on every hand.

In less than a year after the printing of the criticism, conditions were far worse, for the British troops came to Washington on August 24, 1814. They piled furniture in the hall of the House of Representatives, and set fire to it. The wooden bridge that connected the wings burned like tinder. In a little while nothing was left but the walls. "The appearance of the ruins was perfectly terrifying," wrote Latrobe, the architect.

The next session of Congress was held in the Union Pacific Hotel, but by December, 1815, there was ready a three-story building, erected by popular subscription, which Congress used for three years, paying for it an annual rental of $1650. This was called "The Brick Capitol."

The rebuilding of the Capitol, during which Latrobe was succeeded by Charles Bulfinch, was completed in 1830. The Capitol remained unchanged until 1851. In that year it became necessary to enlarge the building. On July 4 the corner stone of the extension was laid by President Fillmore.

Today the Capitol covers over three and a half acres. It is crowned with a dome, on top of which is a statue of Freedom. The walls of the building are of Virginia sandstone, painted white, and the extensions are of Massachusetts marble. The twenty-four columns of the central portico are of Virginia sandstone, and the one hundred columns of the extensions, of Maryland marble.

The president takes his oath of office on a grand stand erected from the Rotunda portico. After the inaugura-

tion a magnificent procession, starting from the Capitol, passes down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House, where it is reviewed by the new president.

Within the Capitol are the Hall of Representatives and the Senate Chamber, where our laws are made, and the Supreme Court, where justice is upheld. In the center of the building is the Rotunda, which has been called "Uncle Sam's big reception room," for visitors gather there from all over the world.

## 81. The White House, Washington

Two years after Congress fixed on the District of Columbia as the seat of the United States Government, the first steps were taken to build a fitting home for the presidents. The President's House, as it was first called, was situated on Pennsylvania Avenue, a little over a mile from the Capitol. Washington laid the corner stone on October 13, 1792. But John Adams was the first president to occupy the Executive Mansion.

A few days after her arrival in Washington Mrs. Adams wrote to her daughter:

"I arrived here on Sunday last, and without meeting any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight miles through the woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide or a path. Fortunately, a straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide to extricate us from

our difficulty. But woods are all you see, from Baltimore until you reach the city, which is so only in name. Here and there is a small cot without a glass window, interspersed through the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing a human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort in them."

Mrs. Adams found no great comfort in the President's House, either. "To assist us in this great castle," she wrote, "and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting; not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. . . . If they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. . . . But, surrounded with forests, would you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it? . . . The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished. . . . The great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter."

The mansion was built of Virginia freestone. After it was burned by the British in 1814, it was painted white, in order to conceal the marks of the fire. After that time people began to call it "The White House," by which name it has ever since been known.

Rebuilding was begun in 1815, and in September, 1817, the work was so far completed that President

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NORTH FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Monroe was able to take up his quarters there in some degree of comfort; though some of the walls were still without plastering, and the floor in the East Room had not been laid. At first the Monroe children used this room as a playroom. But on January 1, 1818, the first New Year's reception was held there.

Until within recent years the president's offices were in the east end of the White House. Isaac N. Arnold thus described the quarters of President Lincoln:

"The furniture of the room consisted of a large oak table covered with cloth, . . . and it was round this table that the Cabinet sat when it held its meetings. Near the end of the table and between the windows was another table, on the west side of which the President sat in a large arm-chair, and at this table he wrote. A tall desk with pigeon holes for paper stood against the south wall. The only books usually found in this room were the Bible, the United States Statutes, and a copy of Shakespeare. There were a few chairs and two plain hair-covered sofas. There were two or three map frames, from which hung military maps, on which the positions and movements of the armies were traced. . . . A bell-cord within reach of his hand extended to the secretary's office. A messenger sat at the door opening from the hall, and took in the cards and names of visitors."

During the time of President Roosevelt, rooms that had long been needed for the personal uses of the president's household were released by the building of outside executive offices. These offices are at the

western end of the White House, and are approached by an esplanade.

At the eastern end of the house, through a colonnade, the public are permitted to enter and to inspect the East Room and the adjoining corridors. The people are also allowed to walk up the front drive past the pillared portico.

In the gardens behind the White House one may not go, but looking through the hedge which surrounds them, one may see flower beds and lawns and fountains. On Easter Monday, however, the gates to these grounds are thrown open, and all the children of the city may come in and roll their Easter eggs upon the sloping lawn.

Stateliness and simplicity, dignity and democracy are the qualities that are expressed in the White House.

## 82. The Octagon House

When the city of Washington was young, a bill was introduced calling for the removal of the capital to some other part of the country where conditions would not be so trying — and the bill just escaped passage. A congressman of that early period complained that he had been misled by a chart of the city which he had examined before his first visit. On this chart Pennsylvania Avenue was called "magnificent." In reality he found it a deep morass covered, for nearly the entire distance, with bushes, through which a passage had to be cut.

The faith of the builders had much to contend with.

The city was just well started when it was burned by the British in 1814. At that time there was renewed clamor for the removal of the capital to the North, but this was soon silenced when a temporary Capitol building was erected.

On the night of August 24, 1814, when the British Army entered the city, they destroyed not only the Capitol, but the White House as well. Soon after their retreat Mr. John Tayloe offered the Octagon House to President Madison. This house had been spared by the British because it was occupied at that time by the French Minister. On September 9, 1814, the *National Intelligencer* announced, "The President will occupy Colonel Tayloe's large house, which was lately occupied by the French Minister." For more than a year the house was known as the Executive Annex.

Rufus Rockwell Wilson, in *Washington, the Capital City*, tells how the mansion looked at the time when it was occupied by President Madison:

"Its circular entrance hall, marble tiled, was heated by two picturesque stoves placed in small recesses in the wall. Another hall beyond opened into a spacious and lovely garden surrounded by a high brick wall after the English fashion. To the right was a handsome drawing room with a fine mantel, before which Mrs. Madison was accustomed to stand to receive her guests. To the left was a dining room of equal size and beauty. A circular room over the hall, with windows to the floor, and a handsome fireplace, was President Madison's office. Here he received his Cabi-

net officers and other men of note, listening to their opinions and reports on the progress of the war; and here, also, on a quaintly carved table, he signed, February 18, 1815, the proclamation of the Treaty of Ghent, which ended the contest with England."

It is said that on the day the message came to the Octagon House that peace had been declared, Miss Sally Coles, Mrs. Madison's cousin, called from the head of the stair, "Peace! Peace!" One who was a guest at the time gave a lively account of the scene in the house:

TABLE ON WHICH THE PROCLAMATION OF THE TREATY OF GHENT WAS SIGNED

"Late in the afternoon came thundering down Pennsylvania Avenue a coach and four foaming steeds, in which was the bearer of the good news. Cheers followed the carriage as it sped on its way to the residence of the President. Soon after nightfall, members of Congress and others deeply interested in the event presented themselves at the President's House, the doors of which stood open. When the writer of this entered the drawing room at about eight o'clock, it was crowded to its full capacity, Mrs. Madison (the President being with the Cabinet) doing the honors of the occasion; and what a happy scene it was!"

The table on which the treaty was signed had an interesting history. From the Octagon House it went to John Ogle Ferneaux, of King George County, Virginia. He kept it until October 30, 1897, when it was sold to Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, of San Francisco. There it had a narrow escape from the fire which followed the earthquake of 1906. As the fire approached the house, the table was taken hurriedly away. Mrs. Voorhies says, "We wrapped sheets around the circular part of the table, and in part of the journey, it went turning round as a wheel to a place of safety." The San Francisco Chapter of the Institute of Architects purchased it for $1000, and sent it to Washington, December 1, 1911. It is now in the Corcoran Art Gallery.

The Washington Institute of American Architects leased the Octagon House in 1899, and later purchased it for $30,000. It may still be seen at the northeast corner of New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street. A tablet fixed to the wall relates the main facts of its history.

### 83. The Washington Monument

The nation's capital city is full of fine buildings and monuments. Most imposing of these and towering above everything else in the city, is the graceful shaft of the Washington Monument, five hundred and fifty-five feet from the ground to its pyramid-like cap.

The shaft rises from the Mall, close to the Potomac, whose waters also glide past the grounds of Mount Vernon, the estate so beloved by the Father of his Country.

As soon as the Revolution was won, there began to be talk of erecting the monument. When, later on, Washington was asked his opinion as to its site, he agreed to have it placed in the city in which he was so much interested, the city which took his name.

But a beginning was not made until a generation after his death. In 1833 the Washington National Monument Society was formed, which invited subscriptions for the erection of a monument that should include a Pantheon, a colonnade, a colossal statue, and an obelisk six hundred feet high. Fortunately, the plan was modified; it was felt that the obelisk alone would be a fitting memorial.

In 1848, when the corner stone was laid, an oration was delivered in which the speaker, Robert C. Winthrop, urged:

"Lay the corner stone of a monument which shall adequately bespeak the gratitude of the whole American people to the illustrious Father of his Country. Build it to the skies; you cannot outreach the loftiness of his principles! Found it upon the massive and eternal rock; you cannot make it more enduring than his fame! Construct it of the peerless Parian marble; you cannot make it purer than his life! Exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and modern art; you cannot make it more proportionate than his character!"

For seven years the work continued. Then funds were exhausted, and the memorial halted when a height of 152 feet had been reached. Twenty-three

years passed, while the unfinished structure daily reminded those who visited Washington that the nation had so far failed in this attempt to honor its hero.

In 1878 Congress decided that there must be no further delay, and the laying of the courses of stone was resumed at a point that will be visible always; the difference in color of the masonry tells the tale.

In the earlier stages of the building the plan was adopted of inviting states, cities, lodges, and societies to send blocks of marble to be placed in the monument, and the plan was continued after the work was resumed. Many of the inscriptions on these stones may be read by those who climb the nine hundred steps that lead to the top. Foreign countries like Japan, China, Siam, Brazil, and Switzerland sent stones. The members of the Cherokee Nation in the Indian Territory asked to have their part. Battle-fields, like Braddock's Field and Long Island, contributed, while stones were brought from ancient Carthage, the Parthenon at Athens, and Mount Vesuvius.

Interesting stories are told of many of these contributions, collected from such widely scattered sources. Perhaps none of these stories is more pleasing to Americans than the record of the gift from Alabama.

The Secretary of War wrote to the Governor of Alabama asking for the early shipment of stone from Alabama to be placed in the monument. In response to this request the stone was cut from a quarry in Talladega County and was shipped to its destination. When the stone was removed from the box, the chief engineer,

astonished at its beauty, decided that the Governor of Alabama, misunderstanding the request, had sent a block of the finest Italian marble instead of the native Alabama stone requested. At once he told the Secretary of War of the error.

A letter was therefore sent from Washington to the Governor of Alabama asking him to substitute Alabama stone for the beautiful block of Italian marble. The reply from the Governor inclosed affidavits declaring that the stone already sent for the monument was genuine Alabama marble. There followed an apology from Washington, and the explanation that the builders of the monument, who thought themselves familiar with the country's building stone, were not aware that such perfect marble existed here. Accordingly several pieces of the Alabama marble found place in the Washington Monument, the choicest of them all being directly over the main entrance.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT

The finished obelisk is not so high as was planned, but it is the highest masonry structure in the world.

The interior is lighted by electricity, and an elevator conveys to the top of the shaft all those who do not care to toil up on foot.

The view from the windows at the top is superb. There the eyes may follow the course of the Potomac, winding on to Mount Vernon. Far below is the widespread city, with its magnificent buildings and beautiful parks and straight, broad streets. Long ago men labored with courage and faith for a capital which would be worthy of the nation. This radiant city is their dream come true.

The Washington Monument is thought by many to be the most beautiful monument in the world. Its white marble glistens in the sun, its proportions are pleasing to all, and its tapering lines, rising to the point of the aluminum cap, on which are inscribed the words, *Laus Deo*, are an emblem of the life of him who towered above all his countrymen.

## 84. Arlington, Virginia

The National Cemetery at Arlington surrounds one of the most beautiful of the mansions of old Virginia. The house is situated on the brow of a hill overlooking the Potomac, just across the river from the city of Washington. It was built in 1802 by George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of George Washington, on an estate of 1100 acres which he had inherited.

It has been said that the stately dwelling was modeled after the Temple of Theseus at Athens. The roof of

THE ROBERT E. LEE MANSION AT ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

the great portico rests on eight massive white columns, and the rooms within are of a size in keeping with the magnificent portal. The walls are of brick, covered with plaster, and painted pale yellow.

Arlington House was famous for its hospitality. The host was never so happy as when his spacious rooms were overflowing with guests. He delighted in showing them the many relics of Washington which were in his possession. Chief among these were the bed on which Washington died and the tent which the General used during the Revolution. This tent Mr. Custis had pitched on the lawn whenever he had a guest whom he particularly wished to honor.

He was also most hospitable to the public. At Arlington Spring he opened picnic grounds, building for the use of all comers a great dining-hall, a dancing pavilion, and a kitchen.

One of the visitors to Arlington told his impressions:

"In front of the mansion, sloping toward the Potomac, is a fine park of two hundred acres dotted with groves of oak and chestnut and clumps of evergreens; and behind it is a dark old forest, with patriarchal trees bearing many centennial honors, and covering six hundred acres of hill and dale. Through a portion of this is a sinuous avenue leading up to the mansion."

One of the favored guests at the mansion was Robert E. Lee. His frequent visits there led to his marriage, in 1831, to Mr. Custis's only daughter, Mary Ann Randolph Custis. The wedding took place in the great drawing-room of Arlington House.

At this time Lee was a lieutenant in the United States Army. Mrs. Lee continued to live at Arlington, since her husband's military duties enabled him to spend only brief seasons with her and their growing family. Eventually the estate passed by inheritance to Lee and his wife.

When Virginia seceded, Lee was a colonel. Duty seemed clear to him. It was not easy for him to take up arms against the United States Government, but he considered himself first of all a citizen of his native state. To respond to the call of the Confederacy meant ruin. His beautiful home, he feared, would be destroyed. But he did not hesitate. A desire to retain possession of his slaves had nothing to do with his decision. His own slaves had already been freed, and provision had been made in the will of Mrs. Lee's father that all his slaves should be freed in 1862.

In April, 1861, Colonel Lee left Arlington and went to Richmond to take command of the Virginia troops. He never came back to Arlington to live. After the war he remained for a time in obscurity on a little farm. Then he became President of Washington College, later called Washington and Lee University. With his family he made his home on the campus at Lexington, Virginia; and at this home he died, October 12, 1870.

Early in the war the Federal troops took possession of Arlington. The house became the officers' headquarters, and the grounds a camp. As the war went on, a hospital was established there, and at last it was decided to use the grounds for a military cemetery.

The first soldier to be buried was a Confederate who had died in the hospital.

For years the title to the property was in dispute. In 1864 it was sold at auction for delinquent taxes and the United States bought it for $26,000. At length George Washington Custis Lee, son of General Lee, established his title to the property, and in 1883 the Government paid him $150,000 for 1100 acres, including the mansion.

The grounds at Arlington have been laid out by a landscape gardener with trees and shrubs and flower beds and lawns. But the natural beauties of the place are the greatest of all — the tree-covered slopes and level plains, and the river flowing peacefully beyond. The stately house itself is a fitting background for the ranks of white tombstones.

Here, in the Fields of the Dead, sleep many of the heroes not only of the Civil War, but of succeeding wars, and even a few of the officers of the Revolution.

To us, today, the most impressive memorial in the cemetery is the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. It is just east of the white marble amphitheater, where, on that dull November day in 1921, when the Unknown Soldier was carried to his final resting place, a solemn ceremony was performed. There the Gold Star mothers listened to the homage that was paid to all those sons who gave their lives in the Great War.

But for over fifty years there has been another memorial to the unknown dead in the cemetery at Arlington. Under a granite sarcophagus lie the bones

of 111 unknown soldiers, gathered after the Civil War from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock. The inscription reads in part:

Their Remains could not be Identified, but their Names and Deaths are Recorded in the Archives of their Country, and its grateful citizens Honor them as of their Noble Army of Martyrs.
May They Rest in Peace.

Not only the soldiers of the North, but those of the South are honored in Arlington. There is a monument to the Confederate dead, erected by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Inscribed upon it are the words:

Not for Fame or Reward
Not for Place or for Rank
Not Lured by Ambition
Or Goaded by Necessity
But in Simple
Obedience to Duty
As They Understood It
These Men Suffered All
Sacrificed All
Dared All — And Died

These words might have been written for Lee himself — that high-minded and chivalrous leader of the Southern people; the man whose name is honored throughout the North as well as the South; the man who made his home here, at Arlington.

## 85. The Lincoln Memorial

Lincoln and Washington are named together as the greatest presidents in the first hundred years of the

country's history. One made the nation, and the other saved the nation. Both shared the same ideals, the same principles, and the same devotion to the country's welfare.

Lincoln's kinship with Washington was noted by some of those who heard him in Independence Hall in Philadelphia, when he was on the way to his first inaugural. For then he said:

"I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here and penned and adopted that Declaration. I have pondered over the trials that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept their confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty not alone to the people of the country, but hope to all the world, for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in one time the weight would be lifted from the shoulders of all men, and that all should have an equal chance."

The Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial are not far removed from each other; yet far enough so that one does not distract attention from the other. The space between has been laid out most beautifully by a landscape gardener. The central fea-

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THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ture is a lagoon which stretches between the Monument and the Memorial, so situated as to reflect in its placid water the graceful shaft and the many-columned temple which genius and patriotism have raised to the two great men whose spirits were in such accord. From the Memorial the view of the Monument is impressive, and from the Monument the view of the Memorial is sublime. The two might almost have been planned by a single mind, instead of being separated by several generations.

The Lincoln Memorial is on a hill, which provides the white marble splendor of the building with the wonderful setting desired for it by the architect, who said of his work:

"I believe that the memorial of Abraham Lincoln should be composed of four features — a statue of the man, a memorial of his Gettysburg speech, a memorial of his second inaugural address, and a symbol of the Union of the United States, which he stated it was his paramount object to save — and which he did save."

The walls of the temple are surrounded by a colonnade 188 feet long and 118 feet wide. The 36 columns represent the 36 states in the Union at the close of the war which was fought to save the Union. These states, together with the twelve that have been added since the close of the war, are named on the wall above the colonnade.

Within the great central hall is the statue of Lincoln. The colossal marble figure faces the doorway of the temple, looking out across the quiet waters of the

lagoon, to the Washington Monument, and beyond to the Capitol, the center of the nation for which Lincoln lived and died. The sculptor has idealized the features, so that we see in that lofty countenance the charity and breadth and courage that were in the soul of Lincoln.

In the south hall are inscribed the words of the Gettysburg Address. On the wall above this inscription are symbolical paintings, in the central group of which the Angel of Truth is bestowing freedom upon the slaves. In the north hall the central group of paintings represents the Angel of Truth joining the hands of the North and the South. On the wall below the paintings appear the words of the second inaugural address, which concludes:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans — to do all which may achieve and cherish a great and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Through the marble roof a mellow light pours down, across the bronze beams entwined with laurel leaves, upon that quiet sanctuary. With reverence we raise our eyes to the words:

IN THIS TEMPLE
AS IN THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE
FOR WHOM HE SAVED THE UNION
THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN
IS ENSHRINED FOREVER

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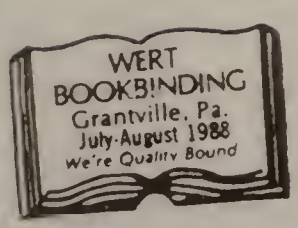
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